

Memoir of Thomas
Moore

1800

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MEMOIR OF THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE was born in Aungier Street, Dublin, May 28, 1779. His father was a respectable grocer and spirit dealer. Both his parents were Roman Catholics.

As early as his fourteenth year, Moore wrote verses, contributing to a Dublin magazine, called the *Anthologia Hibernica*. He was educated first, by Mr. Samuel Whyte (the schoolmaster also of Richard Brinsley Sheridan) and completed his studies at Dublin University; which was opened to Roman Catholic students only the year previous to his entrance at Trinity College—1794. While studying the classics he also learned Italian from a priest, and French from a French emigrant. He likewise became a proficient in music.

In 1799 Moore left his own country for England, bringing with him his 'Odes to Anacreon.' The Poet was not rich, but he found a kind and powerful friend in Lord Moira, who obtained permission from the Prince Regent for Moore to dedicate his Odes to His Royal Highness, and also raised a profitable subscription for their publication. Moore had entered himself a student of the Middle Temple on his arrival in England, but the success of his 'Odes' induced him to abandon the study of the law, and to adopt literature as his profession. In 1801 he published a volume of Poems under the cognomen of 'Thomas Little'—alluding to his own diminutive stature. They were very immoral and indelicate, and he felt ashamed of them in after years.

In 1803 he obtained an appointment at Bermuda, as Registrar to the Court of Admiralty. He proceeded thither the next year, but finding the duties of the post uncongenial, he appointed a deputy to do the work in his stead; and, after travelling over part of America, returned to England, greatly disabused of the Republican visions which had haunted his boyhood and youth. In 1806 Moore published his 'Odes and Epistles,' which contain Poetical Satires on America, and Poems relating to the same country. Jeffrey criticised them with great severity in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Moore, much enraged, challenged him. The critic and the poet met at Chalk Farm, but the duel was prevented by the intervention of the police, when it was found that one of the pistols was without a bullet! The intended combatants ended by becoming great friends, and the circumstance is only memorable as originating the friendship between Byron and Moore—Byron, mentioning the duel with ridicule in "English

Bards and Scotch Reviewers," received, in his turn, a challenge from the high-spirited little poet; but the letter was long in reaching its destination, and the affair terminated in a good-natured explanation from Byron, which led to a lifelong friendship.

Moore became the fashion in London, and was a welcome guest at the tables of the aristocracy. In 1807 he entered into an arrangement with Mr. Power, a musical publisher, to write poems for a collection of Irish Melodies, which were to be arranged, etc., by Sir J. Stevenson. These Melodies established the author's fame by the immense popularity they obtained.

In 1811 Moore married Miss Bessie Dykes, a young Irish actress of great beauty, who proved a tender and devoted wife. In 1814 he agreed to write 'Lalla Rookh' for Messrs. Longmans, who were to pay him £3000 for the work when completed, which was in 1817. His other works—'Sacred and National Melodies,' 'Loves of the Angels,' etc., etc., followed in rapid succession.

In 1818, Moore's deputy in Bermuda fled with the proceeds of a ship and cargo, leaving Moore answerable for £6000. This circumstance obliged him to leave England for a time, and to these enforced travels we owe "Rhymes on the Road," etc. When his affairs were settled, Moore returned to England.

Moore had three children; they all died before him. The close of his life was as sad as that of the lives of Southey and Scott; for, three years before his death he was reduced to a state of sad mental infirmity, requiring all the self-devotion of his excellent wife. He died at Sloperton Cottage, in February, 1832, at the age of seventy-three.

Moore was an excellent son and husband, and a warm and faithful friend. His social accomplishments were of a high order; his poetry is graceful and full of fancy and sentiment.

ODES OF ANACREON.

1800.

DEDICATION.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

SIR, —In allowing me to dedicate this work to your Royal Highness, you have conferred upon me an honour which I feel very sensibly ; and I have only to regret that the pages which you have thus distinguished are not more deserving of such illustrious patronage.

Believe me,

SIR,

With every sentiment of respect,

Your Royal Highness's

Very grateful and devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

It may be necessary to mention that, in arranging the Odes, the Translator has adopted the order of the Vatican MS. For those who wish to refer to the original, he has prefixed an Index which marks the number of each ode in Barnes and the other editions.

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AN ODE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

Ἐπὶ ῥοδῖνοις ταπῆσι,
 Τῆϊός ποτ' ὁ μελίσσης
 Ἰλαρός γέλων ἐκεῖτο,
 Μέθυον τε καὶ λυρίζων·
 Ἀμφὶ αὐτὸν οἱ δ' ἐρωτες
 Ἀπαλοὶ συνεχόρευσαν·
 Ὁ βέλῃ τα τῆς Κυθῆρης
 Ἐποίει, ψυχῆς αἴστους·
 Ο δὲ λευκὰ πορφύροισι
 Κρίνα συν ῥοδοῖσι πλέξας,
 Ἐφίλει στεφάνων γέροντα·
 Ἡ δὲ Θεωνῶνασσα,
 ΣΟΦΙΗ ποτ' ἐξ Ὀλύμπου
 Ἐσώρωσ' Ἀνακρέοντα,
 Ἐσώρωσα τοὺς ἐρωτάς,
 Ἵπομειδιάσας εἶπε·
 Σοφε, δ' ὥς Ἀνακρέοντα
 Τὸν σοφωτάτων ἀπάντων,
 Καλεοῦσιν οἱ σοφίσται,
 Τί, γέρον, τέον βίον μὲν
 Τοῖς ἐρώσι, τῷ Λυαίῳ,

Κ' οὐκ ἐμοὶ κρατῶν ἐδώκας;
 Τί φιλήμα τῆς Κυθῆρης,
 Τί κυπέλλα τοῦ Λυαίου,
 Αἶε γ' ἐτρύφησας ἀδών,
 Οὐκ ἐμὸν νόμους διδάσκων,
 Οὐκ ἐμὸν λαχὼν αὐτὸν;
 Ὁ δὲ Τῆϊός μελίσσης
 Μῆτε δυσχεραίνε, φῆσι,
 Ὅτι, θεά, σὺν γ' ἀνέυ μὲν,
 Ὁ σοφωτάτος ἀπάντων
 Πάρα τῶν σοφῶν καλοῦμαι
 Φίλῳ, πῶ. λυρίζῳ,
 Μετα τῶν καλῶν γυναικῶν
 Αφελῶς δὲ τέρπῳ παιζῶ,
 Ὡς λυρῇ γάρ, ἐμὸν ἦτορ·
 Ἀναπνέει μόνους ἐρίων·
 Ὡδε βιοτοῦ γαλήνην
 Φιλεῶν μάλιστα πάντων,
 Οὐ σοφὸς μελῶδός εἰμι;
 Τίς σοφώτερος μὲν ἐστὶ;

REMARKS ON ANACREON.

THERE is very little known with certainty of the life of Anacreon. Chamæleon Heracleotes, who wrote upon the subject, has been lost in the general wreck of ancient literature. The editors of the poet have collected the few trifling anecdotes which are scattered through the extant authors of antiquity; and supplying the deficiency of materials by fictions of their own imagination, they have arranged what they call a life of Anacreon. These specious fabrications are intended to indulge that interest which we naturally feel in the biography of illustrious men; but it is rather a dangerous kind of illusion, as it confounds the limits of history and romance,¹ and is too often supported by unfaithful citation.²

¹ The History of Anacreon by Gacon (*le poète sans fard*) is professedly a romance; nor does Macamoiselle Seuderi, from whom he borrowed the idea, pretend to historical veracity in her account of Anacreon and Sappho. These, then, are allowable; but how can Barnes be forgiven, who, with all the confidence of a biographer, traces every wandering of the poet, and settles

him in his old age at a country villa near Téos?

² The learned Bayle has detected some infidelities of quotation in *Le Fevra, Dictionnaire Historique*, etc. Madame Dacier is not more accurate than her father; they have almost made Anacreon prime minister to the monarch of Samos.

Our poet was born in the city of Téos, in the delicious region of Ionia, where everything respired voluptuousness.¹ The time of his birth appears to have been in the sixth century before Christ,² and he flourished at that remarkable period when, under the polished tyrants Hipparchus and Polycrates, Athens and Samos were the rival asylums of genius. The name of his father is doubtful, and therefore cannot be very interesting. His family was perhaps illustrious; but those who discover in Plato that he was a descendant of the monarch Codrus, exhibit, as usual, more zeal than accuracy.³

The disposition and talents of Anacreon recommended him to the monarch of Samos, and he was formed to be the friend of such a prince as Polycrates. Susceptible only to the pleasures, he felt not the corruptions of the court; and while Pythagoras fled from the tyrant, Anacreon was celebrating his praises on the lyre. We are told, too, by Maximus Tyrius, that by the influence of his amatory songs he softened the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects.

The amours of the poet and the rivalry of the tyrant⁴ I shall pass over in silence; and there are few, I presume, who will regret the omission of most of those anecdotes, which the industry of some editors has not only promulged, but discussed. Whatever is repugnant to modesty and virtue is considered in ethical science, by a supposition very favourable to humanity, as impossible; and this amiable persuasion should be much more strongly entertained where the transgression wars with nature as well as virtue. But why are we not allowed to indulge in the presumption? Why are we officiously reminded that there have been such instances of depravity?

Hipparchus, who now maintained at Athens the power which his father Pisistratus had usurped, was one of those elegant princes who have polished the fetters of their subjects. He was the first, according to Plato, who edited the poems of Homer, and commanded them to be sung by the rhapsodists at the celebration of the Panathenæa. As his court was the galaxy of genius, Anacreon should not be absent. Hipparchus sent a barge for him; the poet embraced the invitation, and the muses and the loves were waited with him to Athens.⁵

The manner of Anacreon's death was singular. We are told that in the eighty-fifth year of his age he was choked by a grape-stone;⁶ and however we may smile at their enthusiastic partiality, who pretend that it was a peculiar indulgence of Heaven, which stole him from the world by this easy and characteristic death, we cannot help admiring that his fate should be so emblematic of his disposition. Cælius Calpurnius alludes to this catastrophe in the following epitaph on our poet:

¹ The Asiatics were as remarkable for genius as for luxury. *Ingenia Asiatica inclita per gentes fecere poetas, Anacreon, inde Mimnermus et Antimachus,* &c.—*Solinus*.

² I have not attempted to define the particular Olympiad, but have adopted the idea of Bayle, who says, 'Je n'ai point marqué d'Olympiade; car, pour un homme qui a vécu 85 ans, il me semble que l'on ne doit point s'enfermer dans des bornes si étroites.'

³ This mistake is founded on a false interpretation of a very obvious passage in Plato's *Dialogues on Temperance*; it originated with Madame Dacier, and has been received implicitly by many. Gail a late editor of Anacreon, seems to claim to himself the merit of detecting this error; but Bayle had observed it before him.

⁴ In the romance of Clelia, the anecdote to which I allude is told of a young girl, with whom Anacreon fell in love while she personated the god Apollo in a mask. But here Mademoiselle Soudri consulted nature more than truth.

⁵ There is a very interesting French poem founded upon this anecdote, imputed to Desyvetaux, and called *Anacreon Cloyen*.

⁶ Fabricius appears not to trust very implicitly in this story. It must be confessed that Lucian, who tells us that Sophocles was choked by a grape-stone, in the very same treatise mentions the longevity of Anacreon, and yet is silent on the manner of his death. Could he have been ignorant of such a remarkable coincidence, or, knowing, could he have neglected to remark it? See Regnier's Introduction to his *Anacreon*.

'Then, hallowed sage, those lips which poured along
The sweetest lapses of the cygnet's song,
A grape has closed for ever!
Here let the ivy kiss the poet's tomb,
Here let the rose he loved with laurels bloom,
In bands that ne'er shall sever!

But far be thou, oh! far, unholy vine,
By whom the favourite minstrel of the Nine
Expired his rosy breath.
Thy God himself now blushes to confess,
Unholy vine! he feels he loves thee less,
Since poor Anacreon's death!'

According to some authorities, Anacreon and Sappho were contemporaries; and any thought of an interchange between hearts so congenial in warmth of passion and delicacy of genius gives such play to the imagination, that the mind loves to indulge in it. But the vision dissolves before historical truth; and Chamaeleon and Ilermesianax, who are the source of the supposition, are considered as having merely indulged in a poetical anachronism.²

To infer the moral dispositions of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy; but the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his odes, that we may consult them as the faithful mirrors of his heart.³ We find him there the elegant voluptuary, diffusing the seductive charm of sentiment over passions and propensities at which rigid morality must frown. His heart, devoted to indolence, seems to think that there is wealth enough in happiness, but seldom happiness enough in wealth; and the cheerfulness with which he brightens his old age is interesting and endearing: like his own rose, he is fragrant even in decay. But the most peculiar feature of his mind is that love of simplicity which he attributes to himself so very feelingly, and which breathes characteristically through all that he has sung. In truth, if we omit those vices in our estimate which ethnic religion not only connived at, but consecrated, we shall say that the disposition of our poet was amiable; his morality was relaxed, but not abandoned; and Virtue with her zone loosened may be an emblem of the character of Anacreon.⁴

¹ At te, sancte senex, acinus sub tartara mist,
Cygnetæ clausit qui tibi vocis iter.
Vos, hedera, tumulum, tumulum vos, cingite
lauri;
Hoc rosa perpetuo vernet odora loco,
At vitis procul hinc procul hinc odiosa facessat,
Quæ cauam diræ protulit, uva, necis,
Credidit ipse minus vitem jam Bacebus amare,
In vitem tantum quæ fuit ausa neas.

² Barnes is convinced of the synchronism of Anacreon and Sappho, but very gratuitously. In citing his authorities, it is strange that he neglected the line which Fulvius Ursinus has quoted, as from Anacreon, among the testimonies to Sappho:

Εμὶ λαβὼν εἰς τὰς Σαπφῶ παρθένων ἀδύφωνον.

Fabrianus thinks that they might have been contemporary, but considers their amour as a tale of imagination. Voessius rejects the idea entirely; as also Olaus Borrichius, etc. etc.

³ An Italian poet, in some verses on Belleau's translation of Anacreon, pretends to imagine that our bard did not feel as he wrote:

Lyæum, Venerem, Cupidinemque
Senex lusi Anacreon poeta,
Sed quo tempore nec capaciores
Rogabat cyathos, nec inquietus
Urebat amoribus, sed ipse
Tantum versibus et jocos amabat,
Nullum præ se habitum gerens amantis

To Love and Bacchus, ever young,
While sage Anacreon touched the lyre,
He neither felt the loves he sung,
Nor filled his bowl to Bacchus higher.
Those flowery days had faded long,
When youth could act the lover's part;
And passion trembled in his song,
But never, never reached his heart.

⁴ Anacreon's character has been variously coloured. Barnes lingers on it with enthusiastic admiration; but he is always extravagant, is not sometimes even profane. Baillet, who is in the opposite extreme, exaggerates too much the testimonies which he has consulted, and we cannot surely agree with him when he cites such a compiler as Athenæus, as 'un des plus savans

Of his person and physiognomy time has preserved such uncertain memorials, that perhaps it were better to leave the pencil to fancy; and few can read the Odes of Anacreon without imagining the form of the animated old bard, crowned with roses, and singing to the lyre.

After the very enthusiastic eulogiums bestowed by the ancients and moderns upon the poems of Anacreon,¹ we need not be diffident in expressing our raptures at their beauty, nor hesitate to pronounce them the most polished remains of antiquity. They are all beauty, all enchantment.² He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathize even in his excesses. In his amatory odes there is a delicacy of compliment not to be found in any other ancient poet. Love at that period was rather an unrefined emotion; and the intercourse of the sexes was animated more by passion than sentiment. They knew not those little tendernesses which form the spiritual part of affection; their expression of feeling was therefore rude and unvaried, and the poetry of Love deprived of its most captivating graces. Anacreon, however, attained some ideas of this gallantry; and the same delicacy of mind which led him to this refinement prevented him from yielding to the freedom of language which has sullied the pages of all the other poets. His descriptions are warm; but the warmth is in the ideas, not the words. He is sportive without being wanton, and ardent without being licentious. His poetic invention is most brilliantly displayed in those allegorical fictions which so many have endeavoured to imitate, because all have confessed them to be inimitable. Simplicity is the distinguishing feature of these odes, and they interest by their innocence while they fascinate by their beauty: they are, indeed, the infants of the Muses, and may be said to lisp in numbers.

I shall not be accused of enthusiastic partiality by those who have read and felt the original; but to others I am conscious that this should not be the language of a translator, whose faint reflection of these beauties can but little justify his admiration of them.

In the age of Anacreon music and poetry were inseparable. These kindred talents were for a long time associated, and the poet always sung his own compositions to the lyre. It is probable that they were not set to any regular air, but rather a kind of musical recitation, which was varied according to the fancy and feelings of the moment.³ The poems of Anacreon were sung at banquets as late as the time of Aulus Gellius, who tells us that he heard one of the odes performed at a birthday entertainment.⁴

critiques de l'antiquité.—*Jugement des Savans*, M.C.V.

Darnes could not have read the passage to which he refers, when he accuses Le Fevre of having censured our poet's character in a note on Longinus: the note in question is manifest irony, in allusion to some reprehension which Le Fevre had suffered for his Anacreon; and it is evident that praise rather than censure is intimated.

¹ Besides those which are extant, he wrote hymns, elegies, epigrams, &c. Some of the epigrams still exist. Horace alludes to a poem of his upon the rivalry of Circe and Penelope in the affections of Ulysses, lib. 1. od. 17. The scholiast upon Nicander cites a fragment from a poem upon sleep by Anacreon, and attributes to him likewise a medicinal treatise. Fulgentius mentions a work of his upon the war between Jupiter and the Titans, and the origin of the consecration of the eagle.

² 'We may perceive,' says Vossius, 'that the iteration of his words conduces very much to the sweetness of his style.' Henry Stephen remarks the same beauty in a note on the forty-fourth ode. This figure of iteration is his most appropriate grace. The modern writers of Juvenilia and Baeia have adopted it to an excess which destroys the effect.

³ In the Paris edition there are four of the original odes set to music, by citizens Le Sueur, Goese, Melul, and Cherubini. 'On chante du Latin et de l'Italien,' says Gall, 'quelquefois même sans les entendre; qui empêche que nous ne chantions des odes Grecques?' The chromatic learning of these composers is very unlike what we are told of the simple melody of the ancients; and they have all mistaken the accentuation of the words.

⁴ The Parma commentator is rather careless in referring to this passage of Aulus Gellius (lib. xix. cap. 8).—The ode was not sung by the

The singular beauty of our poet's style, and perhaps the careless facility with which he appears to have trifled, have induced, as I remarked, a number of imitations. Some have succeeded with wonderful felicity, as may be discerned in the few odes which are attributed to writers of a later period. But none of his simulators have been so dangerous to his fame as those Greek ecclesiastics of the early ages, who, conscious of inferiority to their prototypes, determined on removing the possibility of comparison, and, under a semblance of moral zeal, destroyed the most exquisite treasures of antiquity. Sappho and Alceus were among the victims of this violation; and the sweetest flowers of Grecian literature fell beneath the rude hand of ecclesiastical presumption. It is true they pretended that this sacrifice of genius was canonized by the interests of religion, but I have already assigned the most probable motive;¹ and if Gregorius Nazianzenus had not written *Anacreontics*, we might now perhaps have the works of the Teian un mutilated, and be empowered to say exultingly with Horace,

Nec si quid olim lausit Anacreon
Delevit ætas.

The zeal by which these bishops professed to be actuated gave birth more innocently, indeed, to an absurd species of parody, as repugnant to piety as it is to taste, where the poet of voluptuousness was made a preacher of the gospel, and his muse, like the Venus in armour at Lacedæmon, was arrayed in all the severities of priestly instruction. Such was the *Anacreon Recantatus*, by Carolus de Aquino, a Jesuit, published 1701, which consisted of a series of palinodes to the several songs of our poet. Such, too, was the Christian Anacreon of Patrignanus, another Jesuit, who preposterously transferred to a most sacred subject all that Anacreon had sung to festivity.

His metre has been very frequently adopted by the modern Latin poets. Scaliger, Taubman, Barthius,² and others, have evinced that it is by no means uncongenial with that language.³ The *Anacreontics* of Scaliger, however, scarcely deserve the name: they are glittering with conceits, and, though often elegant, are always laboured. The beautiful fictions of Angerianus⁴ have preserved more happily than any the delicate turn of those allegorical fables which, frequently passing through the mediums of version and imitation, have generally lost their finest rays in the transmission. Many of the Italian poets have sported on the subjects and in the manner of Anacreon. Bernardo Tasso first introduced the metre which was afterwards polished and enriched by Chabrier and others. If we may judge by the references of Degen, the German language abounds in *Anacreontic* imitations; and Hagedorn is one

rhetorician Julianus, as he says, but by the minstrels of both sexes, who were introduced at the entertainment.

¹ We may perceive by the beginning of the first hymn of Bishop Synesius, that he made Anacreon and Sappho his models of composition:

Αἶνε μοι, Ἀλκυον φορμυγῆ,
Μετὰ Τηϊαν αἰδαν,
Μετὰ Δαοβίαν τε μολων.

Margarius and Damascenus were likewise authors of pious *Anacreontics*.

² I have seen somewhere an account of the MSS. of Barthius, written just after his death, which mentions many more *Anacreontics* of his than I believe have ever been published.

³ Thus, too, Albertus, a Danish poet:

Fidli tui minister
Gaudebo semper esse
Gaudebo semper illi
Litare thure mulo;
Gaudebo semper illum
Laudare pumillilis
Anacreonticillis.

See the Danish Poets collected by Rostgaard.

These pretty little pieces defy translation. There is a very beautiful *Anacreontic* by Hugo Grotius. See lib. i. *Farragina*.

⁴ From Angerianus Prior has taken his most elegant mythological subjects.

among many who have assumed him as a model. La Farre, Chaulieu, and the other light poets of France, have professed, too, to cultivate the muse of Téos; but they have attained all her negligence, with little of the grace that embellishes it. In the delicate bard of Schiras¹ we find the kindred spirit of Anacreon: some of his gazelles, or songs, possess all the character of our poet.

We come now to a retrospect of the editions of Anacreon. To Henry Stephen we are indebted for having first recovered his remains from the obscurity in which they had reposed for so many ages. He found the seventh ode, as we are told, on the cover of an old book, and communicated it to Victorius, who mentions the circumstance in his *Various Readings*. Stephen was then very young, and this discovery was considered by some critics of that day as a literary imposition.² In 1554, however, he gave Anacreon to the world,³ accompanied with Annotations and a Latin version of the greater part of the odes. The learned still hesitated to receive them as the relics of the Teian bard, and suspected them to be the fabrication of some monks of the sixteenth century. This was an idea from which the classic muse recoiled; and the Vatican manuscript, consulted by Scaliger and Salmasius, confirmed the antiquity of most of the poems. A very inaccurate copy of this MS. was taken by Isaac Vossius, and this is the authority which Barnes has followed in his collation; accordingly, he misrepresents almost as often as he quotes; and the subsequent editors, relying upon him, have spoken of the manuscript with not less confidence than ignorance. The literary world has at length been gratified with this curious memorial of the poet, by the industry of the Abbé Spalletti, who in 1781 published at Rome a fac-simile of the pages of the Vatican manuscript, which contained the odes of Anacreon.⁴

Monsieur Gail has given a catalogue of all the editions and translations of Anacreon. I find their number to be much greater than I could possibly have had an opportunity of consulting. I shall therefore content myself with enumerating those editions only which I have been able to collect; they are very few, but I believe they are the most important:—

The edition by Henry Stephen, 1554, at Paris; the Latin version is, by Colomesius, attributed to John Dorat.

The old French translations, by Ronsard and Belleau—the former published in 1555, the latter in 1556. It appears that Henry Stephen communicated his manuscript of Anacreon to Ronsard before he published it, by a note of Muretus upon one of the sonnets of that poet.

The edition by Le Fevre, 1600.

The edition by Madame Dacier, 1681, with a prose translation.⁵

The edition by Longepierre, 1684, with a translation in verse.

The edition by Baxter; London, 1695.

A French translation by La Fosse, 1704.

¹ See Toderini on the learning of the Turks, as translated by De Cournard. Prince Cantemir has made the Russians acquainted with Anacreon. See his *Life*, prefixed to a translation of *his Satires*, by the Abbé de Guaucio.

² Robertellus, in his work *De Ratione corrigendi*, pronounces these verses to be triflings of some insipid Græcist.

³ Ronsard commemorates this event:

Je vay boire à Henri Etienne
Qui des enfors nous a rendu,
Du vieil Anacreon perdu,
La douce lyre Teienne.—Ode xv. book 4.

I fill the bowl to Stephen's name,
Who rescued from the gloom of night
The Teian bard of festive fame,
And brought his living lyre to light.

⁴ This manuscript, which Spalletti thinks as old as the tenth century, was brought from the Palatine into the Vatican Library; it is a kind of anthology of Greek epigrams.

⁵ The author of *Nouvelles de la Repub. des Lett.* praises this translation very liberally. I have always thought it vague and spiritless.

L'Histoire des Odes d'Anacréon, by Monsieur Gacon ; Rotterdam, 1712.

A translation in English verse, by several hands, 1713, in which the odes by Cowley are inserted.

The edition by Barnes; London, 1721.

The edition by Dr. Trapp, 1733, with a Latin version in elegiac metre.

A translation in English verse, by John Addison, 1735.

A collection of Italian translations of Anacreon, published at Venice, 1736, consisting of those by Corsini, Regnier, Salvini, Marchetti, and one by several anonymous authors.

A translation in English verse, by Fawkes and Dr. Broomie, 1760.¹

Another, anonymous, 1768.

The edition, by Spaletti, at Rome, 1781 ; with the fac-simile of the Vatican MS.

The edition by Degen, 1786, who published also a German translation of Anacreon, esteemed the best.

A translation in English verse, by Urquhart, 1787.

The edition by Citoyen Gail, at Paris, seventh year, 1799, with a prose translation.

¹ This is the most complete of the English translations.

ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE I.¹

I SAW the smiling bard of pleasure,
The minstrel of the Teian measure;
'Twas in a vision of the night,
He beamed upon my wandering sight:
I heard his voice, and warmly pressed
The dear enthusiast to my breast.
His tresses wore a silvery dye,
But beauty sparkled in his eye;
Sparkled in his eyes of fire,
Through the mist of soft desire.²
His lip exhaled, whene'er he sighed,
The fragrance of the racy tide;
And, as with weak and reeling feet,
He came my cordial kiss to meet,
An infant of the Cyprian band
Guided him on with tender hand.
Quick from his glowing brows he drew
His braid, of many a wanton hue;
I took the braid of wanton twine,
It breathed of him and blushed with wine.

I hung it o'er my thoughtless brow,
And ah! I feel its magic now!³
I feel that even his garland's touch
Can make the bosom love too much!

ODE II.

GIVE me the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;

¹ This ode is the first of the series in the Vatican manuscript, which attributes it to no other poet than Anacreon. They who assert that the manuscript imputes it to Basilus have been misled by the words in the margin, which are merely intended as a title to the following ode. Whether it be the production of Anacreon or not, it has all the features of ancient simplicity, and is a beautiful imitation of the poet's happiest manner.

² The eyes that are humid and fluctuating show a propensity to pleasure and love; they bespeak, too, a mind of integrity and benevolence, a generosity of disposition, and a genius for poetry.

Baptista Porta tells us some strange opinions of the ancient physiognomists on this subject, their reasons for which were curious, and perhaps not altogether fanciful.—*Vide Physiognom. Johann. Baptist. Porta.*

But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing.
Proclaim the laws of festal rite,⁴
I'm monarch of the board to-night;
And all around shall brim as high,
And quaff the tide as deep as I!
And when the cluster's mellowing dews
Their warm, enchanting balm infuse,
Our feet shall catch the elastic bound,
And reel us through the dance's round.
Oh Bacchus! we shall sing to thee,
In wild but sweet ebriety!
And flash around such sparks of thought.

As Bacchus could alone have taught!
Then give the harp of epic song,
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!

ODE III.⁵

LISTEN to the Muse's lyre,
Master of the pencil's fire!
Sketched in painting's bold display,
Many a city first portray;
Many a city, revelling free,
Warm with loose festivity.
Picture then a rosy train,
Bacchants straying o'er the plain;
Piping, as they roam along,

³ This idea, as Longepierre remarks, is in an epigram of the seventh book of the *Anthologia*:

Εξοτε μοι πινοντι συνεστααυσα Χαρις κλυ
Λαβην τους ιδιους ἀμφεβαλε στεφανους,
Πυρ ολονος δαττει με.

While I unconscious quaffed my wine,
'Twas then thy fingers slyly stole
Upon my brow that wreath of thine,
Which, since has maddened all my soul!

⁴ The ancients prescribed certain laws of drinking at their festivals, for an account of which see the commentators. Anacreon here acts the symposiarch, or master of the festival.

⁵ La Fontaine has thought proper to lengthen this poem by considerable interpolations of his own, which he thinks are indispensably necessary to the completion of the description.

Roundelay or shepherd-song.
Paint me next, if painting may
Such a theme as this portray,
All the happy heaven of love,
These elect of Cupid prove.

ODE IV.¹

VULCAN! hear your glorious task;
I do not from your labours ask
In gorgeous panoply to shine,
For war was ne'er a sport of mine.
No—let me have a silver bowl,
Where I may cradle all my soul;
But let not o'er its simple frame
Your mimic constellations flame;
Nor grave upon the swelling side
Orion, scowling o'er the tide.
I care not for the glittering wain,
Nor yet the weeping sister train.
But oh! let vines luxuriant roll
Their blushing tendrils round the bowl.
While many a rose-lipped bacchant
maid²

Is culling clusters in their shade,
Let sylvan gods, in antic shapes,
Wildly press the gushing grapes;
And flights of loves, in wanton ringlets,
Flit around on golden winglets;
While Venus, to her mystic bower,
Beckons the rosy vintage-Power.

¹ This is the ode which Aulus Gellius tells us was performed by minstrels at an entertainment where he was present.

² I have given this according to the Vatican manuscript, in which the ode concludes with the following lines, not inserted accurately in any of the editions:

Ποιησον αμπελους μοι
Και βοτρυας κατ' αυτων
και λαινδας τρυγισσας,
Ποιει δε λιπον οινου,
Αφροβατος παουντας,
Τους σατυρους γελωντας,
Και χρυσους τους ερωτας,
Και λ' υπερην γελωσαν,
'Οπου καλεσθαι
Ερωτα κ' Αφροδιτην.

³ Degen thinks that this ode is a more modern imitation of the preceding. There is a poem by Caelius Calpurnius, in the manner of both, where he gives instructions about the making of a ring:

Tornabis annulum mihi
Et fabre, et apte, et commode, etc. etc.

ODE V.³

GRAVE me a cup with brilliant grace,
Deep as the rich and holy vase,
Which on the shrine of Spring reposes,
When shepherds hail that hour of roses.
Grave it with themes of chaste design,
Formed for a heavenly bowl like mine.
Display not there the barbarous rites
In which religious zeal delights;
Nor any tale of tragic fate,
Which history trembles to relate!
No—cull thy fancies from above,
Themes of heaven and themes of love
Let Bacchus, Jove's ambrosial boy,
Distil the grape in drops of joy;
And while he smiles at every tear,
Let warm-eyed Venus, dancing near,
With spirits of the genial bed,
The dewy herbage deftly tread.
Let Love be there, without his arms,
In timid nakedness of charms;
And all the Graces linked with Love,
Blushing through the shadowy grove,
While rosy boys, disporting round,
In circlets trip the velvet ground;
But ah! if there Apollo toys,
I tremble for my rosy boys!⁴

ODE VI.⁵

As late I sought the spangled bowers,
To cull a wreath of matin flowers,

⁴ An allusion to the fable that Apollo had killed his beloved boy Hyacinth while playing with him at quoits. 'This,' says La Fosse, 'is assuredly the sense of the text, and it cannot admit of any other.'

The Italian translators, to save themselves the trouble of a note, have taken the liberty of making Anacreon explain this fable. Thus Salvini, the most literal of any of them:

Ma con lor non giuochi Apollo;
Che in fiero risco
Col duro disco
A Giacinto sfaccio il collo.

⁵ The Vatican MS. pronounces this beautiful fiction to be the genuine offspring of Anacreon. It has all the features of the parent:

et facile inactis
Noscitur ab omnibus.

The commentators, however, have attributed it to Julian, a royal poet

Where many an early rose was weeping,
I found the urchin Cupid sleeping.¹
I caught the boy, a goblet's tide
Was richly mantling by my side,
I caught him by his downy wing,
And whelm'd him in the racy spring.
Oh! then I drank the poisoned bowl,
And Love now nestles in my soul!
Yes, yes, my soul is Cupid's nest,
I feel him fluttering in my breast.

ODE VII.²

THE women tell me every day
That all my bloom has passed away.
'Behold,' the pretty wantons cry,
'Behold this mirror with a sigh;

¹ This idea is prettily imitated in the following epigram by Andreas Naugerius:

*Florentes dum forte vagans mea Hyella per hortos
Texit odoratus lilia cana rosas,
Ecce rosas inter latitantem invenit Amorem
Et simul annexis floribus implicuit.
Luctatur primo, et contra nitentibus alis
Indomitus tentat solvere vincula puer,
Mox ubi lacteolas et dignas matre papillas
Vidit et ora ipsos nota movere Deos,
Imposuitque comas ambrosios ut sentit odores
Quosque legit diti mense beatos Arabs;
'I (dixit) mea, quere novum tibi mater Amorem,
Imperio sedes hæc erit apta meo.'*

As fair Hyella, through the bloomy grove
A wreath of many mingled flowerets wove,
Within a rose a sleeping love she found,
And in the twisted wreaths the baby bound.
While he struggled, and impatient tried
To break the rosy bonds the virgin tied;
But when he saw her bosom's milky swell,
Her features, where the eye of Jove might dwell;
And caught the ambrosial odours of her hair,
Rich as the breathings of Arabian air;
'Oh! mother Venus' (said the raptur'd child
By charms, of more than mortal bloom, beguiled),
'Go, seek another boy, thou'st lost thine own,
Hyella's bosom shall be Cupid's throne!'

This epigram of Naugerius is imitated by Lodovico Dolce, in a poem beginning.

*Mentre racceglie hor uno, hor altro fiore
Vicina a un rio di chiare et lucide onde,
Lidia, etc, etc.*

² Alberti has imitated this ode, in a poem beginning,

*Nisa mi dice e Clori
Tirsi, tu se' pur veglio.*

³ Henry Stephen very justly remarks the elegant negligence of expression in the original here:

The locks upon thy brow are few,
And, like the rest, they're withering too!

Whether decline has thinned my hair,
I'm sure I neither know nor care,³
But this I know, and this I feel,
As onward to the tomb I steal,
That still as death approaches nearer,
The joys of life are sweeter, dearer;⁴
And had I but an hour to live,
That little hour to bliss I'd give!

ODE VIII.⁵

I CARE not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!

*Εγω δε τας κομας μιν
Εις' ειναι, εις' απηλθον
Ουκ' οίδα.*

And Longepierre has adduced from Catullus what he thinks a similar instance of this simplicity of manner:

Ipsæ quis sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.

Longepierre was a good critic, but perhaps the line which he has selected is a specimen of a carelessness not very elegant, at the same time, I confess that none of the Latin poets have ever appeared to me so capable of imitating the graces of Anacreon as Catullus, if he had not allowed a depraved imagination to hurry him so often into vulgar licentiousness.

⁶ Pontanus has a very delicate thought upon the subject of old age

Quid rides, Matrona? scem quid temnis amantem?

Quisquis amat nullâ est conditiõs senex.

Why do you scorn my want of youth,
And with a smile my brow behold?
Lucy, dear! believe this truth,
That he who loves cannot be old.

⁷ The German poet Lessing has imitated this ode. Vol. i. p. 24.—*Degen. Gail de Editionibus.*

Baxter conjectures that this was written upon the occasion of our poet's returning the money to Polycrates, according to the anecdote in Stobæus.

⁸ There is a fragment of Archilochus in Plutarch, 'De tranquillitate animi,' which our poet has very closely imitated here: it begins,

Ου μοι τα Ευγεια του πολυχρηστου μελει — Barnes.

In one of the monkish imitators of Anacreon we find the same thought:

*Ψυχην εμην ερωτω,
Τι σοι θαλεις γενεσθαι;
Θαλεις Ευγεια, τα κα τα;*

I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.¹
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimmed their bloomy
light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!
For death may come with brow un-
pleasant,
May come when least we wish him
present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

ODE IX.²

I PRAY thee, by the gods above;
Give me the mighty bowl I love,
And let me sing, in wild delight,
'I will—I will be mad to-night!'

¹ On account of this idea of perfuming the beard, Cornelius de Pauw pronounces the whole ode to be the spurious production of some lascivious monk, who was nursing his beard with unguents. But he should have known that this was an ancient Eastern custom, which, if we may believe Savary, still exists. 'Vous voyez, Monsieur (says this traveller), que l'usage antique de se parfumer la tête et la barbe, célébré par le prophète Roi, subsiste encore de nos jours.'—Lettre 12. Savary likewise cites this very ode of Anacreon. Angerianus has not thought the idea inconsistent; he has introduced it in the following lines:

Hæc mihi cura, rosas et cineres tempora myrto,
Et curas multo dilapidare mero.
Hæc mihi cura, comas et barbam tingere succo
Assyrio et dulces continuare jocos.

This be my care to twine the rosy wreath,
And dranch my sorrows in the ample bowl:
To let my beard the Assyrian unguent breathe,
And give a loose to levity of soul!

² The poet here is in a frenzy of enjoyment, and it is, indeed, 'amabilis insania.'

Furor di poesia,
Di lascivia, e di vino.

Alcmaon once, as legends tell,
Was frenzied by the fends of hell:
Orestes too, with naked tread,
Frantic paced the mountain-head:
And why?—a murdered mother's shade
Before their conscious fancy played;
But I can ne'er a murderer be,
The grape alone shall bleed by me;
Yet can I rave, in wild delight,
'I will—I will be mad to-night.
The son of Jove, in days of yore,
Imbrued his hands in youthful gore,
And brandished with a maniac joy,
The quiver of the expiring boy:
And Ajax, with tremendous shield,
Infuriate scoured the guiltless field.
But I, whose hands no quiver hold,
No weapon but this flask of gold,
The trophy of whose frantic hours
Is but a scattered wreath of flowers;
Yet, yet can sing with wild delight,
'I will—I will be mad to-night!'

ODE X.³

TELL me how to punish thee,
For the mischief done to me!
Silly swallow! prating thing,⁴
Shall I clip that wheeling wing?

Triplacato furors,
Bacco, Apollo, et Amore.
Ritratti del Cavalier Marino.

This is, as Scaliger expresses it,
Insanire dulce,
Et sapidum furere furorem.

³ This ode is addressed to a swallow. I find from Degen and from Gail's index, that the German poet Weisse has imitated it, *Scherz. Lieder*, lib. ii. carm. 6; that Ramler also has imitated it, *Lyr. Blumenlese*, lib. iv. p. 335; and some others.—See *Gail de Editionibus*.

We are referred by Degen to that stupid book, the *Epistles of Alciphron*, tenth epistle, third book, where Iophon complains to Erastus on being awakened, by the crowing of a cock, from his vision of riches.

⁴ The loquacity of the swallow was proverbialized; thus Nicotratius:

Εἰ το συνεχὲς καὶ πολλὰ καὶ ταχέως λαλεῖ
ἢν τοῦ φρονὶν παρασμέν, αἱ γελῶντες
ἐλαττοῦν ἢ ἡμῶν συμφρονεσθῆναι ποδῶ

If in prating from morning till night,
A sign of our wisdom there be,
The swallows are wiser by right,
For they prattle much faster than we.

Or, as Tereus did of old¹
(So the fabled tale is told),
Shall I tear that tongue away,
Tongue that uttered such a lay?
How unthinking hast thou been!
Long before the dawn was seen,
When I slumbered in a dream,
(Love was the delicious theme!)
Just when I was nearly blest,
Ah! thy matin broke my rest!

ODE XI.²

'TELL me, gentle youth, I pray thee,
What in purchase shall I pay thee
For this little waxen toy,
Image of the Paphian boy?
Thus I said, the other day,
To a youth who passed my way.
'Sir' (he answered, and the while
Answered all in Doric style),
'Take it, for a trifle take it;
Think not yet that I could make it;
Pray believe it was not I;
No—it cost me many a sigh,
And I can no longer keep
Little gods who murder sleep.'
'Here, then, here,' I said, with joy,
'Here is silver for the boy:
He shall be my bosom guest,
Idol of my pious breast!
Little Love! thou now art mine,
Warm me with that torch of thine;
Make me feel as I have felt,
Or thy waxen frame shall melt.
I must burn with warm desire,
Or thou, my boy, in yonder fire!

¹ Modern poetry has confirmed the name of Philomel upon the nightingale; but many very respectable ancients assigned this metamorphosis to Progne, and made Philomel the swallow, as Anacreon does here.

² It is difficult to preserve with any grace the narrative simplicity of this ode, and the humour of the turn with which it concludes. I feel that the translation must appear very rapid, if not ludicrous, to an English reader.

³ I have adopted the accentuation which Elias Andreas gives to Cybele:

*In montibus Cybèlen
Magno sonans boati.*

⁴ This fountain was in a grove, consecrated to Apollo, and situated between Colophon and Le-

ODE XII.

THEY tell how Atys, wild with love,
Roams the mount and haunted grove;
Cybele's name he howls around,
The gloomy blast returns the sound!
Oft too by Claros' hallowed spring,⁴
The votaries of the laurelled king
Quaff the inspiring magic stream,
And rave in wild prophetic dream.
But frenzied dreams are not for me.
Great Bacchus is my deity!
Full of mirth, and full of him,
While waves of perfume round me
swim;

While flavoured bowls are full supplied,
And you sit blushing by my side,
I will be mad and raving too—
Mad, my girl! with love for you!

ODE XIII.

I WILL, I will; the conflict's past,
And I'll consent to love at last.
Cupid has long, with smiling art,
Invited me to yield my heart;
And I have thought that peace of mind
Should not be for a smile resigned;
And I've repelled the tender lure,
And hoped my heart should sleep
secure.

But slighted in his boasted charms,
The angry infant flew to arms;
He slung his quiver's golden frame,
He took his bow, his shafts of flame,
And proudly summoned me to yield,
Or meet him on the martial field.
And what did I unthinking do?
I took to arms, undaunted too.⁵

bedos, in Ionia. The god had an oracle there. Scaliger has thus alluded to it in his *Anacreontica*:

*Semel ut concitus æstro,
Velati qui Claras aquas
Ebibere loquaces,
Quo plures canunt, plura volunt.*

⁵ Longepierre has quoted an epigram from the *Anthologia*, in which the poet assumes Reason as the armour against Love:

*Ὁπλισμαὶ πρὸς ἐρῆνᾳ περὶ στερνοῖσι λογισμῶν,
Οὐδὲ μὲ νικᾷσι, μόνος εὖν πρὸς ἑνᾷ.
Θνῆρος δ' ἀθανάτῃ συνελκυσσομαι, ἣν δε βῆθηον
Βακχὸν εἶχῃ, τί μόνος πρὸς δι' ἑμὲ δύναμαι;*

With Reason I cover my breast as a shield,
And fearlessly meet little love in the field;

Assumed the corselet, shield, and spear,
And, like Pelides, smiled at fear.
Then (hear it, all you Powers above !)
I fought with Love, I fought with
Love !

And now his arrows all were ached—
And I had just in terror fled—
When, heaving an indignant sigh,
To see me thus unwounded fly,
And having now no other dart,
He glanced himself into my heart !
My heart—alas the luckless day !
Received the god, and died away.
Farewell, farewell, my faithless shield !
Thy lord at length was forced to yield.

Thus fighting his godship, I'll ne'er be dismayed
But if Bacchus should ever advance to his aid,
Alas ! then, unable to combat the two,
Unfortunate warrior ! what should I do ?

This idea of the irresistibility of Cupid and Bacchus united, is delicately expressed in an Italian poem, which is so very Anacreontic, that I may be pardoned for introducing it. Indeed, it is an imitation of our poet's sixth ode :

Lavossi Amore in quel vicino fiume
Ove giuro (Pastor) che bevend'io
Beveri le fiamme, anzi l'istesso Dio,
Ch'or con l'humide piume
Lascivetto mi scherza al cor inteso. .
Ma che sarei s'io lo bevessi un giorno.
Baccho, nel tuo liquore ?
Sarei, piu che non sono ebro d'Amore.

The urchin of the bow and quiver
Was bathing in a neighbouring river,
Where, as I drank on yester-eve
(Shepherd-youth ! the tale believe),
'Twas not a cooling crystal draught,
'Twas liquid flame I madly quaffed ;
& or Love was in the rippling tide,
I felt him to my bosom glide ;
And now the wily wanson minion
Plays o'er my heart with restless pinion.
This was a day of fatal star,
But were it not more fatal far,
If, Bacchus, in thy cup of fire,
I found this flattering, young desire ?
Then, then indeed my soul should prove
Much more than ever, drunk with love !

¹ Dryden has parodied this thought in the following extravagant lines :

I'm all o'er Love ;
Nay, I am Love ; Love shot, and shot so fast,
He shot himself into my breast at last.

² The poet, in this catalogue of his mistresses, means nothing more than, by a lively hyperbole, so tell us that his heart, unfettered by any one object, was warm with devotion towards the sex in general. Cowley is indebted to this ode for the hint of his ballad called *The Chronicle* ; and the learned Menage has imitated it in a Greek

Vain, vain is every outward care,
My foe's within, and triumphs there.

ODE XIV.*

COUNT me, on the summer trees,
Every leaf that courts the breeze ;²
Count me, on the foamy deep,
Every wave that sinks to sleep ;
Then, when you have numbered these
Billowy tides and leafy trees,
Count me all the flames I prove,
All the gentle nymphs I love.
First, of pure Athenian maids,
Sporting in their olive shades,

Anacreontic, of which the following is a translation :—

Tell the foliage of the woods,
Tell the billows of the floods,
Number midnight's starry store,
And the sands that crowd the shore :
Then, my Lion, thou may'st count
Of my loves the vast amount !
I've been loving, all my days ;
Many nymphs, in many ways,
Virgin, widow, maid, and wife—
I've been doting all my life.
Naiads, Nereids, nymphs of fountains,
Goddesses of groves and mountains,
Fair and sable, great and small,
Yes—I swear I've loved them all !
Every passion soon was over,
I was but a moment's lover ;
Oh ! I'm such a roving elf,
That the Queen of Love herself,
Though she practised all her wiles,
Rosy blushes, golden smiles,
All her beauty's proud endeavour
Could not chain my heart for ever !

³ This figure is very frequently made use of in poetry. The satiric writers have exhausted a world of imagery by it, to express the infinity of kisses which they require from the lips of their mistresses : in this Catullus led the way.

—quam sidera multa, cum tacet nox,
Furtivos hominum vident amores ;
Tam te basia multa basiare,
Vesano satie, et super Catullo est :
Quæ nec pornumerare curiosus
Poesint, nec mala fascinare lingua.—Carm. 7.

As many stellar eyes of light,
As through the silent waste of night,
Gazing upon this world of shade,
Witness some secret youth and maid,
Who, fair as thou, and fond as I,
In stolen joys enamoured lie !
So many kisses, ere I slumber,
Upon those dew-bright lips I'll number :
So many vermil, honeyed kisses,
Envy can never count our blisses.
No tongue shall tell the sum but mine,
No lips shall fascinate but thine !

You may reckon just a score ;
 Nay, I'll grant you fifteen more.
 In the sweet Corinthian grove,
 Where the glowing wantons rove,¹
 Chains of beauties may be found,
 Chains by which my heart is bound ;
 There indeed are girls divine,
 Dangerous to a soul like mine ;²
 Many bloom in Lesbos' isle ;
 Many in Ionia smile ;
 Rhodes a pretty swarm can boast ;
 Caria too contains a host.
 Sum these all—of brown and fair
 You may count two thousand there !
 What, you gaze ! I pray you, peace !
 More I'll find before I cease.
 Have I told you all my flames
 'Mong the amorous Syrian dames ?
 Have I numbered every one
 Glowing under Egypt's sun ?
 Or the nymphs who, blushing sweet,
 Deck the shrine of love in Crete ;
 Where the god, with festal play,
 Holds eternal holiday ?
 Still in clusters, still remain
 Gades' warm desiring train ;³
 Still there lies a myriad more
 On the sable India's shore ;
 These, and many far removed,
 All are loving—all are loved !

ODE XV.

TELL me why, my sweetest dove,⁴
 Thus your humid pinions move,
 Shedding through the air, in showers,
 Essence of the balmy flowers ?
 Tell me whither, whence you rove,
 Tell me all, my sweetest dove !
 Curious stranger ! I belong
 To the bard of Teian song ;
 With his mandate now I fly
 To the nymph of azure eye ;
 Ah ! that eye has maddened many,
 But the poet more than any !
 Venns, for a hymn of love
 Warbled in her votive grove⁵
 ('Twas, in sooth, a gentle lay),
 Gave me to the bard away,
 See me now, his faithful minion,
 Thus, with softly-gliding pinion,
 To his lovely girl I bear
 Songs of passion through the air.
 Oft he blandly whispers me,
 'Soon, my bird, I'll set you free.'
 But in vain he'll bid me fly,
 I shall serve him till I die.
 Never could my plumes sustain
 Ruffling winds and chilling rain,
 O'er the plains, or in the dell,
 On the mountain's savage swell ;

¹ Corinth was very famous for the beauty and the number of its courtezans. Venus was the deity principally worshipped by the people, and prostitution in her temple was a meritorious act of religion. Conformable to this was their constant and solemn prayer, that the gods would increase the number of their courtezans.

² With justice has the poet attributed beauty to the women of Greece.—*Degen*.

³ The Gaditanean girls were like the Bala-diers of India, whose dances are thus described by a French author: 'Les danses sont presque toutes des pantomimes d'amour; le plan, le dessin, les attitudes, les mesures, les sons, et les cadences de ces ballets, tout respire cette passion et en exprime les voluptés et les fureurs.'—*Histoire du Commerce des Europ. dans les deux Indes*.—*Raynal*.

The music of the Gaditanean females had all the voluptuous character of their dancing, as appears from Martial:

Cantica qui Nilii, qui Gaditana susurrant.
 —Lib. iii. epig. 63.

Lodovico Ariosto had this ode of our bard in his mind, when he wrote his poem 'De diversis amoribus.' See the *Anthologia Italorum*.

⁴ The dove of Anacreon, bearing a letter from the poet to his mistress, is met by a stranger, with whom this dialogue is imagined.

The ancients made use of letter-carrying pigeons, when they went any distance from home, as the most certain means of conveying intelligence back. That tender domestic attachment, which attracts this delicate little bird through every danger and difficulty, till it settles in its native nest, affords to the elegant author of *The Pleasures of Memory* a fine and interesting exemplification of his subject.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove
 The wreaths of conquest, or the rows of love ?
 See the poem. Daniel Heinsius has a similar sentiment, speaking of Dousa, who adopted this method at the siege of Leyden:

Quo patriæ non tendit amor ? Mandata referre
 Postquam hominem nequit mittere, misit avem.

Fuller tells us that, at the siege of Jerusalem, the Christians intercepted a letter tied to the legs of a dove, in which the Persian Emperor promised assistance to the beleagued. See *Fuller's Holy War*, cap. 24, book i.

⁵ This passage is invaluable, and I do not think that anything so beautiful or so delicate

Seeking in the desert wood
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er his goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently-fanning wings
'Hade the minstrel while he sings:
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers!
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I chattered! prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

ODE XVI.¹

THOU, whose soft and rosy hues
Mimic form and soul infuse;²

has ever been said. What an idea does it give of the poetry of the man from whom Venus herself, the mother of the Graces and the Pleasures, purchases a little hymn with one of her favourite doves!—*Dangeperre*.

De Pauw objects to the authenticity of this ode, because it makes Anacreon his own panegyrist; but poets have a licence for praising themselves, which with some indeed may be considered as comprised under their general privilege of fiction.

¹ This ode and the next may be called companion pictures; they are highly finished, and give us an excellent idea of the taste of the ancients in beauty. Franciscus Junius quotes them in his third book, *De Pictura Veterum*.

This ode has been imitated by Ronsard, Giuliano (Gosolini, etc. etc. Scaliger alludes to it thus in his *Anacreontica*:

Olim lepore blando,
Liliis versibus
Candidus Anacreon
Quam pingere! Amicus
Descripsit Veneream suam.

The Teian bard, of former days,
Attained his sweet descriptive lays,
And taught the painter's hand to trace
His fair beloved's every grace!

In the dialogue of Caspar Barlaeus, entitled *An formosa sit duenda*, the reader will find many curious ideas and descriptions of beauty.

² I have followed the reading of the Vatican MS. Painting is called 'the rosy art,' either in reference to colouring, or as an indefinite epithet

Best of painters! come, portray
The lovely maid that's far away.³
Far away, my soul! thou art,
But I've thy beauties all by heart.
Paint her jetty ringlets straying,
Silky twine in tendrils playing;⁴
And if painting hath the skill
To make the spicy balm distil,⁵
Let every little lock exhale
A sigh of perfume on the gale.
Where her tresses' curly flow
Darkles o'er the brow of snow,
Let her forehead beam to light
Burnished as the ivory bright.
Let her eyebrows sweetly rise
In jetty arches o'er her eyes,
Gently in a crescent gliding,
Just commingling, just dividing.
But hast thou any sparkles warm,
The lightning of her eyes to form?
Let them effuse the azure ray
With which Minerva's glances play,
And give them all that liquid-fire
That Venus' languid eyes respire.⁶

of excellence, from the association of beauty with that flower. Salvini has adopted this reading in his literal translation:

Delis rosea arte signore.

³ If the portrait of this beauty be not merely ideal, the omission of her name is much to be regretted. Meleager, in an epigram on Anacreon, mentions 'the golden Eurypi;' as his mistress:

Βεβαλμένος χρυσωπην χειρας ἐν Εὐρυπύλῳ.

⁴ The ancients have been very enthusiastic in their praises of hair. Apuleius, in the second book of his *Milesiaca*, says that Venus herself, if she were bald, though surrounded by the Graces and the Loves, could not be pleasing even to her husband Vulcan.

To this passage of our poet Selden alluded in a note on the *Polyolbion* of Dryden, song the second; where, observing that the epithet 'black-haired' was given by some of the ancients to the goddess Isis, he says: 'Nor will I swear but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love), intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of woman's special ornament, well-haired, thought of this when he gave his painter direction to make her black-haired.'

⁵ Thus Philostratus, speaking of a picture: 'I admire the dewiness of these roses, and could say that their very smell was painted.'

⁶ Tasso has painted the eyes of Armida, as La Fontaine remarks:

*Qual raggio in onda le scintilla un riso
Negli umidi occhi tremulo e lascivo.*

O'er her nose and cheek he shod
 Flashing white and mellow red ;
 Gradual tints, as when there glows
 In snowy milk the bashful rose,
 Then her lip, so rich in blisses !
 Sweet petitioner for kisses !
 Pouting nest of bland persuasion,
 Ripely suing Love's invasion.
 Then beneath the velvet chin,
 Whose dimple shades a Love within,
 Mould her neck with grace descending,
 In a heaven of beauty ending ;
 While airy charms, above, below,
 Sport and flutter on its snow.
 Now let a floating, lucid veil
 Shadow her limbs, but not conceal ;
 A charm may peep, a hue may beam,
 And leave the rest to Fancy's dream.
 Enough—'tis she ! 'tis all I seek ;
 It glows, it lives, it soon will speak !

ODE XVII.*

AND NOW, with all thy pencil's truth,
 Portray Bathyllus, lovely youth !

Within her humid, melting eyes
 A brilliant ray of laughter lies,
 Soft as the broken solar beam
 That trembles in the azure stream.

The mingled expression of dignity and tenderness, which Anacreon requires the painter to infuse into the eyes of his mistress, is more amply described in the subsequent ode. Both descriptions are so exquisitely touched, that the artist must have been great indeed, if he did not yield in painting to the poet.

* The 'lip, provoking kisses,' in the original, is a strong and beautiful expression. Achilles Tatius speaks of 'lips soft and delicate for kissing.' A grave old commentator, Dionysius Lambinus, in his notes upon Lucretius, tells us, with all the authority of experience, that girls who have large lips 'kiss infinitely sweeter than others !' *'Suavius viros oculantur puellæ labiosæ, quam quæ sunt brevibus labris.'* And Æneas Sylvius, in his tedious, uninteresting story of the adulterous loves of Furius and Lucretia, where he particularizes the beauties of the heroine (in a very false and laboured style of latinity), describes her lips as exquisitely adapted for kissing : *'Os parvum decensque, labia corallini coloris nd morsum aptissima.'*—*Epist.* 114, lib. i.

* Madame Dacier has quoted here two pretty lines of Varro :

*Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo
 Vestigio demonstrant molliundinem.*

In her chin is a delicate dimple,
 By the finger of Cupid impress ;

Let his hair, in lapses bright,
 Fall like streaming rays of light ;
 And there the raven's dye confuse
 With the yellow sunbeam's hue.
 Let not the braid, with artful twine,
 The flowing of his locks confine ;
 But loosen every golden ring,
 To float upon the breeze's wing,
 Beneath the front of polished glow,
 Front as fair as mountain snow,
 And guileless as the dews of dawn,
 Let the majestic brows be drawn,
 Of ebony dyes, enriched by gold,
 Such as the scaly snakes unfold.
 Mingle in his jetty glances
 Power that awes, and love that
 trances ;
 Steal from Venus bland desire,
 Steal from Mars the look of fire,
 Blend them in such expression here,
 That we, by turns, may hope and
 fear ;

Now from the sunny apple seek
 The velvet down that spreads his
 cheek !

* There Softness, bewitchingly simple,
 Has chosen her innocent nest.

* This delicate art of description, which leaves imagination to complete the picture, has been seldom adopted in the imitations of this beautiful poem. Ronsard is exceptionally minute ; and Politianus, in his charming portrait of a girl, full of rich and exquisite diction, has lifted the veil rather too much. The *'questo che tu n'intendo'* should be always left to fancy.

* The reader who wishes to acquire an accurate idea of the judgment of the ancients in beauty, will be indulged by consulting Junius, *De Picturâ Veterum*, ninth chapter, third book, where he will find a very curious selection of descriptions and epithets of personal perfections ; he compares this ode with a description of Theodoris, King of the Goths, in the second epistle, first book of Sidonius Apollinarius.

* He here describes the sunny hair, the *'flava coma'*, which the ancients so much admired. The Romans gave this colour artificially to their hair. See Staniel, *Kobienyck de Luxu Romanorum*.

* If the original here, which is particularly beautiful, can admit of any additional value, that value is conferred by Gray's admiration of it. See his Letters to West.

Some annotators have quoted on this passage the description of Photis's hair in Apuleius ; but nothing can be more distant from the simplicity of our poet's manner than that affectation of richness which distinguishes the style of Apuleius.

* Tasso similarly describes the eyes of Clorinda.

And there let Beauty's rosy ray
In flying blushes richly play;—
Blushes of that celestial flame
Which lights the cheek of virgin
shame.

Then for his lips, that ripely gem—
But let thy mind imagine them!
Paint, where the ruby cell uncloses
Persuasion sleeping upon roses;¹
And give his lip that speaking air,
As if a word was hovering there;²
His neck of ivory splendour trace,
Moulded with soft but manly grace;
Fair as the neck of Paphia's boy,
Where Paphia's arms have hung in joy.
Give him the winged Hermes' hand,³
With which he waves his shaky wand;
Let Bacchus thence the breast supply,
And Leda's son the sinewy thigh.
But oh! suffuse his limbs of fire
With all that glow of young desire⁴
Which kindles when the wishful sigh
Steals from the heart, unconscious why.

Lampeggiar gli occhi, e folgorar gli sguardi
Dolci ne l'ira.

Her eyes were glowing with a heavenly heat,
Emaning fire, and e'en in anger sweet!

The poetess Veronica Cambrà is more diffuse
upon this variety of expression:

Occhi lucenti et belli
Come esser pao ch' in un medesimo istante
Nascan de voi si nove forme et tante?
Lieti, meati, superbi, humil' altieri
Vi mostrate in un punto, ondi di speme,
E di timor de empie, etc. etc.

Oh! tell me, brightly-beaming eye,
Whence in your little orbit lie
So many different traits of fire,
Expressing each a new desire?
Now with angry scorn you darkle,
Now with tender anguish sparkle.
And we, who view the various mirror
Feel at once both hope and terror.

Chevreau, citing the lines of our poet, in his critique on the poems of Malherbe, produces a Latin version of them from a manuscript which he had seen, entitled *Joan. Fulconis Anacreontici Lusua*.

¹ It was worthy of the delicate imagination of the Greeks to deify Persuasion, and give her the lips for her throat. We are here reminded of a very interesting fragment of Anacreon, preserved by the scholiast upon Pindar, and supposed to belong to a poem reflecting with some severity on Simonides, who was the first, we are told, that ever made a hireling of his muse:

Οὐδ' ἀργυρεὴ κοτ' ἐλαμψε Παιθῶν

Thy pencil, though divinely bright,
Is envious of the eye's delight,
Or its enamoured touch would show
His shoulder, fair as sunless snow,
Which now in gelling shadow lies,
Removed from all but Fancy's eyes.
Now, for his feet—but, hold—forbear—
I see a godlike portrait there;⁵
So like Bathyllus!—sure there's none
So like Bathyllus but the Sun!
Oh, let this pictured god be mine,
And keep the boy for Samos' shrines;
Phœbus shall then Bathyllus be,
Bathyllus then the deity!

ODE XVIII.

Now the star of day is high,
Fly, my girls, in pity fly,
Bring me wine in brimming urns,
Cool my lip, it burns, it burns!

Nor yet had fair Persuasion shone
In silver splendours, not her own.

² In the original, *λαλῶν σιωπῶν*. The mistress of Petrarch 'parla con silenzio,' which is perhaps the best method of female eloquence.

³ In Shakspeare's *Cymbeline* there is a similar method of description:

This is his hand,
His foot Mercurial, his martial thigh,
The brawns of Hercules.

We find it likewise in *Hamlet*. Longepierre thinks that the hands of Mercury are selected by Anacreon on account of the graceful gestures which were supposed to characterize the god of eloquence; but Mercury was also the patron of thieves, and may perhaps be praised as a light-fingered deity.

⁴ I have taken the liberty here of somewhat veiling the original. Madame Dacier, in her translation, has hung out lights (as Sterne would call it) at this passage. It is very much to be regretted that this substitution of asterisks has been so much adopted in the popular interpretations of the Classics; it serves but to bring whatever is exceptionable into notice, 'clarissime faciem præferre pudendis.'

⁵ This is very spirited, but it requires explanation. While the artist is pursuing the portrait of Bathyllus, Anacreon, we must suppose, turns round and sees a picture of Apollo, which was intended for an altar at Samos: he instantly tells the painter to cease his work; that this picture will serve for Bathyllus; and that, when

Sunned by the meridian fire,
Panting, languid, I expire!
Give me all those humid flowers,
Drop them o'er my brow in showers.
Scarce a breathing chaplet now
Laves upon my feverish brow;
Every dewy rose I wear
Sheds its tears, and withers there.¹
But for you, my burning mind!²
Oh! what shelter shall I find?
Can the bowl, or floweret's dew,
Cool the flame that scorches you?

ODE XIX.

HERE recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this imbowering shade;³

he goes to Samos, he may make an Apollo of the portrait of the boy which he had begun.

¹ Bathylus (says Madame Dacier) could not be more elegantly praised, and this one passage does him more honour than the statue, however beautiful it might be, which Polycrates raised to him.

² There are some beautiful lines, by Angerianus, upon a garland, which I cannot resist quoting here:

Ante fores madidas sic sic pendete corollas,
Mans orto imponet Cella vos capiti;
At quum per niveam cervicem influxerit humor,
Dicite, non roris sed pluvia hæc lacrimæ.

By Celia's arbour all the night
Hang, humid wreath, the lover's vow;
And haply, at the morning light,
My love shall twine thee round her brow.

Then, if upon her bosom bright,
Some drops of dew shall fall from thee,
Tell her, they are not drops of night,
But tears of sorrow shed by me!

In the poem of Mr. Sheridan, 'Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone,' there is an idea very singularly coincident with this of Angerianus, in the stanza which begins,

And thou, stony grot, in thy arch may'st preserve.

³ The transition here is peculiarly delicate and impassioned; but the commentators have perverted the sentiment by a variety of readings and conjectures.

⁴ The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the *Anthologia* the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode:

Ἐνθά, καὶ κατ' αὐτὴν ἵεν πύριν, ἃ το μελιχρὸν
Ἰπὸς μελαχρὸν ἔχει ἀκλινά μενα ζεφυροῦ.
Ἢνθά καὶ κροניתῶνα μελιτογάγος, ἐνθα μελιστῶν
Ἴδον ἔρμαιας ὄντων ἀγῶ καλλάμοις,

Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little fountains that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper, as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I!

ODE XX.

ONE day the Muses twined the hands⁵
Of baby Love, with flowery bands;
And to celestial Beauty gave
The captive infant as her slave.

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat,
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

See the fountain, that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray;
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay!

⁴ What a finish he gives to the picture by the simple exclamation of the original! In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet hear what a French translator says on the passage: 'This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original.'

⁵ By this allegory of the Muses making Cupid the prisoner of Beauty, Anacreon seems to insinuate the softening influence which a cultivation of poetry has over the mind, in making it peculiarly susceptible to the impressions of beauty; though in the following epigram, by the philosopher Plato, which is found in the third book of Diogenes Laertius, the Muses are made to disavow all the influence of Love:

Ἄ Κυπρία Μουσάσι, κοράσια τὰς Ἀφροδίτας
Τῆματ' ἣν τὸν ἔρωτα ὑμῶν ἐφοπλισμαί.
Αἱ Μοῦσαι ποτὶ Κυπρίν. Ἀρεὶ τὰ στωμυλὰ ταῦτα
Ἦμῶν οὐ πετάται τούτο το παιδαρίον.

'Yield to my gentle power, Parnassian maids;
Thus to the Muses spoke the Queen of Charms—
'Or Love shall flutter in your classic shades,
And make your grove the camp of Paphian arms!
'No,' said the virgins of the tuneful bower.

'We scorn thine own and all thy urchin's art;
Though Mars has trembled at the infant's power,
His shaft is pointless o'er a Muse's heart!'

There is a sonnet by Benedetto Guidi, the thought of which was suggested by this ode.

Love, wandering through the golden maze
Of my beloved's hair,
Traced every lock with fond delays,
And, doting, lingered there.

His mother comes with many a toy,
To ransom her beloved boy;¹
His mother sues, but all in vain!
He ne'er will leave his chains again.
Nay, should they take his chains away,
The little captive still would stay.
'If this,' he cries, 'a bondage be,
Who could wish for liberty?'

ODE XXI.²

OBSERVE when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;

And soon he found 'twere vain to fly,
His heart was close confined;
And every curl was a tie,
A chain by Beauty twined,
Now Venus seeks her boy's release,
With ransom from above;
But, Venus! let thy efforts cease,
For Love's the slave of love.
And, should we loose his golden chain,
The prisoner would return again!³

¹ Venus thus proclaims the reward for her fugitive child in the first idyl of Moschus:

Ὁ μανυτὰ γέρας ἔξει,
Μίσθος τοι, το φίλαμα το Κυπρίδος, ἣν δ' ἀγαγῇ
νῦν,
Οὐ γύμνον το φίλαμα, τὸ δ' ὦ ξυνη καὶ πλεον ἔξεις.

On him, who the haunts of my Cupid can show,
A kiss of the tenderest stamp I'll bestow;
But how who can bring me the wanderer here,
Shall have something more rapturous, something more dear.

This 'something more' is the 'quidquid post oscula dulce' of Secundus.

After this ode, there follow in the Vatican MS. these extraordinary lines:

Ἦδυμλῆς Ἀνακρεὼν
Ἦδυμλῆς δὲ Σαπφῶ
Πινδαρίκον το δὲ μοι μέλος
Συγκρασεῖς τίς σέχει
Τὰ τρία ταῦτα μοι δοκεῖ
Καὶ Διονύσου εἰσελθόν
Καὶ Πάφῃ παραχρῆος
Καὶ αὐτὸς ἔρως καὶ σπείων.

These lines, which appear to me to have as little sense as metre, are most probably the interpolation of the transcriber.

² The commentators who have endeavoured to throw the chains of precision over the spirit of this beautiful trifle, require too much from Anacreontic philosophy.

And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon, too, quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine!

ODE XXII.³

THE Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form;
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.

One of the Capitoli has imitated this ode in an epitaph on a drunkard:

Dum vixi sine fine bibi, sic imbrifer agens
Sic tellus pluvias sole perusta bibit.
Sic bibit assidue fontes et flumina Pontus,
Sic semper sitiens Sol maris haerit aquas.
Ne te igitur jactes plus me, Silene, bibisse;
Et mihi da vietas tu quoque, Bacche, manus.
Hippolytus Capitulus.

While life was mine, the little hour
In drinking still unvaried flew;
I drank as earth imbibes the shower,
Or as the rainbow drinks the dew;

As ocean quaffs the rivers up,
Or flushing sun inhales the sea;
Silenus trembled at my cup,
And Bacchus was outdone by me!

³ Ogilvie, in his *Essay on the Lyric Poetry of the Ancients*, in remarking upon the *Odes of Anacreon*, says: 'In some of his pieces there is exuberance and even wildness of imagination; in that particularly which is addressed to a young girl, where he wishes alternately to be transformed to a mirror, a coat, a stream, a bracelet, and a pair of shoes, for the different purposes which he recites; this is mere sport and wantonness.'

It is the wantonness, however, of a very graceful muse; *ludit amabiliter*. The compliment of this ode is exquisitely delicate, and so singular for the period in which Anacreon lived, when the scale of love had not yet been graduated into all its little progressive refinements, that if we were inclined to question the authenticity of the poem, we should find a much more plausible argument in the features of modern gallantry which it bears, than in any of those fastidious conjectures upon which some commentators have presumed so far. Degen thinks it spurious, and De Pauw pronounces it to be miserable. Longepierre and Barrow refer us to several imitations of this ode.

Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And, like my heart, I then should be
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows,
In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb!
Oh! could I as the streamlet's wave,
Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave,
Or float as perfume on thine hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance
there!

I wish I were the zone¹ that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its
sighs!

Or like those envious pearls that show
So faintly round that neck of snow;
Yes, I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them.
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh! anything that touches thee.
Nay, sandals for those airy feet²—
Thus to be pressed by thee were sweet!

from which I shall only select an epigram of
Dionysius:

Εὖ ἀνεμὸς γενόμεν, σὺ δὲ γὰρ στεῖχονσα παρ'
αὐγῆς,

Ἰτέθρα γυμνωσῶς, καὶ με πτερόντα λαβοῖς.

Εἶθε ῥόδον γενομένην ὑποπόφυρον, ὅφρα με χερσὶν
Ἀραμενῇ, κομίσῃς στεθεσὶ χιόσεσι.

Εἶθε κρίνον γενομένην λευκοχροόν, ὅφρα με χερσὶν
Ἀραμενῇ, μάλλον σὺς χροτὶς κορῆσῃς.

I wish I could like zephyr steal

To wanton o'er thy mazy vest;

And thou would'st ope thy bosom veil,

And take me panting to thy breast!

I wish I might a rosebud grow,

And thou would'st cull me from the bower,

And place me on that breast of snow,

Where I should bloom, a wintry flower!

I wish I were the lily's leaf,

To fade upon that bosom warm;

There I should wither, pale and brief,

The trophy of thy fairer form!

Allow me to add, that Plato has expressed as
desirous a wish in a distich preserved by Eusebius:

Ἀστέρες εὐαῖναιρες, ἀσπρὲς ἔμῳ· εἶθε γενομένην
Ὀυρανὸς ὡς πολλὰς ὀμμασὶν εἰς σὲ βλεψῶ.

TO STELLA.

Why dost thou gaze upon the sky?

Oh! that I were that spangled sphere,

And every star should be an eye

To wonder on thy beauties here!

Apuleius quotes this epigram of the divine phi-
losopher to justify himself for his verses on

ODE XXIII.

I OFTEN wish this languid lyre,
This warbler of my soul's desire,
Could raise the breath of song sublime
To men of fame in former time.
But when the soaring theme I try,
Along the chords my numbers die,
And whisper, with dissolving tone,
'Our sighs are given to Love alone!
Indignant at the feeble lay,
I tore the panting chords away,
Attuned them to a nobler swell,
And struck again the breathing shell:
In all the glow of epic fire,
To Hercules I wake the lyre!
But still its fainting sighs repeat,
'The tale of Love alone is sweet!'¹
Then fare thee well, seductive dream,
That mad'st me follow Glory's theme;
For thou, my lyre, and thou, my heart,
Shall never more in spirit part;
And thou the flame shalt feel as well
As thou the flame shalt sweetly tell!

Critias and Charinus. See his *Apology*, where he
also adduces the example of Anacreon: 'Focere
tamen et alii talia, et si vos ignoratis, apud
Græcos Toinus quidam, etc. etc.'

¹ This was a riband, or band, called by the
Romans *fascia* and *strophium*, which the women
wore for the purpose of restraining the exuber-
ance of the bosom.—*Vide Pollux. Onomast.*
Thus Martial:

Fascia crescentes domine compescere papillas.

The women of Greece not only wore this zone,
but condemned themselves to fasting, and made
use of certain drugs and powders for the same
purpose. To these expedients they were com-
pelled, in consequence of their elegant fashion
of compressing the waist into a very narrow com-
pass, which necessarily caused an excessive tu-
midity in the bosom.—See Dioscorides, lib. v.

² The sophist Philostratus, in one of his love-
letters, has borrowed this thought: 'Oh lovely
feet! oh excellent beauty! oh! thrice happy
and blessed should I be, if you would but tread
on me!' In Shakspere, Romeo desires to be a
glove:

Oh that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might kiss that cheek!

And, in his *Passionate Pilgrim*, we meet with
an idea somewhat like that of the thirteenth line:
He, spying her, bounced in, where as he stood,
'Oh Jove! quoth she, 'why was not I a flood?'

³ The word *αἰτίσθαι*, in the original, may
imply that kind of musical dialogues practised by
the ancients, in which the lyre was made to re-
spond to the questions proposed by the singer.

ODES OF ANACREON.

ODE XXIV.¹

To all that breathe the airs of heaven,
Some boon of strength has Nature
given.

When the majestic bull was born,
She fenced his brow with wreathed
horn.

She armed the courser's foot of air,
And winged with speed the panting
hare.

She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And, on the ocean's crystal mirror,
Taught the unnumbered scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plumed the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refined,
The spark of heaven — a thinking
mind!²

And had she no surpassing treasure
For thee, oh woman! child of pleasure?
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!
She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before
thee!³

¹ Henry Stephens has imitated the idea of this ode in the following lines of one of his poems:—
Providi dat cunctis Natura animalibus arma,
Et sua femineum possidet arma genus,
Ungulaque ut defendit equum, atque ut cornua
taurum,

Armata est forma femina pulchra sua.

And the same thought occurs in those lines,
spoken by Coriscus in *Pastor Fido*:

Così noi la bellezza
(h'è virtù nostra così propria, come
La forza del leone
E l'ingegno de l'huomo.

The lion boasts his savage powers,
And lordly man his strength of mind;
But beauty's charm is solely ours,
Peccoliar boon, by Heaven assigned!

² In my first attempt to translate this ode, I had interpreted *ἀπορρηγνυσα*, with Baxter and Barnes, as implying courage and military virtue; but I do not think that the gallantry of the idea suffers by the import which I have now given to it. For why need we consider this possession of wisdom as exclusive? and in truth, as the design of Anacreon is to estimate the treasure of beauty, above all the rest which Nature has distributed, it is perhaps even refining upon the delicacy of the compliment, to prefer the radiance of female charms to the cold illumination

ODE XXV

ONCE in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here,
When Nature wears her summer-vest,
Thou comest to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers,
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile.
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hapless breast,
And never, never change their nest!⁴
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping,
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin-desires they wing together,
And still as they have learned to
soar,
The wanton babies team with more.

of wisdom and prudence; and to think that women's eyes are

the books, the academies,
From whence doth spring the true Promethean
fire.

³ Longepierre's remark here is very ingenious: 'The Romans,' says he, 'were so convinced of the power of beauty, that they used a word implying strength in the place of the epithet beautiful. Thus Plautus, Act II. Scene 2, Bacchid.

Sed Daechis etiam fortis tibi visa.

"Fortis, id est formosa," say Servius and Nonius.

⁴ Thus Love is represented as a bird, in an epigram cited by Longepierre from the *Anthologia*:

'Tis Love that murmurs in my breast,
And makes me shed the secret tear;
Nor day nor night my heart has rest,
For night and day his voice I hear.
A wound within my heart I find,
And oh! 'tis plain where Love has been;
For still he leaves a wound behind,
Such as within my heart is seen.
Oh bird of Love! with song so dear,
Make not my soul the nest of pain;
Oh! let the wing which brought thee here,
In pity waft thee hence again!

But is there then no kindly art,
To chase these Cupids from my heart?
No, no ! I fear, alas ! I fear
They will for ever nestle here !

ODE XXVI.

THY harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
Or tell the tale of Theban arms ;
With other wars my soul shall burn,
For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
'Twas not the crested warrior's dart
Which drank the current of my heart ;
Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed,
Have made this vanquished bosom
bleed ;
No—from an eye of liquid blue
A host of quivered Cupids flew ;¹
And now my heart all bleeding lies
Beneath this army of the eyes !

ODE XXVII.²

WE read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame ;
And, by their turbaned brows alone,
The warriors of the East are known.

¹ Longepierre has quoted part of an epigram from the seventh book of the *Anthologia*, which has a fancy something like this :

Οὐ με λελθας,
Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφίλας ὀμμασι κρυπτομένος.
Archer Love ! though slyly creeping,
Well I know where thou dost lie ;
I saw thee through the curtain peeping,
That fringes Zenuphelia's eye.

The poets abound with conceits on the archery of the eyes, but few have turned the thought so naturally as Anacreon. Ronsard gives to the eyes of his mistress 'un petit camp d'amours.'

² This ode forms a part of the preceding in the Vatican MS., but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

³ 'We cannot see into the heart,' says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers :

Il cor ne gli occhi e ne la fronte ho scritto.

La Foëe has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon :

Lorsque je vois un arant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire on dire,
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.

But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies ;¹
Through them we see the small faint
mark,
Where Love has dropped his burning
spark !

ODE XXVIII.

As in the Lemnian caves of fire,
The mate of her who nursed desire
Moulded the glowing steel, to form
Arrows for Cupid, thrilling warm ;
While Venus every barb imbues
With droppings of her honeyed daws ;
And Love (alas ! the victim-heart)
Tinges with gall the burning dart ;⁴
Once, to this Lemnian cave of flame,
The crested Lord of battles came ;
'Twas from the ranks of war he rushed,
His spear with many a life-drop
blushed !

He saw the mystic darts, and smiled
Derision on the archer-child.

'And dost thou smile ?' said little
Love ;

'Take this dart, and thou mayst prove.
That though they pass the breeze's
flight,
My bolts are not so feathery light.'

In vain the lover tries to veil
The flame which in his bosom lies ;
His cheek's confusion tells the tale,
We read it in his languid eyes :
And though his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks e'en more than they.

⁴ Thus Claudian :

Labantur germin' fontes, hic dulcis, amarus
Alter, et infusus corrumpit mella venenis,
Unde Cupidineas armavit fama sagittas.

In Cyprus' isle two rippling fountains fall,
And one with honey flows, and one with gall ;
In these, if we may take the tale from fame,
The son of Venus dips his darts of flame.

See the ninety-first emblem of Alciatus, on the close connection which subsists between sweets and bitterness. 'Apes ideo pungunt,' says Petronius, 'quia ubi dulces, ibi et aculeum invenies.'

The allegorical description of Cupid's employment, in Horace, may vie with this before us in fancy, though not in delicacy :

ferus et Cupido
Semper ardentis aculeis sagittas
Cute cruentas.

And Cupid, sharpening all his fiery darts
Upon a whetstone stained with blood of hearts.

He took the shaft—and, oh! thy look,
Sweet Venus! when the shaft he
took—

He sighed, and felt the urchin's art;
He sighed, in agony of heart,
'It is not light—I die with pain!
Take—take thy arrow back again.'
'No,' said the child, 'it must not be,
That little dart was made for thee!'

ODE XXIX.

Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;¹
But surely 'tis the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again!
Affection now has fled from earth,
Nor fire of genius, light of birth,
Nor heavenly virtue, can beguile
From beauty's cheek one favouring
smile.

Gold is the woman's only theme,
Gold is the woman's only dream.
Oh! never be that wretch forgiven—
Forgive him not, indignant Heaven!—
Whose grovelling eyes could first adore,
Whose heart could pant for sordid ore.
Since that devoted thirst began,
Man has forgot to feel for man;
The pulse of social life is dead,
And all its fonder feelings fled!

Secundus has borrowed this, but has somewhat
softened the image by the omission of the epithet
'cruenta.'

Fallor, an ardentibus aenebat cote sagittas.—Eleg. i.

¹ Menage enforces the necessity of loving in
an Anacreontic, of which the following is a
translation:—

TO PETER DANIEL HUETT.

Thou! of tuneful bards the first,
Thou! by all the Graces nursed;
Friend! each other friend above,
Come with me, and learn to love.
Loving is a simple lore,
Graver men have learned before;
Nay, the boast of former ages,
Wisest of the wisest sages,
Sophroniscus' prudent son,
Was by Love's illusion won.
Oh! how heavy life would move,
If we knew not how to love!
Love's a whetstone to the mind;
Thus 'tis pointed, thus refined.
When the soul dejected lies,
Love can waft it to the skies;
When in languor sleeps the heart,
Love can wake it with his dart;

War too has sullied Nature's charms,
For gold provokes the world to arms!
And oh! the worst of all its art,
I feel it breaks the lover's heart!

ODE XXX.

'Twas in an airy dream of night,
I fancied, that I winged my flight
On pinions fleetier than the wind,
While little Love, whose feet were
twined

(I know not why) with chains of lead,
Pursued me as I trembling fled;
Pursued—and could I e'er have
thought?—

Swift as the moment I was caught!
What does the wanton Fancy mean
By such a strange, illusive scene?
I fear she whispers to my breast,
That you, my girl, have stolen my rest;
That though my fancy, for a while,
Has hung on many a woman's smile,
I soon dissolved the passing vow,
And ne'er was caught by Love till now.

ODE XXXI.

ARMED with hyacinthine rod
(Arms enough for such a god),

When the mind is dull and dark,
Love can light it with his spark!
Come, oh! come then, let us haste
All the bliss of love to taste;
Let us love both night and day,
Let us love our lives away!
And when hearts, from loving free
(if indeed such hearts there be),
Frown upon our gentle flame,
And the sweet delusion blame;
This shall be my only curse,
(Could I, could I wish them worse?)
May they ne'er the rapture prove,
Of the smile from lips we love!

² Barnes imagines from this allegory, that our
poet married very late in life. I do not perceive
anything in the ode which seems to allude to
matrimony, except it be the lead upon the feet
of Cupid; and I must confess that I agree in the
opinion of Madame Dacier, in her life of the
poet, that he was always too fond of pleasure to
marry.

³ The design of this little fiction is to intimate,
that much greater pain attends insensibility than
can ever result from the tenderest impressions of
love. L'ange-pierre has quoted an ancient epi-

Cupid bade me wing my pace,
And try with him the rapid race.
O'er the wild torrent, rude and deep,
By tangled brake and pendent steep,
With weary foot I panting flew,
My brow was chilled with drops of dew.
And now my soul, exhausted, dying,
To my lip was faintly flying;¹
And now I thought the spark had fled,
When Cupid hovered o'er my head,
And, fanning light his breezy plume,
Recalled me from my languid gloom;²
Then said, in accents half-reproving,
'Why hast thou been a foe to loving?'

ODE XXXII.³

STREW me a breathing bed of leaves
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;
And, while in luxury's dream I sink,
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink!

gram (I do not know where he found it), which has some similitude to this ode:

Lecto compositus, vix prima silentia noctis
Carpebam, et somno lumina victa dabam;
Cum me servus Amor prensam, sursumque
capillis

Excitat, et lacerum pervigilare jubet.
Tu famulus meus, inquit, ames cum mille puellas,
Solutus so, solus, dure jacere potes?
Exilio et pedibus nudis, tunicaque soluta,
Omne iter impedio, nullum iter expedio.
Nunc propere, nunc ire piget; rursusque redire
Poenitet; et pudor est stare via media
Tæce tacent voces hominum, strepitusque
ferarum,

Et volucrum cantus, turbaque fida canum.
Solutus ego ex cunctis pævo sonnumque torumque,
Et sequor imperium, sæve Cupido, tuum.

Upon my couch I lay, at night profound,
My languid eyes in magic slumber bound.
When Cupid came and snatched me from my bed.
And forced me many a weary way to tread.
'What!' said the god, 'shall you, whose vows
are known,

Who love so many nymphs, thus sleep alone?'
I rise and follow, all the night I stray,
Unsheltered, trembling, doubtful of my way;
Tracing with naked foot the painful track,
Loth to proceed, yet fearful to go back.
Yes, at that hour, when Nature seems interred,
Nor warbling birds nor lowing flocks are heard;
I, I alone, a fugitive from rest,
Fusion my guide, and madness in my breast,
Wander the world around, unknowing where,
The slave of love, the victim of despair!

In this delicious hour of joy
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;
Folding his little golden vest,
With cinctures, round his snowy breast,
Himself shall hover by my side,
And minister the racy tide!
Swift as the wheels that kindling roll,
Our life is hurrying to the goal:
A scanty dust to feed the wind,
Is all the trace 'twill leave behind.
Why do we shed the rose's bloom
Upon the cold, insensate tomb!
Can flowery breeze, or odour's breath,
Affect the slumbering chill of death?
No, no; I ask no balm to steep
With fragrant tears my bed of sleep:
But now, while every pulse is glowing,
Now let me breathe the balsam flow-
ing;
Now let the rose with blush of fire
Upon my brow its scent exspiro;
And bring the nymph with floating eye,
Oh! she will teach me how to die!

¹ In the original, he says his heart flew to his nose; but our manner more naturally transfers it to the lips. Such is the effect that Plato tells us he felt from a kiss, in a distich, quoted by Aulus Gellius:

Την ψυχην, αγαθωνα φιλων, επι χειλεσιν εσχον.
Ηαθε γαρ η τλημων ως διαβησμενην.

When'er thy nectared kiss I sip,
And drink thy breath, in melting twine,
My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.

² 'The facility with which Cupid recovers him, signifies that the sweets of love make us easily forget any solitudes which he may occasion.'—*La Fontaine*.

³ We here have the poet, in his true attributes, reclining upon myrtles, with Cupid for his cup-bearer. Some interpreters have ruined the picture by making *Epas* the name of his slave. None but Love should fill the goblet of Anacreon. Sappho has assigned this office to Venus, in a fragment which may be thus paraphrased:

Hither, Venus! queen of kisses,
This shall be the night of blisses!
This the night to friendship dear,
Thou shalt be our Hebe here.
Fill the golden brimmer high,
Let it sparkle like thine eye!
Bid the rosy current gush,
Let it mantle like thy blush!
Venus! hast thou e'er above
Seen a feast so rich in love?
Not a soul that is not mine!
Not a soul that is not thine!

Yes, Cupid ! ere my soul retire,
To join the blest Elysian choir,
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,
I'll make my own Elysium here !

ODE XXXIII.¹

'Twas noon of night, when round the
pole
The sullen Bear is seen to roll ;
And mortals, wearied with the day,
Are slumbering all their cares away :
An infant, at that dreary hour,
Came weeping to my silent bower,
And waked me with a piteous prayer,
To save him from the midnight air !
'And who art thou,' I waking cry,
That bid'st my blissful visions fly ?
'O gentle sire !' the infant said,
'In pity take me to thy shed ;
Nor fear deceit : a lonely child
I wander o'er the gloomy wild.
Chill drops the rain, and not a ray
Illumes the drear and misty way !'
I hear the baby's tale of woe ;
I hear the bitter night-winds blow ;
And, sighing for his piteous fate,
I trimmed my lamp, and oped the gate.
'Twas Love ! the little wandering
sprite,²
His pinion sparkled through the night !
I knew him by his bow and dart ;
I knew him by my fluttering heart !
I take him in, and fondly raise
The dying embers' cheering blaze ;

¹ Anacreon appears to have been a voluptuary even in dreaming, by the lively regret which he expresses at being disturbed from his visionary enjoyments. See the Odes x. and xxvii.

² See the beautiful description of Cupid, by Moschus, in his first idyl.

³ Father Rapin, in a Latin ode addressed to the grasshopper, has preserved some of the thoughts of our author :

O quæ virenti graminis in toro,
Cicada, blande sidia, et herbidos
Saltus oberras, otiosos
Ingeniosa cleres cantus.
Seu forte adultæ floribus incubas,
Cuell caducis ebria fletibus, etc.

Press from his dank and clinging hair
The crystals of the freezing air,
And in my hand and bosom hold
His little fingers thrilling cold.
And now the embers' genial ray
Had warmed his anxious fears away ;
'I pray thee,' said the wanton child
(My bosom trembled as he smiled),
'I pray thee let me try my bow,
For through the rain I've wandered so,
That much I fear the ceaseless shower
Has injured its elastic power.'
The fatal bow the urchin drew,
Swift from the string the arrow flew ;
Oh ! swift it flew as glancing flame,
And to my very soul it came !
'Fare thee well,' I heard him say,
As laughing wild he winged away ;
'Fare thee well, for now I know
The rain has not relaxed my bow ;
It still can send a maddening dart,
As thou shalt own with all thy heart !'

ODE XXXIV.³

Oh thou, of all creation blest,
Sweet insect ! that delight'st to rest
Upon the wild wood's leafy tops,
To drink the dew that morning drops,
And chirp thy song with such a glee,⁴
That happiest kings may envy thee !
Whatever decks the velvet field,
Whatever the circling seasons yield,
Whatever buds, whatever blows,
For thee it buds, for thee it grows.

Oh thou, that on the grassy bed
Which Nature's vernal hand has spread,
Recliest soft, and turn'st thy song,
The dowy herbs and leaves among !
Whether thou liest on springing flowers,
Drunk with the balmy morning-showers,
Or, etc.

See what Lioetus says about grasshoppers, cap. 83 and 185.

⁴ Some authors have affirmed (says Madame Dacier) that it is only male grasshoppers which sing, and that the females are silent ; and on this circumstance is founded a bon-mot of Xenarchus, the comic poet, who says, "Are not the grasshoppers happy in having dumb wives ?" This note is originally Henry Stephens's ; but I chose rather to make Madame Dacier my authority for it.

Nor yet art thou the peasant's fear,
To him thy friendly notes are dear;
For thou art mild as matin dew,
And still, when summer's flowery hue
Begins to paint the bloomy plain,
We hear thy sweet prophetic strain;
Thy sweet prophetic strain we hear;
And bless the notes and thee revere!
The Muses love thy shrilly tone;
Apollo calls thee all his own;
'Twas he who gave that voice to thee,
'Tis he who tunes thy minstrelsy.
Unworn by age's dim decline,
The fadeless blooms of youth are thine.
Melodious insect! child of earth!¹
In wisdom mirthful, wise in mirth;
Exempt from every weak decay,
That withers vulgar frames away;
With not a drop of blood to stain
The current of thy purer vein;
So blest an age is passed by thee
Thou seem'st a little deity!

¹ Longepierre has quoted the two first lines of an epigram of Antipater from the first book of the *Anthologia*, where he prefers the grasshopper to the swan:

Αρχει τριττίας μεθυσαι θροσος, αλλα πιοντες
Αειδων κυκνων εισι γεγωνοτεροι.

In dew, that drops from morning's wings,
The gay Cicada sipping floats;
And, drunk with dew, his matin sings
Sweeter than any cygnet's notes.

² Theocritus has imitated this beautiful ode in his nineteenth idyl, but is very inferior, I think, to his original, in delicacy of point and *nuances* of expression. Spenser, in one of his smaller compositions, has sported more diffusely on the same subject. The poem to which I allude begins thus:

Upon a day, as Love lay sweetly slumbering
All in his mother's lap,
A gentle bee, with his loud trumpet murmuring,
About him flew by-hap, etc.

In Almelooven's collection of epigrams, there is one by Luxorius, correspondent somewhat with the turn of Anacreon, where Love complains to his mother of being wounded by a rose.

The ode before us is the very flower of simplicity. The infantine complainings of the little god, and the natural and impressive reflections which they draw from Venus, are beauties of inimitable grace. I hope I shall be pardoned for introducing another Greek Anacreontic of Menage, not for its similitude to the subject of this ode, but for some faint traces of this natural simplicity, which it appears to me to have preserved:

Ερωσ ποτ' εν χορειαν
Των παρθενων αυτων

ODE XXXV.²

CUPID once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries;
To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
'Oh mother! I am wounded through—
I die with pain—in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so.'
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, 'My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!'

Την μοι φιλην Κορινναν
Ὅτε εἶδεν, ὡς πρὸς αὐτὴν
Ἡροσέδραμε' τραχηλῇ
Διδυμας τε χεῖρας ἅππων
Φίλει με, μητὲρ, εἶπε.

Καλουμένη Κοριννα
Μήτηρ, ἐρυθρίαζε,
Ὅς παρθένος μετ' οὐσα
Κ' αὐτὸς δὲ δυσχεραίνων,
'Ὅς ὁμμασί πλῆσθηεις,
Ἐρως ἐρυθρίαζει.
Ἐγὼ δὲ οἱ παραστας,
Μὴ δυσχεραίνε, φημι.
Κυπριν τε καὶ Κορινναν
Διαγωνοῖσι οὐκ ἔχουσι
Καὶ οἱ βλεποντες οἶον.

As dancing o'er the enamelled plain,
The floweret of the virgin train,
My soul's a Corinna, lightly played,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;
And said, with smiles of infant joy,
'Oh! kiss me, mother, kias thy boy!
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blushed with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving,
Thus to mistake his Cyprian dame,
The little infant blushed with shame.
'Be not ashamed, my boy,' I cried,
For I was lingering by his side;
'Corinna and thy lovely mother,
Believe me, are so like each other,
That clearest eyes are oft betrayed,
And take thy Venus for the maid.'

Zitto, in his *Cappricciosi Pensieri*, has translated this ode of Anacreon.

ODE XXXVI.¹

Is hoarded gold possessed a power
To lengthen life's too fleeting hour,
And purchase from the hand of death
A little span, a moment's breath,
How I would love the precious ore
And every day should swell my store;
That when the Fates would send their
minion,

To waft me off on shadowy pinion,
I might some hours of life obtain,
And bribe him back to hell again.
But, since we ne'er can charm away
The mandate of that awful day,
Why do we vainly weep at fate,
And sigh for life's uncertain date?
The light of gold can ne'er illumine
The dreary midnight of the tomb!
And why should I then pant for trea-
sures?

Mine be the brilliant round of plea-
sures;
The goblet rich, the board of friends,
Whose flowing souls the goblet blends!²
Mine be the nymph whose form reposes
Seductive on that bed of roses;
And oh! be mine the soul's excess,
Expiring in her warm caress!

ODE XXXVII.³

'Twas night, and many a circling bowl
Had deeply warmed my swimming soul:

¹ Fontenelle has translated this ode, in his dialogue between Anacreon and Aristotle in the shades, where he bestows the prize of wisdom upon the poet.

² This communion of friendship, which sweetened the bowl of Anacreon, has not been forgotten by the author of the following scholium, where the blessings of life are enumerated with proverbial simplicity:

Of mortal blessings here, the first is health,
And next, those charms by which the eye we
move;
The third is wealth, unwounding, guiltless wealth,
And then, an intercourse with those we love!

³ Compare with this ode the beautiful poem, *der Traum of Uz*—Degen. Le Fevre, in a note upon this ode, enters into an elaborate and learned justification of drunkenness; and this is probably the cause of the severe reprehension which I believe he suffered for his Anacreon. 'Fuit olim fateor (says he, in a note upon Longinus), cum Sapphonem amabam. Sed ex quo

As lulled in slumber I was laid,
Bright visions o'er my fancy played!
With virgins, blooming as the dawn,
I seemed to trace the opening lawn;
Light, on tiptoe bathed in dew,
We flew, and sported as we flew!
Some, ruddy striplings, young and
sleek,
With blush of Bacchus on their cheek,
Saw me trip the flowery wild
With dimpled girls, and silly smiled—
Smiled indeed with wanton glee;
But ah! 'twas plain they envied me.
And still I flew—and now I caught
The panting nymphs, and fondly
thought
To kiss—when all my dream of joys,
Dimpled girls and ruddy boys,
All were gone! 'Alas!' I said,
Sighing for the illusions fled,
'Sleep! again my joys restore,
Oh! let me dream them o'er and
o'er!'

ODE XXXVIII.

LET us drain the nectared bowl,
Let us raise the song of soul
To him, the god who loves so well
The nectared bowl, the choral swell!
Him, who instructs the sons of earth
To thrill the tangled dance of mirth;
Him, who was nursed with infant Love,
And cradled in the Paphian grove;

illa me perditissima femina pene miserum perdidit cum sceleratissimo suo congerrone (Anacreontem dico, si necesse Lector, non sperare, etc. etc. He alludes on this ode the authority of Plato, who allowed ebriety, at the Dionysian festivals, to men arrived at their fortieth year. He likewise quotes the following line from Alexis, which he says no one, who is not totally ignorant of the world, can hesitate to confess the truth of:

Οὐδεις φιλοπονης εστιν ἀφροντος κακος.

'No lover of drinking was ever a vicious man.'

⁴ Nonnus says of Bacchus, almost in the same words that Anacreon uses:

Εργόμενος δε

Παρθενον ονκ' εκιχησε, και ηθελεν αυτος λαλειν.

Waking, he lost the phantom's charms,
He found no beauty in his arms;
Again to slumber he essayed,
Again to clasp the shadowy maid!

—Longepierre.

⁵ Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, animadverting upon the commentators of that

Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms
Has fondled in her twining arms.
From him that dream of transport
flows,

Which sweet intoxication knows;
With him the brow forgets to darken,
And brilliant graces learn to sparkle,
Behold! my boys a goblet bear,
Whose sunny foam bedews the air.
Where are now the tear, the sigh?
To the winds they fly, they fly!
Grasp the bowl; in nectar sinking,
Man of sorrow, drown thy thinking!
Oh! can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?
Can we discern, with all our lore,
The path we're yet to journey o'er?
No, no, the walk of life is dark,
'Tis wine alone can strike a spark!¹
Then let me quaff the foamy tide,
And through the dance meandering
glide;

Let me imbibe the spicy breath
Of odours chafed to fragrant death:
Or from the kiss of love inhale
A more voluptuous, richer gale!
To souls that court the phantom Care,
Let him retire and shroud him there;
While we exhaust the nectared bowl,
And swell the choral song of soul

poet, who pretended in every little coincidence of thought to detect an imitation of some ancient poet, alludes in the following words to the line of Anacreon before us: 'I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, "I tried to sleep again," the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like any other man, the same wish on the same occasion.'

¹ The brevity of life allows arguments for the voluptuary as well as the moralist. Among many parallel passages which Longepierre has adduced, I shall content myself with this epigram from the *Anthologia*

Λουσάμενοι, Προδικη, πυκασώμεθα, και τον ακ-
ρατον

ἔλκωμεν, κυλικας μεζονας αραιμενοι.
Ραιος ο χαϊροντων εστι βιος. ειτα τα λοιπα
Γηρας κωλυσει, και το τέλος θανάτος.

Of which the following is a loose paraphrase:

Fly, my beloved, to yonder stream,
We'll plunge us from the noontide beam!
Then cull the rose's humid bud,
And dip it in our goblet's flood.

Our age of bliss, my nymph, shall fly
As sweet, though passing, as that sigh
Which seems to whisper o'er your lip,
'Come, while you may, of rapture sip.'

To him, the god who loves so well
The nectared bowl, the choral swell!

ODE XXXIX.

How I love the festive boy,
Tripping with the dance of joy!
How I love the mellow sage,
Smiling through the veil of age!
And whene'er this man of years
In the dance of joy appears,
Age is on his temples hung,
But his heart—his heart is young!²

ODE XL.

I know that Heaven ordains me here
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journeyed
o'er

Return no more—alas! no more;
And all the path I've yet to go
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine;
No, no, the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!³
And oh! before the vital thrill,
Which trembles at my heart, is still,

For age will steal the rosy form,
And chill the pulse, which trembles warm!
And death—alas! that hearts, which thrill
Like yours and mine, should o'er be still!

² Saint Pavin makes the same distinction in a sonnet to a young girl:

Je sais bien que les destinées
Ont mal compassé nos années;
Ne regardez que mon amour.
Peut-être en serez vous ému:
Il est jeune, et n'est que du jour,
Belle Iris, que je vous ai vue.

Fair and young thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told;
But read the heart and not the brow,
Thou shalt not find my love is old.
My love's a child, and thou canst say
How much his little age may be,
For he was born the very day
That first I set my eyes on thee!

³ Longepierre quotes an epigram here from the *Anthologia*, on account of the similarity of a particular phrase. It is by no means Anacreontic, but has an interesting simplicity which induced me to paraphrase it, and may atone for its intrusion:

I'll gather joy's luxurious flowers,
And gild with bliss my fading hours;
Bacchus shall bid my winter bloom,
And Venus dance me to the tomb!¹

ODE XLI.

WHEN Spring begems the dewy scene,
How sweet to walk the velvet green,
And hear the Zephyr's languid sighs,
As o'er the scented mead he flies!
How sweet to mark the pouting vine,
Ready to fall in tears of wine;
And with the maid whose every sigh
Is love and bliss, entranced to lie²
Where the embowering branches
meet—

Oh! is not this divinely sweet?

ODE XLII.³

Yes, be the glorious revel mine,
Where humour sparkles from the wine!
Around me let the youthful choir
Respond to my beguiling lyre;
And while the red cup circles round,
Mingle in soul as well as sound!
Let the bright nymph, with trembling
eye,
Beside me all in blushes lie;

At length to Fortune, and to you,
Delusive Hope! a last adieu.
The charm that once beguiled is o'er,
And I have reached my destined shore!
Away, away, your flattering arts
May now betray some simpler hearts,
And you will smile at their believing,
And they shall weep at your deceiving!

¹ The same commentator has quoted an epitaph, written upon our poet by Julian, where he makes him give the precepts of good fellowship even from the tomb:

This lesson oft in life I sung,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
'Drink, mortal! drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee cold as I.'

² Thus Horace:

Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

And does there then remain but this
And hast thou lost each rosy ray
Of her, who breathed the soul of bliss,
And stole me from myself away?

And, while she weaves a frontlet fair
Of hyacinth to deck my hair,
Oh! let me snatch her sidelong kisses,
And that shall be my bliss of blisses!
My soul, to festive feeling true,
One pang of envy never knew;
And little has it learned to dread
The gall that Envy's tongue can shed.
Away—I hate the slanderous dart,
Which steals to wound the unwary
heart;

And oh! I hate, with all my soul,
Discordant clamours o'er the bowl,
Where every cordial heart should be,
Attuned to peace and harmony.
Come, let us hear the soul of song
Expire the silver harp along:
And through the dance's ringlet move,
With maidens mellowing into love;
Thus simply happy, thus at peace,
Sure such a life should never cease!

ODE XLIII.

WHILE our rosy fillets shed
Blushes o'er each fervid head,
With many a cup and many a smile
The festal moments we beguile.
And while the harp, impassioned, flings
Tuneful rapture from the strings,⁴

³ The character of Anacreon is here very strikingly depicted. His love of social, harmonized pleasures is expressed with a warmth, amiable and endearing. Among the epigrams imputed to Anacreon is the following; it is the only one worth translation, and it breathes the same sentiments with this ode:

Ου φίλος, ὃς κρητῆρι παρὰ πλεῖσιν οἰνοποταζών,
Νεῖκεα καὶ πόλεμον διαρπύσσεται λέγει.
Ἄλλ' ὅστις Μουσῶν τε, καὶ ὡκυλαῶ δ' ἄφροδῖτις
Εὐμμιόγων, ἐρατῆς μνησκέται εὐφροσύνης.

When to the lip the brimming cup is pressed,
And hearts are all adroit upon the stream,
Then banish from my board the unpolished guest,
Who makes the foats of war his barbarous
theme.

But bring the man, who o'er his goblet wreathes
The Muse's laurel with the Cyprian flower:
Oh! give me him whose heart expansive breathes
All the refinements of the social hour.

⁴ On the harpison a host of authorities may be collected, which, after all, leave us ignorant of the nature of the instrument. There is scarcely any point upon which we are so totally uninformed as the music of the ancients. The

Some airy nymph, with fluent limbs,
Through the dance luxuriant swims,
Waving, in her snowy hand,
The leafy Bacchanalian wand,
Which, as the tripping wanton flies,
Shakes its tresses to her sighs !
A youth, the while, with loosened hair
Floating on the listless air,
Sings, to the wild harp's tender tone,
A tale of woes, alas ! his own ;
And then, what nectar in his sigh,
As o'er his lip the murmurs die !¹
Surely never yet has been
So divine, so blest a scene !
Has Cupid left the starry sphere,
To wave his golden tresses here ?²
Oh yes ! and Venus, queen of wiles,
And Bacchus, shedding rosy smiles,
All, all are here, to hail with me
The Genius of Festivity !³

ODE XLIV.⁴

BUDS of roses, virgin flowers,
Culled from Cupid's balmy bowers,
In the bowl of Bacchus steep,
Till with crimson drops they weep !
I twine the rose, the garland twine,
Every leaf distilling wine ;
Drink and smile, and learn to think
That we were born to smile and drink.
Rose ! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower ;

authors extant upon the subject are, I imagine, little understood ; but certainly, if one of their moods was a progression by quarter-tones, which we are told was the nature of the enharmonic scale, simplicity was by no means the characteristic of their melody ; for this is a nicety of progression of which modern music is not susceptible.

The invention of the barbiton is, by Athenæus, attributed to Anacreon. Meantes of Cyrene, as quoted by Gyradius, asserts the same. *Vide Chabot, in Horat.* on the words 'Lesbæum barbiton,' in the first ode.

¹ Longepierre has quoted here an epigram from the *Anthologia*, of which the following may give some idea :

The kiss that she left on my lip
Like a dew-drop shall lingering lie ;
'Twas nectar she gave me to sip,
'Twas nectar I drank in her sigh !
The dew that distilled in that kiss,
To my soul was voluptuous wine .

Rose ! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph
wild !

Even the gods, who walk the sky,
Are amorous of thy scented sigh.
Cupid too, in Paphian shades,
His hair with rosy fillet braids,
When, with the blushing naked Graces,
The wanton winding dance he traces.
Then bring me showers of roses, bring,
And shed them round me while I
sing ;

Great Bacchus ! in thy hallowed shade,
With some celestial, glowing maid,
While gales of roses round me rise,
In perfume sweetened by her sighs,
I'll bill and twine in early dance,
Commingle soul with every glance !

ODE XLV.

WITHIN this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.
Why should we breathe the sigh of
fear,
Or pour the unavailing tear ?
For death will never heed the sigh,
Nor soften at the tearful eye ;
And eyes that sparkle, eyes that weep,
Must all alike be sealed in sleep .
Then let us never vainly stray.
In search of thorns, from pleasure's
way ;

Ever since it is drunk with the bliss,
And feels the delirium divine !

² The introduction of these deities to the festival is merely allegorical. Madame Dacier thinks that the poet describes a masquerade, where these deities were personated by the company in masks. The translation will conform with either idea.

³ *Kuivos*, the deity or genius of mirth. Philostratus, in the third of his pictures (as all the annotators have observed), gives a very beautiful description of this god.

⁴ This spirited poem is a eulogy on the rose ; and again, in the fifty-fifth ode, we shall find our author rich in the praises of that flower. In a fragment of Sappho, in the romance of Achilles Tatius, to which Barnes refers us, the rose is very elegantly styled 'the eye of flowers ;' and the same poetess, in another fragment, calls the favours of the Muse 'the roses of Pieria.' See the notes on the fifty-fifth ode.

Oh ! let us quaff the rosy wave
Which Bacchus loves, which Bacchus
gave ;
And in the goblet, rich and deep,
Cradle our crying woes to sleep !

ODE XLVI.¹

SEE, the young, the rosy Spring,
Gives to the breeze her spangled wing ;
While virgin Graces, warm with May,
Fling roses o'er her dewy way !
The murmuring billows of the deep
Have languished into silent sleep ;
And mark ! the fitting sea-birds lave
Their plumes in the reflecting wave ;
While cranes from hoary winter fly
To flutter in a kinder sky.
Now the genial star of day
Dissolves the murky clouds away ;
And cultured field, and winding stream,
Are sweetly tissued by his beam.
Now the earth prolific swells
With leafy buds and flowery bells ;
Gemming shoots the olive twine,
Clusters ripe festoon the vine ;
All along the branches creeping,
Through the velvet foliage peeping,
Little infant fruits we see
Nursing into luxury !

ODE XLVII.

'Tis true, my fading years decline,
Yet I can quaff the brimming wine

As deep as any stripling fair
Whose cheeks the flush of morning
wear ;
And if, amidst the wanton crew,
I'm called to wind the dance's clue,
Thou shalt behold this vigorous hand
Not faltering on the bacchant's wand,
But brandishing a rosy flask,²
The only thyrsus e'er I'll ask !³
Let those who pant for Glory's charms
Embrace her in the field of arms ;
While my inglorious, placid soul
Breathes not a wish beyond the bowl.
Then fill it high, my ruddy slave,
And bathe me in its honeyed wave !
For though my fading years decay,
And though my bloom has passed away,
Like old Silenus, sire divine,
With blushes borrowed from my wine,
I'll wanton 'mid the dancing train,
And live my follies all again !

ODE XLVIII.

WHEN my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow's lulled to sleep.
Talk of monarchs ! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men ;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king ;
Gives me wealthy Cræsus' store,
Can I, can I, wish for more ?
On my velvet couch reclining,
Ivy leaves my brow entwining,⁴
While my soul dilates with glee,
What are kings and crowns to me ?

¹ The fastidious affectation of some commentators has denounced this ode as spurious. Degen pronounces the four last lines to be the patchwork of some miserable versificator, and Brunck condemns the whole ode. It appears to me to be elegantly graphical; full of delicate expressions and luxuriant imagery. Barnes conjectures, in his *Life of our poet*, that this ode was written after he had returned from Athens, to settle in his paternal seat at Teos; there, in a little villa at some distance from the city, which commanded a view of the Ægean Sea and the islands, he contemplated the beauties of nature, and enjoyed the felicities of retirement. *Vide Barnes, in Anac. vita, sec. xxxv.* This supposition, however unauthenticated, forms a pleasant association, which makes the poem more interesting.

² *Ασκος* was a kind of leathern vessel for wine, very much in use, as should seem by the proverb *ασκος και θυλακος*, which was applied to those who were intemperate in eating and drinking. This proverb is mentioned in some verses quoted by Athenæus from the *Hesione* of Alexis.

³ Phornutus assigns as a reason for the consecration of the thyrsus to Bacchus, that inebriety often renders the support of a stick very necessary.

⁴ The ivy was consecrated to Bacchus (says Montfaucon), because he formerly lay hid under that tree, or, as others will have it, because its leaves resemble those of the vine. Other reasons for its consecration, and the use of it in garlands at banquets, may be found in Longepierre, Barnes, etc. etc.

If before my feet they lay,
I would spurn them all away !
Arm you, arm you, men of might,
Hasten to the sanguine fight ;
Let me, oh, my budding vine !
Spill no other blood than thine.
Yonder brimming goblet see,
That alone shall vanquish me ;
Oh ! I think it sweeter far
To fall in banquet than in war !

ODE XLIX.²

WHEN Bacchus, Jove's immortal boy,
The rosy harbinger of joy,
Who, with the sunshine of the bowl,
Thaws the winter of our soul ;
When to my inmost core he glides,
And bathes it with his ruby tides,
A flow of joy, a lively heat,
Fires my brain, and wings my feet !
'Tis surely something sweet, I think,
Nay, something heavenly sweet, to
drink !

Sing, sing of love, let Music's breath
Softly beguile our rapturous death,
While, my young Venus, thou and I
To the voluptuous cadence die !
Then waking from our languid trance,
Again we'll sport, again we'll dance.

ODE L.³

WHEN I drink, I feel, I feel,
Visions of poetic zeal !⁴

¹ I have adopted the interpretation of Regnier and others :

Altri segua Marte fero ;
Che sol Bacco è 'l mio conforto,

² This, the preceding ode, and a few more of the same character, are merely *chansons à boire*. Most likely they were the effusions of the moment of conviviality, and were sung, we imagine, with rapture in Greece ; but that interesting association, by which they always recalled the convivial emotions that produced them, can be very little felt by the most enthusiastic reader ; and much less by a phlegmatic grammarian, who sees nothing in them but dialects and particles.

³ Faber thinks this spurious ; but I believe he is singular in his opinion. It has all the spirit of our author. Like the wreath which he presented in the dream, 't is smelt of Anacreon.

The form of this ode in the original is re-

Warm with the goblet's freshening
dews,

My heart invokes the heavenly Muse.
When I drink, my sorrow's o'er ;
I think of doubts and fears no more ;
But scatter to the railing wind
Each gloomy phantom of the mind !
When I drink, the jesting boy,
Bacchus himself, partakes my joy ;
And, while we dance through breath-
ing bowers,

Whose every gale is rich with flowers,
In bowls he makes my senses swim,
Till the gale breathes of nought but
him !

When I drink, I deftly twine
Flowers begemmed with tears of wine ;
And, while with festive hand I
spread

The smiling garland round my head,
Something whispers in my breast,
How sweet it is to live at rest !
When I drink, and perfume stills
Around me all in balmy rills,
Then as some beauty, smiling roses,
In languor on my breast reposes,
Venus ! I breathe my vows to thee,
In many a sigh of luxury !

When I drink, my heart refines,
And rises as the cup declines, —
Rises in the genial flow
That none but social spirits know,
When youthful revellers round the
bowl,

Dilating, mingle soul with soul !⁵
When I drink, the bliss is mine, —
There's bliss in every drop of wine !

markable. It is a kind of song of seven quatrains stanzas, each beginning with the line :

Or' εγω πινω τον οινον.

The first stanza alone is incomplete, consisting but of three lines.

⁴ Anacreon is not the only one (says Longe pierre) whom wine has inspired with poetry. There is an epigram in the first book of the *Anthologia*, which begins thus :

Οινος τοι χαριεντι μεγας παλει ιππος ποιδε,
'Υδωρ δε πινων, καλον ου τεκοις ενος.

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise ;
For wine is the horse of Parnassus,
Which hurries a hard to the skies !

⁵ Subjoined to Gall's edition of Anacreon, there are some curious letters upon the *Θιασοι* of the

All other joys that I have known,
I've scarcely dared to call my own;
But this the Fates can ne'er destroy,
Till Death o'er shadows all my joy!

ODE LI.¹

FLY not thus, my brow of snow,
Lovely wanton! fly not so.
Though the wane of age is mine,
Though the brilliant flush is thine,
Still I'm doomed to sigh for thee,
Blest, if thou could'st sigh for me!
See, in yonder flowery braid,
Culled for thee, my blushing maid,²
How the rose, of orient glow,
Mingles with the lily's snow;
Mark how sweet their tints agree,
Just, my girl, like thee and me!

ODE LII.³

AWAY, away, you men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?

ancients, which appeared in the French journals. At the opening of the Odeon, in Paris, the managers of the spectacle requested Professor Gail to give them some uncommon name for the fêtes of this institution. He suggested the word 'Thiase,' which was adopted; but the *littérati* of Paris questioned the propriety of it, and addressed their criticisms to Gail, through the medium of the public prints. Two or three of the letters he has inserted in his edition, and they have elicited from him some learned research on the subject.

¹ Alberti has imitated this ode; and Capilupus, in the following epigram, has given a version of it:

Cur, Lalage, mea vita, meos contemnitis amores?
Cur fugis e nostro pulchra puella sinu?
Ne fugias, sint sparsa licet mea tempora canis,
Inque tuo roseus fulgeat ore color.
Aspicit ut infextas decedant quoque flore corollas
Candida purpureis lilia mixta rosis.

Oh! why repel my soul's impassioned vow,
And fly, beloved maid, these longing arms?
Is it that wintry time has strewed my brow,
And thine are all the summer's roseate charms?

See the rich garland, culled in vernal weather,
Where the young rosebud with the lily glows;
In wreaths of love we thus may twine together,
And I will be the lily, thou the rose.

² 'In the same manner that Anacreon pleads for the whiteness of his locks, from the beauty

They'd make me learn, they'd make me think,
But would they make me love and drink?

Teach me this, and let me swim
My soul upon the goblet's brim;
Teach me this, and let me twine
My arms around the nymph divine!¹
Age begins to blanch my brow,
I've time for nought but pleasure now.
Fly, and cool my goblet's glow
At yonder fountain's gelid flow;
I'll quaff, my boy, and calmly sink
This soul to slumber as I drink!
Soon, too soon, my jocund slave,
You'll deck your master's grassy grave;
And there's an end—for ah! you know,
They drink but little wine below!²

ODE LIII.

WHEN I behold the festive train
Of dancing youth, I'm young again!
Memory wakes her magic trance,
And wings me lightly through the dance.

of the colour in garlands, a shepherd, in Theocritus, endeavours to recommend his black hair: *Καὶ τὸ ἰὸν μέλαν ἔστι, καὶ ἄ γράπτα ὑακινθῶς*. *Ἄλλ' ἔμπας ἐν τοῖς στεφάνοις τὰ πρῶτα λεγόνται.* *Lougeterre, Barthe, etc.*

³ This is doubtless the work of a more modern poet than Anacreon; for at the period when he lived rhetoricians were not known.—*Degen.*

Though the antiquity of this ode is confirmed by the Vatican manuscript, I am very much inclined to agree in this argument against its authenticity; for, though the darnings of rhetoric might already have appeared, the first who gave it any celebrity was Corax of Syracuse, and he flourished in the century after Anacreon.

Our poet anticipated the ideas of Epicurus, in his aversion to the labours of learning as well as his devotion to voluptuousness. *Πατρὸν παιδείαν μακάριοι φεύγετε*, said the philosopher of the garden in a letter to Pythoetes.

¹ By *χρῶμα*; *Ἀρροβίτης* here, I understand some beautiful girl; in the same manner that *Ἀνακὸς* is often used for wine. 'Golden' is frequently an epithet of beauty. Thus in Virgil, 'Venus aurea,' and in Propertius, 'Cynthia aurea.' Tibullus, however, calls an old woman 'golden.'

² Thus the witty Mainard:

La Mort nous guette; et quand ses loix
Nous ont enfermés une fois
Au sein d'une fosse profonde,
Adieu bons vins et bons repas,
Ma science ne trouve pas
Des cabarets en l'autre monde.

Come, Cybeba, smiling maid !
 Cull the flower and twine the braid ;
 Bid the blush of summer's rose
 Burn upon my brow of snows ;¹
 And let me, while the wild and young
 Trip the mazy dance along,
 Fling my heap of years away,
 And be as wild, as young as they.
 Hither haste, some cordial soul !
 Give my lips the brimming bowl ;
 Oh ! you will see this hoary sage
 Forget his locks, forget his age.
 He still can chaunt the festive hymn,
 He still can kiss the goblet's brim ;²
 He still can act the mellow raver,
 And play the fool as sweet as ever !

ODE LIV.³

METHINKS the pictured bull we see
 Is amorous Jove—it must be he !
 How fondly blest he seems to bear
 The fairest of Phœnician fair !
 How proud he breasts the foamy tide,
 And spurns the billowy surge aside !
 Could any beast of vulgar vein
 Undaunted thus defy the main !
 No : he descends from climes above,
 He looks the god, he breathes of Jove !⁴

¹ 'It appears that wreaths of flowers were adapted for poets and revellers at banquets, but by no means became those who had pretensions to wisdom and philosophy.' On this principle, in his 152d chapter, Læcius discovers a refinement in Virgil, describing the garland of the poet Silenus as fallen off ; which distinguishes, he thinks, the divine intoxication of Silenus from that of common drunkards, who always wear their crowns while they drink. This, indeed, is the 'labor ineptiarum' of commentators.

² Wine is prescribed by Galen as an excellent medicine for old men, 'Quod frigidos et humores expletos calefaciat,' etc. ; but nature was Anacreon's physician.

There is a proverb in Eriphus, as quoted by Athenæus, which says, 'that wine makes an old man dance whether he will or not.'

Λογος εστι αρχαιος, ου κακως εχων,
 Οινον λεγουσι τους γεροντας, ω πατερ,
 Πειθειν χορειν ου θελοντας.

³ 'This ode is written upon a picture which represented the rape of Europa.'—*Madame Dacier*.

It may perhaps be considered as a description of one of those coins which the Sidonians struck off in honour of Europa, representing a woman

ODE LV.⁵

WHILE we invoke the wreathed spring,
 Resplendent rose ! to thee we'll sing ;
 Resplendent rose ! the flower of flowers,
 Whose breath perfumes Olympus'
 bowers ;
 Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,
 Enchants so much our mortal eye.
 When Pleasure's bloomy season glows,
 The Graces love to twine the rose ;
 The rose is warm Dione's bliss,
 And flushes like Dione's kiss !
 Oft has the poet's magic tongue
 The rose's fair luxuriance sung ;
 And long the Muses, heavenly maids,
 Have reared it in their tuneful shades.
 When, at the early glance of morn,
 It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
 'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
 To cull the timid floweret thence,
 And wipe, with tender hand, away
 The tear that on its blushes lay !
 'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems,
 Yet dropping with Aurora's gems,
 And fresh inhale the spicy sighs
 That from the weeping buds arise.
 When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
 And Bacchus beams in every eye,
 Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
 And fill with balm the fainting gale !

carried across the sea by a bull, *Thus Natalis Comes*, lib. viii. cap. 23 : 'Sidonii numismata cum femina tauri dorso insidente ac mare transfratante, euderunt in ejus honorem.' In the little treatise upon the goddess of Syria, attributed very falsely to Lucian, there is mention of this coin, and of a temple dedicated by the Sidonians to Astarte, whom some, it appears, confounded with Europa. Moschus has written a very beautiful idyl on the story of Europa.

⁴ Thus Moschus :

Κρυψε θεον και τρεφε δεμας και γυναικα ταυρος.

The God forgot himself, his heaven, for love,
 And a bull's form belied the almighty Jove.

⁵ This ode is a 'brilliant panegyric on the rose. All antiquity (says Barnes) has produced nothing more beautiful.'

From the idea of peculiar excellence which the ancients attached to this flower, arose a pretty proverbial expression, used by Aristophanes, according to Suidas, *ροδα μ' ερηκας*, 'You have spoken roses,' a phrase somewhat similar to the 'dire des fleurettes' of the French. In the same idea of excellence originated, I doubt not, a very curious application of the word *ροδον*, for which the inquisitive reader may consult *Gaulminius* upon the epithalamium of our poet, where it is

Oh, there is nought in nature bright,
Where roses do not shed their light !
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes ;¹
The nymphs display the rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms ;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm ;
Preserves the cold inurned clay,²
And mocks the vestige of decay :
And when, at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour e'en in death !
Oh ! whence could such a plant have
sprung ?

Attend—for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid, from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appeared, in flushing hues,
Mellowed by Ocean's briny dews ;
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove

introduced in the romance of Theodorus. *Amoretus*, in one of his elegies, calls his mistress his rose :

Jam te igitur rursus teneo, formosula, jam te
(Quid trepidas ?) teneo ; jam, rosa, te teneo.—
Eleg. 8.

Now I again embrace thee, dearest,
(Tell me, wanton, why thou fearest ?)
Again my longing arms infold thee,
Again, my rose, again I hold thee.

This, like most of the terms of endearment in the modern Latin poets, is taken from *Plautus* : they were vulgar and colloquial in his time, and they are among the elegances of the modern Latinists.

¹ In the original here, he enumerates the many epithets of beauty, borrowed from roses, which were used by the poets, *κατὰ τὸν ὁμοῖον*. We see that poets were dignified in Greece with the title of sages ; even the careless Anacreon, who lived but for love and voluptuousness, was called by Plato the wise Anacreon. *Pust hæc sapientia quondam.*

² He here alludes to the use of the rose in embalming, and perhaps (as Barnes thinks) to the rosy unguent with which Venus anointed the corpse of Hector. It may likewise regard the ancient practice of putting garlands of roses on the dead, as in Statius, *Theb. lib. x. 782* :

Hic serti, hic veris honore soluto
Accumulat artus patriæque in sede reponunt
Corpus odoratum,—

where 'veris honor,' though it means every kind of flowers, may seem more particularly to refer to the rose. We read, in the Hieroglyphics of

Disclosed the nymph of azure glance,
The nymph who shakes the martial lance !

Then, then, in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures
dressed,

And wanted o'er its parent breast.
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hailed the Rose, the boon of earth !
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly orient buds they dyed,³
And bade them bloom, the flowers
divine

Of him who sheds the teeming vine ;
And bade them on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn.

ODE LVI.⁴

HE, who instructs the youthful crew
To bathe them in the brimmer's dew,

Pierius, lib. iv., that some of the ancients used to order in their wills, that roses should be annually scattered on their tombs, and he has adduced some sepulchral inscriptions to this purpose.

² The author of the *Pervigilium Veneris* (a poem attributed to Catullus, the style of which appears to me to have all the laboured luxuriance of a much later period) ascribes the tincture of the rose to the blood from the wound of Adonis—

Rosæ

Fusæ aprino de cruore—

according to the emendation of Lipsius. In the following epigram this hue is differently accounted for :

Illa quidem studiosa suum defendere Adonem,
Gradvus stricto quem petit ense feroc,
Affixit duris vestigia cæca rosetis,
Albaque divino picta cruore rosa est.

While the enamoured queen of joy
Flies to protect her lovely boy,

On whom the jealous war-god rushes ;

She treads upon a thorned rose,
And while the wound with crimson flows,

The snowy floweret feels her blood, and blushes !

⁴ This appears to be one of the hymns which were sung at the anniversary festival of the vintage ; one of the *εὐλαβικὰ ὕμνα*, as our poet himself terms them in the fifty-ninth ode. We cannot help feeling a peculiar veneration for these relics of the religion of antiquity. Horace may be supposed to have written the nineteenth ode of his second book and the twenty-fifth of the third for some bacchanalian celebration of this kind.

And taste, uncloyed by rich excesses,

All the bliss that wine possesses !
He, who inspires the youth to glance
In winged circlets through the dance !
Bacchus, the god, again is here,
And leads along the blushing year ;
The blushing year with rapture teems,
Ready to shed those cordial streams
Which, sparkling in the cup of mirth,
Illuminate the sons of earth !¹

And when the ripe and vermil wine,
Sweet infant of the pregnant vine,
Which now in mellow clusters swells,
Oh ! when it bursts its rosy cells,
The heavenly stream shall mantling
flow,

To balsam every mortal woe !
No youth shall then be wan or weak,
For dimpling health shall light the
cheek ;

No heart shall then desponding sigh,
For wine shall bid despondence fly !
Thus—till another autumn's glow
Shall bid another vintage flow !

ODE LVII.²

AND whose immortal hand could
shed

Upon this disk the ocean's bed ?³
And, in a frenzied flight of soul,
Sublime as Heaven's eternal pole,

¹ Madame Dacier thinks that the poet here had the *nepenthé* of Homer in his mind.—*Odyssey*, lib. iv. This *nepenthé* was a something of exquisite charm, infused by Helen into the wine of her guests, which had the power of dispelling every anxiety. A French writer, with very elegant gallantry, conjectures that this spell, which made the bowl so beguiling, was the charm of Helen's conversation. See de Maré, quoted by Bayle, art. *Hélène*.

² This ode is a very animated description of a picture of Venus on a discus, which represented the goddess in her first emergence from the waves. About two centuries after our poet wrote, the pencil of the artist Apelles embellished this subject, in his famous painting of the Venus *Anadyomené*, the model of which, as Pliny informs us, was the beautiful Campaspe, given to him by Alexander ; though, according to Natalis Comes, lib. vii. cap. 16, it was Phryne who sat to Apelles for the face and breast of this Venus.

Imagine thus, in semblance warm,
The Queen of Love's voluptuous form,
Floating along the silvery sea
In beauty's naked majesty !
Oh ! he has given the raptured sight
A witching banquet of delight ;
And all those sacred scenes of Love,
Where only hallowed eyes may rove,⁴
Lie faintly glowing, half-concealed,
Within the lucid billows veiled.
Light as the leaf that summer's
breeze

Has wafted o'er the glassy seas,
She floats upon the ocean's breast,
Which undulates in sleepy rest,
And stealing on, she gently pillows
Her bosom on the amorous billows.
Her bosom, like the humid rose,
Her neck, like dewy-sparkling snows,
Illume the liquid path she traces,
And burn within the stream's em-
braces !

In languid luxury soft she glides,
Encircled by the azure tides,
Like some fair lily, faint with weep-
ing,

Upon a bed of violets sleeping !
Beneath their queen's inspiring glance,
The dolphins o'er the green sea
dance,

Bearing in triumph young Desire,
And baby Love with smiles of fire !
While, sparkling on the silver waves,
The tenants of the briny caves
Around the pomp in eddies play,
And gleam along the watery way.

There are a few blemishes in the reading of the ode before us, which have influenced Faber, Hayne, Brunck, etc., to denounce the whole poem as spurious. *Non ego paucis offendar maculis*. I think it is beautiful enough to be authentic.

³ The abruptness of ἀπὸ τῆς τοπεύους ποταφῶς is finely expressive of sudden admiration, and is one of those beauties which we cannot but admire in their source, though by frequent imitation they are now become languid and unimpressive.

⁴ The picture here has all the delicate character of the semi-reducta Venus, and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be ; glowing but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment. Few of the ancients have attained this modesty of description, which is, like the golden cloud that hung over Jupiter and Juno, impervious to every beam but that of fancy.

ODE LVIII.¹

WHEN gold, as fleet as Zephyr's pinion,
Escapes like any faithless minion,²
And flies me (as he flies me ever),³
Do I pursue him? never, never!
No, let the false deserter go,
For who would court his direst foe?
But when I feel my lightened mind
No more by ties of gold confined,
I loosen all my clinging cares,
And cast them to the vagrant airs,
Then, then I feel the Muse's spell,
And wake to life the dulcet shell;
The dulcet shell to beauty sings,
And love dissolves along the strings!
Thus, when my heart is sweetly taught
How little gold deserves a thought,
The winged slave returns once more,
And with him wafts delicious store
Of racy wine, whose balmy art
In slumber seals the anxious heart!
Again he tries my soul to sever
From love and song, perhaps for ever!
Away, deceiver! why pursuing
Ceaseless thus my heart's undoing?
Sweet is the song of amorous fire;
Sweet are the sighs that thrill the lyre;
Oh! sweeter far than all the gold
The waftage of thy wings can hold.
I well remember all thy wiles;
They withered Cupid's flowery smiles,
And o'er his harp such garbage shed,
I thought its angel breath was fled!

¹ I have followed Barnes' arrangement of this ode; it deviates somewhat from the Vatican MS., but it appeared to me the more natural order.

² There is a kind of pun in these words, as Madame Dacier has already remarked; for Chrysoe, which signifies gold, was also a frequent name for a slave. In one of Lucian's dialogues there is, I think, a similar play upon the word, where the followers of Chrysippus are called golden fishes. The puns of the ancients are in general even more rapid than our own; some of the best are those recorded of Diogenes.

³ Αεὶ δ', αἶ μὲ φεύγει. This grace of iteration has already been taken notice of. Though sometimes merely a playful beauty, it is peculiarly expressive of impassioned sentiment, and we may easily believe that it was one of the many sources of that energetic sensibility which breathed through the style of Sappho. See *Gyrald. Vet. Poet. Dial. 9*. It will not be said that this is a mechanical ornament by any one who can feel its charm in those lines of Catullus, where he complains of the infidelity of his mistress, Lesbia:

They tainted all his bowl of blisses,
His bland desires and hallowed kisses.⁴
Oh! fly to haunts of sordid men,
But rove not near the bard again;
Thy glitter in the Muse's shade
Scars from her bower the tuneful maid;
And not for worlds would I forego
That moment of poetic glow,
When my full soul, in Fancy's stream,
Pours o'er the lyre its swelling theme.
Away, away! to worldlings hence,
Who feel not this diviner sense,
And, with thy gay fallacious blaze,
Dazzle their unrefined gaze.

ODE LIX.⁵

SABLED by the solar beam,
Now the fiery clusters teem,
In osier baskets, borne along.
By all the festal vintage throng
Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Rips as the melting fruits they bear.
Now, now they press the pregnant
grapes,
And now the captive stream escapes,
In fervid tide of nectar gushing,
And for its bondage proudly blush-
ing!
While, round the vat's impurpled brim,
The choral song, the vintage hymn

Cooli, Lesbia nostra, Lesbia illa,
Illa Lesbia, quam Catullus unam,
Plus quam se atque suos amavit omnes,
Nunc, etc.

Si sis omnia dixeris! but the rest does not bear citation.

⁴ Original:

Φιλημάτων δὲ κεδνῶν,
Ποθῶν κυττάλα κίρρη;

Horace has, 'Desiderique temperare poculum,' not figuratively, however, like Anacreon, but importing the love-philtres of the witches. By 'cups of kisses' our poet may allude to a favourite gallantry among the ancients, of drinking when the lips of their mistresses had touched the brim:

'Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.'

⁵ Degen, in the true spirit of literary scepticism, doubts that this ode is genuine, without assigning any reason for such a suspicion. 'Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare;' but this is far from satisfactory criticism.

Of rosy youths and virgins fair,
Steals on the cloyed and panting air.
Mark, how they drink, with all their
eyes,

The orient tide that sparkling flies;
The infant balm of all their fears,
The infant Bacchus, born in tears!
When he, whose verging years decline
As deep into the vale as mine,
When he inhales the vintage spring,
His heart is fire, his foot's a wing;
And, as he flies, his hoary hair
Plays truant with the wanton air!
While the warm youth, whose wishing
soul

Has kindled o'er the inspiring bowl,
Impassioned seeks the shadowy grove,
Where, in the tempting guise of love,
Reclining sleeps some witching maid,
Whose sunny charms, but half dis-
played,

Blush through the bower, that, closely
twined,

Excludes the kisses of the wind!
The virgin wakes, the glowing boy
Allures her to the embrace of joy;
Swears that the herbage heaven has
spread

Was sacred as the nuptial bed;
That laws should never bind desire,
And love was nature's holiest fire!
The virgin weeps, the virgin sighs;
He kissed her lips, he kissed her eyes;
The sigh was balm, the tear was dew,
They only raised his flame anew.
And, oh! he stole the sweetest flower
That ever bloomed in any bower!

Such is the madness wine imparts,
Whene'er it steals on youthful hearts.

ODE LX.¹

AWAKE to life, my dulcet shell,
To Phœbus all thy sighs shall swell;

¹ This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, and it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet of whom time has preserved such partial relics. If we knew Horace but as a satirist, should we easily

And though no glorious prize be thine,
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,
Yet every hour is glory's hour.

To him who gathers wisdom's flower!
Then wake thee from thy magic slum-
bers,

Breathe to the soft and Phrygian num-
bers,

Which, as my trembling lips repeat,
Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.

The cygnet thus, with fading notes,

As down Cayster's tide he floats,

Plays with his snowy plumage fair

Upon the wanton murmuring air,

Which amorously lingers round,

And sighs responsive sound for sound

Muse of the Lyre! illumine my dream,

Thy Phœbus is my fancy's theme;

And hallowed is the harp I bear,

And hallowed is the wreath I wear,

Hallowed by him, the god of lays,

Who modulates the choral maze!

I sing the love which Daphne twined

Around the godhead's yielding mind;

I sing the blushing Daphne's flight

From this æthereal youth of light;

And how the tender, timid maid

Flew panting to the kindly shade,

Resigned a form, too tempting fair,

And grew a verdant laurel there;

Whose leaves, with sympathetic thrill,

In terror seemed to tremble still!

The god pursued, with winged desire;

And when his hopes were all on fire,

And when he thought to hear the sigh

With which enamoured virgins die,

He only heard the pensive air

Whispering amid her leafy hair!

But oh, my soul! no more—no more!

Enthusiast, whither do I soar?

This sweetly maddening dream of soul

Has hurried me beyond the goal.

Why should I sing the mighty darts

Which fly to wound celestial hearts,

When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,

Can tell the darts that wound my own?

believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon.

Still be Anacreon, still inspire
The descent of the Teian lyre :
Still let the nectared numbers float,
Distilling love in every note !
And when the youth, whose burning
soul
Has felt the Paphian star's control,
When he the liquid lays shall hear
His heart will flutter to his ear,
And drinking there of song divine,
Banquet on intellectual wine !¹

ODE LXI.²

GOLDEN hues of youth are fled ;
Hoary locks deform my head.
Bloomy graces, dalliance gay,
All the flowers of life decay.³

¹ Here ends the last of the odes in the Vatican MS., whose authority confirms the genuine antiquity of them all, though a few have stolen among the number which we may hesitate in attributing to Anacreon. In the little essay prefixed to this translation, I observed that Barnes had quoted this manuscript incorrectly, relying upon an imperfect copy of it, which Isaac Vossius had taken ; I shall just mention two or three instances of this inaccuracy, the first which occur to me. In the ode of the Dove, on the words *Πτεροισι συγκαλυψω*, he says, 'Vatican MS. *συσκιαζων*, etiam Prisciano invito,' though the MS. reads *συγκαλυψω*, with *συσκιαζω* interlined. Degen, too, on the same line, is somewhat in error. In the twenty-second ode of this series, line thirteenth, the MS. has *τενυ* with *α* interlined, and Barnes imputes to it the reading of *τενυ*. In the fifty-seventh, line twelfth, he professes to have preserved the reading of the MS. *Αλαλημενη δ' εν' αυτη*, while the latter has *αλαλημενος δ' εν' αυτα*. Almost all the other annotators have transplanted these errors from Barnes.

² The intrusion of this melancholy ode among the careless levities of our poet, has always reminded me of the skeletons which the Egyptians used to hang up in their banquet-rooms to inculcate a thought of mortality even amidst the dissipations of mirth. If it were not for the beauty of its numbers, the Teian Muse should disown this ode. *Quid habet illius, illius quæ spirabat amores?*

To Stobæus we are indebted for it.

³ Horace often, with feeling and elegance, deplores the fugacity of human enjoyments. See book ii. ode 11, and thus is the second epistle, book ii. :

Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes,
Eripuerat jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum.

The wing of every passing day
Withers some blooming joy away

Withering age begins to trace
Sad memorials o'er my face ;
Time has shed its sweetest bloom,
All the future must be gloom !
This awakes my hourly sigh,
Dreary is the thought of dying !
Plute's is a dark abode,
Sad the journey, sad the road :
And, the gloomy travel o'er,
Ah ! we can return no more !⁴

ODE LXII.⁵

FILL me, boys, as deep a draught
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed ;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow ;⁷

And wafts from our enamoured arms
The banquet's mirth, the virgin's charms.

⁴ Regnier, a libertine French poet, has written some sonnets on the approach of death, full of gloomy and trembling repentance. Chaulieu, however, supports more consistently the spirit of the Epicurean philosopher. See his poem, addressed to the Marquis La Fare: *Plus j'approche du terme et moins je l'ai redouté*, etc. I shall leave it to the moralist to make his reflections here : it is impossible to be very Anacreontic on such a subject.

⁵ Scaliger, upon Catullus's well-known lines, *'Cui nunc it per iter*, etc., remarks that Achæron, with the same idea, is called *avefodor* by Theocritus, and *συνεσφόρος* by Nicander.

⁶ This ode consists of two fragments, which are to be found in Athenæus, book x., and which Barnes, from the similarity of their tendency, has combined into one. I think this a very justifiable liberty, and have adopted it in some other fragments of our poet. Degen refers us here to veras of Ux, lib. iv. *der Trinker*.

⁷ It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine ; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded :—

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavere Lyæum
Naiades, extincto fulminis igne sacri ;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.

—Pierius Valerianus.

Which is, *non verbum verbo*,

While heavenly fire consumed his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipped him burning in her purest lymph ;
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's crystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle;
For, though the bowl's the grave of
sadness,

Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight!
To Scythians leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we
wreath,

Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song!

ODE LXIII.*

To Love, the soft and blooming child,
I touch the harp in descant wild;
To Love, the babe of Cyprian bowers,
The boy, who breathes and blushes
flowers!

To Love, for heaven and earth adore
him,
And gods and mortals bow before him!

ODE LXIV.*

HASTE thee, nymph, whose winged
spear
Wounds the fleeting mountain deer!
Dian, Jove's immortal child,
Huntress of the savage wild!

* This fragment is preserved in Clomens Alexandrinus, *Strom.* lib. vi., and in Arsenius, *Collect. Græc.*—Barnes. It appears to have been the opening of a hymn in praise of Love.

* This hymn to Diana is extant in Hephæstion. There is an anecdote of our poet, which has led to some doubt whether he ever wrote any odes of this kind. It is related by the Scholiast upon Pindar (*Isthmionic.* od. ii. v. 1, as cited by Barnes). Anacreon being asked why he addressed all his hymns to women, and none to the deities, answered, 'Because women are my deities.' I have assumed the same liberty in reporting this anecdote which I have done in translating some of the odes; and it were to be wished that these little infidelities were always considered pardonable in the interpretation of the ancients; thus, when nature is forgotten in the original, in the translation, 'tamen usque recurret.'

* Lethe, a river of Ionia, according to Strabo, falling into the Meander. Near to it was situated the town Magnesia, in favour of whose in-

Goddess with the sun-bright hair!
Listen to a people's prayer.
Turn, to Lethe's river turn,
There thy vanquished people mourn!
Come to Lethe's wavy shore,
There thy people's peace restore.
Thine their hearts, their altars thine;
Dian! must they—must they pine?

ODE LXV.*

LIKE some wanton filly sporting,
Maid of Thrace! thou fly'st my court
ing.

Wanton filly! tell me why
Thou trip'st away, with scornful eye,
And seem'st to think my doting heart
Is novice in the bridling art?
Believe me, girl, it is not so;
Thou'lt find this skilful hand can throw
The reins upon that tender form,
However wild, however warm!
Thou'lt own that I can tame thy force,
And turn and wind thee in the course,
Though wasting now thy careless hours,
Thou sport'st amid the herbs and
flowers,

Thou soon shalt feel the rein's control,
And tremble at the wished-for goal!

ODE LXVI.*

To thee, the Queen of nymphs divine,
Fairest of all that fairest shine;

habitants our poet is supposed to have addressed this supplication to Diana. It was written (as Madame Dacier conjectures) on the occasion of some battle, in which the Magnesians had been defeated.

* This ode, which is addressed to some Thracian girl, exists in Heraclides, and has been imitated very frequently by Horace, as all the annotators have remarked. Madame Dacier rejects the allegory, which runs so obviously throughout it, and supposes it to have been addressed to a young mare belonging to Polyocrates. There is more modesty than ingenuity in the lady's conjecture. Pierius, in the fourth book of his Hieroglyphics, cites this ode, and informs us that the horse was the hieroglyphical emblem of pride.

* This ode is introduced in the romance of Theodorus Prodromus, and is that kind of epithalamium which was sung like a scholium at the nuptial banquet.

Among the many works of the impassioned

To thee, thou blushing young Desire,
 Who rul'st the world with darts of fire !
 And oh ! thou nuptial Power, to thee
 Who bear'st of life the guardian key ;
 Breathing my soul in fragrant praise,
 And weaving wild my votive lays,
 For thee, O Queen ! I wake the lyre,
 For thee, thou blushing young Desire !
 And oh ! for thee, thou nuptial Power,
 Come, and illumine this genial hour.
 Look on thy bride, luxuriant boy !
 And while thy lambent glance of joy
 Plays over all her blushing charms,
 Delay not, snatch her to thine arms,
 Before the lovely trembling prey,
 Like a young birdling, wing away !
 Oh ! Stratocles, impassioned youth !
 Dear to the Queen of amorous truth,
 And dear to her, whose yielding zone
 Will soon resign her all thine own ;
 Turn to Myrilla, turn thine eye,
 Breathe to Myrilla, breathe thy sigh !
 To those bewitching beauties turn ;
 For thee they mantle, flush, and burn !
 Not more the rose, the queen of flowers,
 Outblushes all the glow of bowers,
 Than she unrivalled bloom discloses,
 The sweetest rose, where all are roses !
 Oh ! may the sun, benignant, shed
 His blindest influence o'er thy bed ;
 And foster there an infant tree,
 To blush like her, and bloom like thee !

ODE LXVII.¹

GENTLE youth ! whose looks assume
 Such a soft and girlish bloom,
 Why repulsive, why refuse
 The friendship which my heart pursues ?

Sappho, of which time and ignorant superstition have deprived us, the loss of her epithalamiums is not one of the least that we deplore. A subject so interesting to an amorous fancy was warmly felt, and must have been warmly described, by such a soul and such an imagination. The following lines are cited as a relic of one of her epithalamiums :

Ολβιε γαμβρε, σοι μιν δη γαμος ως αραι,
 Εκτελεισσι, χρεος δε παρθενον αν αραι.

—See Scaliger, in his *Poetics*, on the Epithalamia.

¹ I have formed this poem of three or four different fragments, which is a liberty that perhaps may be justified by the example of Barnes

Thou little know'st the fond control
 With which thy virtue reins my soul !
 Then smile not on my locks of gray,
 Believe me oft with converse gay ;
 I've chained the years of tender age,
 And boys have loved the prattling
 Sage !

For mine is many a soothing pleasure,
 And mine is many a soothing measure ;
 And much I hate the beamless mind,
 Whose earthly vision, unrefined,
 Nature has never formed to see
 The beauties of simplicity !
 Simplicity, the flower of heaven,
 To souls elect, by Nature given !

ODE LXVIII.²

RICH in bliss, I proudly scorn
 The stream of Amalthea's horn !
 Nor should I ask to call the throne
 Of the Tartessian prince my own ;³
 To totter through his train of years,
 The victim of declining fears.
 One little hour of joy to me
 Is worth a dull eternity !

ODE LXIX.⁴

Now Neptune's sullen month appears,
 The angry night-cloud swells with
 tears ;
 And savage storms, infuriate driven,
 Fly howling in the face of heaven !
 Now, now, my friends, the gathering
 gloom
 With roseate rays of wine illumine :

who has thus compiled the 57th of his edition, and the little ode beginning *φει' υδωρ, φει' αυος, ω ραι*, which he has subjoined to the epigrams. The fragments combined in this ode are the 67th, 96th, 97th, and 100th of Barnes' edition, to which I refer the reader for the names of the authors by whom they are preserved.

² This fragment is preserved in the third book of Strabo.

³ He here alludes to Arganthionus, who lived, according to Lucian, a hundred and fifty years ; and reigned, according to Herodotus, eighty.—See Barnes.

⁴ This is composed of two fragments, the 70th and 81st in Barnes. They are both found in Eustathius.

And while our wreaths of parsley
spread
Their fadeless foliage round our head,
We'll hymn the almighty power of wine,
And shed libations on his shrine!

ODE LXX.

THEY wove the lotus band, to deck
And fan with pensile wreath their neck;
And every guest, to shade his head,
Three little breathing chaplets spread;¹
And one was of Egyptian leaf,
The rest were roses, fair and brief!
While from a golden vase profound,
To all on flowery beds around,
A goblet-nymph, of heavenly shape,
Poured the rich weepings of the grape!

ODE LXXI.²

A BROKEN cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat;
And while a generous bowl I crown,
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire!
In mirthful measures, warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!

¹ Three fragments form this little ode, all of which are preserved in Athenæus. They are the 82d, 75th, and 83d in Barnes.

² Longepierre, to give an idea of the luxurious estimation in which garlands were held by the ancients, relates an anecdote of a courtesan, who, in order to gratify three lovers, without leaving cause for jealousy with any of them, gave a kiss to one, let the other drink after her, and put a garland on the brow of the third; so that each was satisfied with his favour, and flattered himself with the preference.

This circumstance is extremely like the subject of one of the tenses of Savari de Mauléon, a troubadour. See *l'Histoire Littéraire des Troubadours*. The recital is a curious picture of the puerile gallantries of chivalry.

³ This poem is compiled by Barnes, from Athenæus, Hephaestion, and Arsenius. See Barnes, 80.

⁴ This I have formed from the 84th and 85th of Barnes' edition. The two fragments are found in Athenæus.

⁵ In the original:

ODE LXXII.⁴

WITH twenty chords my lyre is hung.
And while I wake them all for thee,
Thou, O virgin! wild and young,
Disport'st in airy levity.

The nursing fawn, that in some shade
Its antlered mother leaves behind,⁵
Is not more wantonly afraid,
More timid of the rustling wind!

ODE LXXIII.⁶

FARE thee well, perfidious maid!
My soul, too long on earth delayed,
Delayed, perfidious girl! by thee,
Is now on wing for liberty.
I fly to seek a kindlier sphere,
Since thou hast ceased to love me here.

ODE LXXIV.⁷

I BLOOMED, awhile, a happy flower,
Till love approached, one fatal hour,
And made my tender branches feel
The wounds of his avenging steel.
Then, then I feel like some poor willow
That tosses on the wintry billow!

ODE LXXV.⁸

MONARCH Love! resistless boy,
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,

⁹ Ος εν ὄλῳ κεροσσῆς
Ἀπολαύθεις ὑπο μητρος.

'Horned' here undoubtedly seems a strange epithet. Madame Dacier, however, observed that Sophocles, Callimachus, etc., have all applied it in the very same manner; and she seems to agree in the conjecture of the scholiast upon Pindar, that perhaps horns are not always peculiar to the males. I think we may with more ease conclude it to be a licence of the poet, 'jussit habere puellam cornua.'

⁶ This fragment is preserved by the scholiast upon Aristophanes, and is the 87th in Barnes.

⁷ This is to be found in Hephaestion, and is the 89th of Barnes' edition.

I must here apologize for omitting a very considerable fragment imputed to our poet, *Ἐνθυμὴ μελαί*, etc., which is preserved in the twelfth book of Athenæus, and is the 91st in Barnes. If it was really Anacreon who wrote it, *nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi*. It is in a style of gross satire, and is full of expressions which never could be gracefully translated.

⁸ This fragment is preserved by Dion Chrysostom, *Orat. ii. de Regno*.—See Barnes, 93.

And nymphs, that glance ethereal blue,
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,
Which, burning with entreaty, rise;
That thou wilt whisper, to the breast
Of her I love, thy soft behest;
And counsel her to learn from thee
The lesson thou hast taught to me.
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,
Thou'lt own I've learned that lesson
well!

ODE LXXVI.¹

SPIRIT of Love! whose treasures shine
Along the breeze, in golden twine,
Come, within a fragrant cloud,
Blushing with light, thy votary shroud;
And, on those wings that sparkling play,
Waft, oh! waft me hence away!
Love! my soul is full of thee,
Alive to all thy luxury.
But she, the nymph for whom I glow,
The pretty Lesbian, mocks my woe;
Smiles at the hoar and silvered hues
Which Time upon my forehead strews.
Alas! I fear she keeps her charms
In store for younger, happier arms².

ODE LXXVII.³

HITHER, gentle Muse of mine,
Come and teach thy votary old
Many a golden hymn divine,
For the nymph with vest of gold.

¹ This fragment, which is extant in Athenæus (Barnes, 101), is supposed, on the authority of Chamaeleon, to have been addressed to Sappho. We have also a stanza attributed to her, which some romancers have supposed to be her answer to Anacreon. 'Mais par malheur (as Bayle says) Sappho vint au monde environ cent ou six vingt ans avant Anacréon.' *Nouvelles de la Rép. des Lett.* tom. ii. de Novembre 1694. The following is her fragment, the compliment of which is very finely imagined; she supposes that the Muse has dictated the verses of Anacreon:

• Κείνον, ω χρυσόθρονη Μοῦσα, ἐνίσπες
ἕλκον, ἐκ τῆς καλλιγυναικὸς εὐφροσύνης
Τῆς ἡμέρας ὅταν αἰεὶ τερπνὸς
Πρᾶσσῃς ἀγᾶνος.

Oh Muse! who sitt'st on golden throne,
Full many a hymn of dulcet tone
The Teian sage is taught by th

Pretty nymph, of tender age,
Fair thy silky locks unfold:
Listen to a hoary sage,
Sweetest maid with vest of gold!

ODE LXXVIII.⁴

Would that I were a tuneful lyre,
Of burnished ivory fair,
Which in the Dionysian choir
Some blooming boy should bear!
Would that I were a golden vase,
And then some nymph should hold
My spotless frame with blushing grace,
Herself as pure as gold!

ODE LXXIX.⁵

WHEN Cupid sees my beard of snow,
Which blanching time has taught to
flow,
Upon his wing of golden light
He passes with an eaglet's flight,
And, fitting on, he seems to say,
'Fare thee well, thou'st had thy day!

CUPID, whose lamp has lent the ray
Which lightens our meandering way—
Cupid, within my bosom stealing,
Excites a strange and mingled feeling,
Which pleases, though severely teasing.
And teases, though divinely pleasing!⁶

But, goddess, from thy throne of gold,
The sweetest hymn thou'st ever told,
He lately learned and sang for me.

² This is formed of the 124th and 119th fragments in Barnes, both of which are to be found in Scaliger's *Poetics*.

De Pauw thinks that those detached lines and couplets, which Scaliger has adduced as examples in his *Poetics*, are by no means authentic, but of his own fabrication.

³ This is generally inserted among the remains of Alceus. Some, however, have attributed it to Anacreon. See our poet's 22nd ode, and the notes.

⁴ See Barnes, 173. This fragment, to which I have taken the liberty of adding a turn not to be found in the original, is cited by Lucian in his little essay on the Gallic Hercules.

⁵ Barnes, 125. This, if I remember right, is in Scaliger's *Poetics*. Gall has omitted it in his collection of fragments.

LET me resign a wretched breath,
Since now remains to me
No other balm than kindly death,
To soothe my misery!¹

I KNOW thou lov'st a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.²

I FEAR that love disturbs my rest,
Yet feel not love's impassioned care;
I think there's madness in my breast,
Yet cannot find that madness there!³

FROM dread Leucadia's frowning steep
I'll plunge into the whitening deep,
And there I'll float, to waves resigned,
For love intoxicates my mind!⁴

Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the frontlet, richly flashing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—love and I
Shall no more the gauntlet try,
Here—upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!⁵

Among the Epigrams of the *Anthologia* there are some panegyrics on Anacreon, which I had translated, and originally intended as a kind of Coronis to this work; but I found, upon consideration, that they wanted variety: a frequent recurrence of the same thought, within the limits of an epigram, to which they are confined, would render a collection of them rather uninteresting. I shall take the liberty, however, of subjoining a few, that I may not appear to have totally neglected those elegant tributes to the reputation of Anacreon. The four epigrams which I give are imputed to Antipater Sidonius. They are rendered, perhaps, with too much freedom; but, designing a translation of all that are on the subject, I imagined it was necessary to enliven their uniformity by sometimes indulging in the liberties of paraphrase.

Αντιπατρὸν Σιδωνίου, εἰς Ἀνακρεόντα.
Θαλλοὶ τετρακορυμβοί, Ἀνακρεὼν, ἀμφὶ σε
κίσσος
'Αβρα τε λειμῶνων πορφύρεων πέταλα'
Πηγαὶ δ' ἀργινεὺς ἀναθλίβονται γα-
λακτός,
Εὐωδὲς δ' ἀπο γῆς ἥδυν χέουσι μεθύ,
Ὀφρα κε τοι σποδὴ τε καὶ οστεα τερψῶ
αῖρηται,
Εἰ δὲ τις φθιμὸν χρεμπέται εὐφρο-
συνα,

Ω το φίλον στεφῆας, φίλε, βαρβίτων, ὡ συν
αἶδα
Πάντα διαπλώσας καὶ συν ἐρωτὶ βίον.

AROUND the tomb, oh bard divine!
Where soft thy hallowed brow re-
poses,
Long may the deathless ivy twine,
And Summer pour her waste of roses!
And many a fount shall there distil,
And many a rill refresh the flowers;

¹ This fragment is extant in Arsenius and Hephæstion. See Barnes (89), who has arranged the metre of it very elegantly.

² Barnes, 72. This fragment, which is quoted by Athenæus, is an excellent lesson for the votaries of Jupiter Hospitalis.

³ This fragment is in Hephæstion. See Barnes, 96.

Catullus expresses something of this contrariety of feelings:

Odi et amo; quare id faciam fortasse requiris;
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.—Carm.
63.

I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die!

I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell
why.

⁴ This also is in Hephæstion, and perhaps is a fragment of some poem in which Anacreon had commemorated the fate of Sappho. It is the 123rd of Barnes.

⁵ This fragment is collected by Barnes from Demetrius Phalareus and Eustathius, and is subjoined in his edition to the epigrams attributed to our poet. And here is the last of those little scattered flowers which I thought I might venture with any grace to transplant. I wish it could be said of the garland which they form,
Τὸ δ' ὡς Ἀνακρεόντος

But wine shall gush in every rill,
And every fount be milky showers.

Thus, shade of him whom Nature
taught
To tune his lyre and soul to pleasure,
Who gave to love his warmest thought,
Who gave to love his fondest mea-
sure!

Thus, after death, if spirits feel,
Thou mayst, from odours round thee
streaming,
A pulse of past enjoyment steal,
And live again in blissful dreaming!

Του αὐτοῦ, εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν.

Τυμβὸς Ἀνακρείοντος. ὁ Τηϊὸς εὐθαδε
κυκνὸς

Εὐδὲι, χη παιδῶν ῥωροτατῇ μακῇ.
Ἀκμὴν λειριοῦντι μελίζεται ἀμφὶ Βαθυλλῷ
Ἰμερᾶ· καὶ κισσοῦ λευκοῦ ὠδῶδε λίθρος.
Οὐδ' Αἰδῆς σοὶ ἐρωτᾶς ἀπεσβέσεν· ἐν δ'
Ἀχερουτος

Ὡν, ὅλος ὠδινεὶς Κυπριδὶ θερμότερῃ

HERE sleeps Anacreon, in this ivied
shade;

Here, mute in death, the Teian swan is
laid.¹

Cold, cold the heart, which lived but
to respire

All the voluptuous frenzy of desire!

¹ Thus Horace of Pindar:

Multa Dircæum levat aura cyenum.

A swan was the hieroglyphical emblem of a poet
Anacreon has been called the swan of Teos by
another of his eulogists:

Ἐν τοῖς μελικοῖς Ἰμεροῖσι συντροφὸν
Λυαῖος Ἀνακρέοντα, Τηϊὸν κυκνόν,
Ἐσφῆλας ὕγρῃ νεκταρὸς μελῆδον.
Εὐγενούς, Ἀνθολογ.

God of the grape! thou hast betrayed,

In wine's bewildering dream,

The fairest swan that ever played

Along the Muse's stream!

The Teian, nursed with all those honeyed boys,
The young Desires, light Loves, and rose-lipped
Joys!

² Thus Simonidea, speaking of our poet:

Μολῆς δ' οὐν λήθῃ μελιτερπεος, ἀλλ' ἐτι κείνο
Βαρβίτον οὐδὲ θάνατον εὐνᾶσεν ἐν αἰδῷ.
Σίμωνιδου, Ἀνθολογ.

And yet, oh bard! thou art not mute
in death,

Still, still we catch thy lyre's delicious
breath;²

And still thy songs of soft Bathylla
bloom,

Green as the ivy round the mouldering
tomb!

Nor yet has death obscured thy fire of
love,

Still, still it lights thee through the
Elysian grove:

And dreams are thine that bless the
elect alone,

And Venus calls thee, even in death,
her own!

Του αὐτοῦ, εἰς τὸν αὐτὸν.

Ζεῖνε, τάφον παρὰ λίτον Ἀνακρείοντος
ἀμείβων

Ἐτ τι τοι ἐκ βιβλῶν ἦλθεν ἐμῶν ὀφελος,
Σπείσιν ἐμῇ σποδῇ, σπείσιν ἁλυνος, ὀφρα
κέν σὺν

Ὅστεα γῆθησε ταμὰ νοτίζομενα,

Ὡς ὁ Διονύσου μεμελημένος οὐασε κωμῶς.

Ὡς ὁ φιλακρητοῦ συντροφος ἀρμονίης,

Μῆδε καταφθίμενος Βακχοῦ διχᾶς τούτου
ὑποῖσω

Τὸν γενεῇ μεροπῶν χωρὸν οφειλομένων

Oh stranger!³ if Anacreon's shell

Has ever taught thy heart to swell⁴

With passion's throb or pleasure's sigh,
In pity turn, as wandering nigh,

Nor yet are all his numbers mute,

Though dark within the tomb he lies;

But living still, his amorous lute

With sleepless animation sighs!

This is the famous Simonides, whom Plato styled
'divine,' though Le Fevre, in his *Poetes Grecs*,
supposes that the epigrams under his name are
all falsely imputed. The most considerable of
his remains is a satirical poem upon women,
preserved by Stobæus, *λογος γυναικῶν*.

We may judge from the lines I have just
quoted, and the import of the epigram before us,
that the works of Anacreon were perfect in the
times of Simonides and Antipater. Obscurely
the commentator here appears to exult in their
destruction; and telling us they were burned by
the bishops and patriarchs, he adds, 'nec sane id
nequicquam fecerunt,' attributing to this out-
rage an effect which it could never produce.

³ The spirit of Anacreon utters these verses
from the tomb, somewhat 'mutatus ab illo,' at
least in simplicity of expression.

⁴ We may guess from the words *ἐκ βιβλῶν*

And drop thy goblet's richest tear,¹
 In exquisite libation here !
 So shall my sleeping ashes thrill
 With visions of enjoyment still.
 I cannot even in death resign
 The festal joys that once were mine,
 When Harmony pursued my ways,
 And Bacchus wanted to my lays.²
 Oh ! if delight could charm no more,
 If all the goblet's bliss were o'er,
 When fate had once our doom decreed,
 Then dying would be death indeed !
 Nor could I think, unblest by wine,
 Divinity itself divine !

Του αὐτου, εἰς τὸν αὐτον.

Εὐδεις ἐν φθιμένοισιν, Ἀνακρεον, ἐσθλα
 ποήσας,
 Εὐδει δ' ἡ γλυκερὴ νυκτιλαλὸς κίθαρα,

εἶπον, that Anacreon was not merely a writer of billets-doux, as some French critics have called him. Amongst these, Le Fevre, with all his professed admiration, has given our poet a character by no means of an elevated cast :

Aussi c'est pour cela que la postérité
 L'a toujours justement d'âge en âge chanté
 Comme un franc goguenard, ami de gaisfrerie,
 Ami de billets-doux et de badinerie

See the verses prefixed to his *Poëtes Grecs*. This is unlike the language of Theocritus, to whom Anacreon is indebted for the following simple eulogium :

Εἰς Ἀνακρεόντος ἀνδριάντα.

Θάσαι τὸν ἀνδριάντα τούτου, ὦ ξένη,
 Σπουδῇ, καὶ λεγ', ἐπὶ ἄν' οὐκὸν ἐλθῇς·
 Ἀνακρεόντος εἰκόν' εἶδον ἐν Τέμν.
 Τῶν προσθ' εἰ τι περισσὸν εὐδοκίῳιν,
 Προσθεὶς δὲ χῆντι τοῖς νεύουσιν ἄετο,
 Ἐρεῖς ἀτρεκέως δῶλον τὸν ἀνδρά.

UPON THE STATUE OF ANACREON.

Stranger ! who near this statue chance to roam,
 Let it awhile your studious eyes engage ;
 And you may say, returning to your home,
 'I've seen the image of the Teian sage,
 Best of the bards who deck the Muse's page.
 Then, if you add, 'That striplings loved him well,'
 You tell them all he was, and aptly tell.

The simplicity of this inscription has always delighted me ; I have given it, I believe, as literally as a verse translation will allow.

¹ Thus Simonides, in another of his epitaphs on our poet :

Καὶ μιν αἰεττοῦ γοττοῦ δροσὸς, ἥς ὁ γέρας
 Λαοτέρων μαλακῶν ἐπὶ νύκτ' ἐκ στόματός.

Εὐδὲι καὶ Σίμωνιδι, τὸ Ποθὼν εἶπ', ᾧ σὺ
 μελίσδων.

Βαρβρί', ἀνεκρούου νεκτάρ' ἐναρμονίον.
 Ἡδύου γὰρ ἔρωτος ἐφύετο σκοπὸς· εἰ δὲ σε
 μόνον

Τόξα τέ καὶ ἀκολίας εἶχεν ἐκηβολίας.

At length thy golden hours have
 winged their flight,
 And drowsy death that eyelid
 steepeth ;

Thy harp, that whispered through each
 lingering night,³

Now mutely in oblivion sleepeth !

She, too, for whom that heart profusely
 shed

The purest nectar of its numbers,⁴
 She, the young spring of thy desires,
 has fled,⁵

And with her blest Anacreon slumbers !

Let vines, in clustering beauty wreathed,
 Drop all their treasures on his head,
 Whose lips a dew of sweetness breathed,
 Richer than vine hath ever shed !

² The original here is corrupted, the line ὥς δ' Ἀνακρεον is unintelligible.

Bruck's emendation improves the sense, but I doubt if it can be commended for elegance. He reads the line thus :

ὥς ὁ Διωνυσίος λελασμένος οὐποτε κωμων.

See Bruck, *Analecta Veter. Poet. Græc.* vol. ii.

³ In another of these poems, 'the nightly-speaking lyre' of the bard is not allowed to be silent even after his death.

Ὅς ὁ φιλακρῆτος τέ καὶ οὐνοβαρὲς φιλοκίμος
 Παννυχίος κρονοῖ* τὴν φιλοπαίδα χέλυν.
 Σίμωνιδος, εἰς Ἀνακρεόντα.

To beauty's smile and wine's delight,
 To joys he loved on earth so well,
 Still shall his spirit, all the night,
 Attune the wild aerial shell !

⁴ Thus, says Bruck, in the prologue to the *Satires of Persius* :

Cantare credas Pegasium nectar.

'Melos' is the usual reading in this line, and Casaubon has defended it ; but 'noctar,' I think, is much more spirited.

⁵ The original, τὸ Ποθὼν εἶπ', is beautiful. We regret that such praise should be lavished so preposterously, and feel that the poet's mistress, Eurypyle, would have deserved it better. Her name has been told us by Meleager, as already quoted, and in another epigram by Antipater :

* Bruck has κρονοῦν ; but κρονοῖ, the common reading, better suits a detached quotation.

Farewell ! thou hadst a pulse for every
 dart
 That Love could scatter from his
 quiver ;

Υγρα δὲ δαρκομένοισιν ἐν ὁμασιν οὐλον αἰδοῖς,
 Λιθυσσών λιπαρὲς αἶθος ὑπερθε κομῆς,
 Νεὶ πρὸς Εὐρυπύλῃν τετραμμένος

Long may the nymph around thee play,
 Eurypylē, thy soul's desire !
 Basking her beauties in the ray
 That lights thine eyes dissolving fire !

Sing of her smile's bewitching power,
 Her every grace that warms and blesses ;
 Sing of her brow's luxuriant flower,
 The beaming glory of her tresses.

The expression here, *αἶθος κομῆς*, 'the flower of the hair,' is borrowed from Anacreon himself, as appears by a fragment of the poet preserved in Stobæus: *Ἀνταίρας δ' ἀντλῆς ἀμώμων αἶθος*.

¹ This couplet is not otherwise warranted by the original, than as it dilates the thought which Antipater has figuratively expressed :

And every woman found in thee a
 heart,¹
 Which thou, with all thy soul, didst
 give her !

Τὸν δὲ γυναῖκεσσιν μέλειον πλεῖστον ἄνθρωπος,
 Ἦδων Ἀνακρείοντα, * Τεῶς εἰς Ἑλλάδ' ἀγγέλει,
 Συμπόσιων ἐρεθίσμα, γυναικῶν ὑπεροπτεῖμα.

Critias, of Athens, pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of Anacreon, calling him, with elegant conciseness, *γυναικῶν ὑπεροπτεῖμα*.

Teos gave to Greece her treasure,
 Sage Anacreon, sage in loving ;
 Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
 For the maids who blushed approving !

Oh ! in nightly banquets sporting,
 Where's the guest could ever fly him ?
 Oh ! with love's seduction courting,
 Where's the nymph could e'er deny him ?

* Thus Scaliger, in his dedicatory verses to Ronsard :

Blandus, suaviloquus, dulcis Anacreon.

JUVENILE POEMS.

1801.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR.

THE Poems which I take the liberty of publishing were never intended by the Author to pass beyond the circle of his friends. He thought, with some justice, that what are called Occasional Poems must be always insipid and uninteresting to the greater part of their readers. The particular situations in which they were written; the character of the author and of his associates;—all these peculiarities must be known and felt before we can enter into the spirit of such compositions. This consideration would have always, I believe, prevented Mr. Little from submitting these trifles of the moment to the eye of dispassionate criticism; and if their posthumous introduction to the world be injustice to his memory, or intrusion on the public, the error must be imputed to the injudicious partiality of friendship.

Mr. Little died in his one-and-twentieth year; and most of those Poems were written at so early a period, that their errors may claim some indulgence from the critic: their author, as unambitious as indolent, scarce ever looked beyond the moment of composition; he wrote as he pleased, careless whether he pleased as he wrote. It may likewise be remembered, that they were all the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them. The '*aurea legge, si ei piace ei lice*,' he too much pursued, and too much inculcates. Few can regret this more sincerely than myself; and if my friend had lived, the judgment of riper years would have chastened his mind, and tempered the luxuriance of his fancy.

Mr. Little gave much of his time to the study of the amatory writers. If ever he expected to find in the ancients that delicacy of sentiment and variety of fancy which are so necessary to refine and animate the poetry of love, he was much disappointed. I know not any one of them who can be regarded as a model in that style: Ovid made love like a rake, and Propertius like a schoolmaster. The mythological allusions of the latter are called erudition by his commentators; but such ostentatious display, upon a subject so simple as love, would be now esteemed vague and puerile, and was, even in his own times, pedantic. It is astonishing that so many critics have preferred him to the pathetic Tibullus; but I believe the defects which a common reader coudemns have been looked upon rather as beauties by those erudite men, the commentators, who find a field for their ingenuity and research in his Grecian learning and quaint obscurities.

Tibullus abounds with touches of fine and natural feeling. The idea of his unexpected return to Delia, 'Tunc veniam subito,' &c., is imagined with all the delicate ardour of a lover; and the sentiment of 'nec te postea carere velim,' however colloquial the expression may have been, is natural and from the heart. But, in my opinion, the poet of Verona possessed more genuine feeling than any of them. His life was, I believe, unfortunate; his associates were wild and abandoned; and the warmth of his nature took too much advantage of the latitude which the morals of those times so criminally allowed to the passions. All this depraved his imagination, and made it the slave of his senses; but still a native sensibility is often very warmly perceptible; and when he touches on pathos he reaches the heart immediately. They who have felt the sweets of return to a home from which they have long been absent, will confess the beauty of those simple, unaffected lines:

O quid solutis est beatius curis?
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus Larem ad nostrum
Desideratque acquiescimus lecto.*—Carm. xxxii.

His sorrows on the death of his brother are the very tears of poetry; and when he complains of the ingratitude of mankind, even the inexperienced cannot but sympathize with him. I wish I were a poet; I should endeavour to catch, by translation, the spirit of those beauties which I admire so warmly.

It seems to have been peculiarly the fate of Catullus, that the better and more valuable part of his poetry has not reached us; for there is confessedly nothing in his extant works to authorize the epithet 'doctus,' so universally bestowed upon him by the ancients. If time had suffered the rest to escape, we perhaps should have found among them some more purely amatory; but of those we possess, can there be a sweeter specimen of warm, yet chastened description, than his loves of Acme and Septimius? and the few little songs of dalliance to Lesbia are distinguished by such an exquisite playfulness, that they have always been assumed as models by the most elegant modern Latinists. Still I must confess, in the midst of these beauties,

'Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipais floribus augeat.'²

It has often been remarked, that the ancients knew nothing of gallantry; and we are told there was too much sincerity in their love to allow them to trifle with the semblance of passion. But I cannot perceive that they were anything more constant than the moderns; they felt all the same dissipation of the heart, though they knew not those seductive graces by which gallantry almost teaches it to be amiable. Watton, the learned advocate for the moderns, deserts them in considering this point of comparison, and praises the ancients for their ignorance of such a refinement; but he seems to have collected his notions of gallantry from the insipid *fadeurs* of the French romances, which are very unlike the sentimental levity, the 'grata protervitas,' of a Rochester or a Sedley.

From what I have had an opportunity of observing, the early poets of our own language were the models which Mr. Little selected for imitation. To attain their simplicity (*ævo rarissima nostro simplicitas*) was his fondest

¹ In the following Poems there is a translation of one of his finest Carmina; but I fancy it is only a schoolboy's essay, and de-

serves to be praised for little more than the attempt.

² Lucretius.

ambition. He could not have aimed at a grace more difficult of attainment,¹ and his life was of too short a date to allow him to perfect such a taste; but how far he was likely to have succeeded, the critic may judge from his productions.

I have found among his papers a novel, in rather an imperfect state, which, as soon as I have arranged and collected it, shall be submitted to the public eye.

Where Mr. Little was born, or what is the genealogy of his parents,² are points in which very few readers can be interested. His life was one of those humble streams which have scarcely a name in the map of life, and the traveller may pass it by without inquiring its source or direction. His character was well known to all who were acquainted with him; for he had too much vanity to hide its virtues, and not enough of art to conceal its defects. The lighter traits of his mind may be traced perhaps in his writings; but the few for which he was valued live only in the remembrance of his friends.

T. M.

¹ It is a curious illustration of the labour which simplicity requires, that the *Ramblers* of Johnson, elaborate as they appear, were written with fluency, and seldom required revision; while the simple language of Rousseau, which seems to come flowing from the heart, was the slow pro-

duction of painful labour, pausing on every word, and balancing every sentence.

² It need scarcely be said that "Little" was the *nom de plume* of Moore himself, under which he published his juvenile poems. This Preface was prefixed to them.

TO J. ATKINSON, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

I feel a very sincere pleasure in dedicating to you the Second Edition of our friend Little's Poems. I am not unconscious that there are many in the collection which perhaps it would be prudent to have altered or omitted; and, to say the truth, I more than once revised them for that purpose. But, I know not why, I distrusted either my heart or my judgment; and the consequence is, you have them in their original form:

'Non possunt nostros nullas, Faustine, lituræ
Emendare jocos; una litura potest.'

I am convinced, however, that though not quite a *casuiste reldohé*, you have charity enough to forgive such inoffensive follies: you know the pious Beza was not the less revered for those sportive *juvenilia* which he published under a fictitious name; nor did the levity of Bambo's poems prevent him from making a very good cardinal.

Believe me, my dear friend,

With the truest esteem,

Yours,

T. M.

April 19, 1803.

POEMS, Etc.

FRAGMENTS OF COLLEGE EXERCISES.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.—Juv.

MARK those proud boasters of a splendid line,
Like gilded ruins, mouldering while they shine,
How heavy sits that weight of alien show,
Like martial helm upon an infant's brow ;
Those borrow'd splendours, whose contrasting light
Throws back the native shades in deeper night.

Ask the proud train who glory's shade pursue,
Where are the arts by which that glory grew ?
The genuine virtues that with eagle gaze
Sought young Renown in all her orient blaze !
Where is the heart by chymic truth refined,
The exploring soul, whose eye had read mankind ?
Where are the links that twined, with heavenly art,
His country's interest round the patriot's heart ?
Where is the tongue that scatter'd words of fire ?
The spirit breathing through the poet's lyre ?
Do these descend with all that tide of fame
Which vainly waters an unfruitful name ?

* * * * *

*Justum bellum quibus necessarium, et pia arma quibus nulla nisi in armis relinquitur
spes.—Livy.*

* * * * *
Is there no call, no consecrating cause,
Approved by Heaven, ordained by Nature's laws,
Where justice flies the herald of our way,
And truth's pure beams upon the banners play ?

Yes, there's a call sweet as an angel's breath
To slumbering babes, or innocence in death ;
And urgent as the tongue of heaven within,
When the mind's balance trembles upon sin.

Oh ! 'tis our country's voice, whose claim should meet
An echo in the soul's most deep retreat ;
Along the heart's responding string should run,
Nor let a tone there vibrate—but the one !

TO A BOY, WITH A WATCH.

WRITTEN FOR A FRIEND.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth,
 To rove through Erudition's bowers,
 And cull the golden fruits of truth,
 And gather Fancy's brilliant flowers?

 And is it not more sweet than this,
 To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
 And pay them back in sums of bliss
 The dear, the endless debt of loving?

 It must be so to thee, my youth;
 With this idea toil is lighter;
 This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
 And makes the flowers of Fancy brighter!

 The little gift we send thee, boy,
 May sometimes teach thy soul to ponder,
 If indolence or syren joy
 Should ever tempt that soul to wander;

 'Twill tell thee that the wingèd day
 Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour;
 That life and time shall fade away,
 While heaven and virtue bloom for ever!

TO A LADY, WITH SOME MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

ON LEAVING THE COUNTRY.

WHEN, casting many a look behind,
 I leave the friends I cherish here—
 Perchance some other friends to find,
 But surely finding none so dear—

 Haply the little simple page,
 Which votive thus I've traced for thee,
 May now and then a look engage,
 And steal a moment's thought for me.

 But, oh! in pity let not those
 Whose hearts are not of gentle mould,
 Let not the eye, that seldom flows
 With feeling tear, my song behold.

 For, trust me, they who never melt
 With pity, never melt with love;
 And they will frown at all I've felt,
 And all my loving lays reprove.

JUVENILE POEMS.

But if, perhaps, some gentler mind,
Which rather loves to praise than blame,
Should in my page an interest find,
And linger kindly on my name ;

Tell him,—or, oh ! if gentler still,
By female lips my name be blest :
Ah ! where do all affections thrill
So sweetly as in woman's breast ?—

Tell her, that he whose loving themes
Her eye indulgent wanders o'er,
Could sometimes wake from idle dreams,
And bolder flights of fancy soar ;

That glory oft would claim the lay,
And friendship oft his numbers more ;
But whisper then, that, 'sooth to say,
His sweetest song was given to LOVE !'

TO THE LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL

MISS ———.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME PARTNERSHIP IN A LOTTERY SHARE.

IMPROMPTU.

Ego pars.—*Virg.*

IN wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal ;
But how comes it that you, such a *capital prize*,
Should so long have remained in the *wheel* ?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, Heaven knows ! were sufficient for me ;
For what could I do with the *whole* ?

TO JULIA.

IN ALLUSION TO SOME ILLIBERAL CRITICISMS.

WHY, let the stingless critic chide
With all that fume of vacant pride
Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
Like vapour on a stagnant pool !
Oh ! if the song, to feeling true,
Can please the elect, the sacred few,
Whose souls, by Taste and Nature taught,
Thrill with the genuine pulse of thought—

If some fond feeling maid like thee,
 The warm-eyed child of Sympathy,
 Shall say, while o'er my simple theme
 She languishes in Passion's dream,
 'He was, indeed, a tender soul—
 No critic law, no chill control,
 Should ever freeze, by timid art,
 The flowings of so fond a heart !'
 Yes ! soul of Nature ! soul of Love !
 That, hovering like a snow-winged dove,
 Breathed o'er my cradle warblings wild,
 And hailed me Passion's warmest child !
 Grant me the tear from Beauty's eye,
 From Feeling's breast the votive sigh ;
 Oh ! let my song, my memory, find
 A shrine within the tender mind ;
 And I will scorn the critic's chide,
 And I will scorn the fume of pride
 Which mantles o'er the pedant fool,
 Like vapour on a stagnant pool !

TO JULIA.

THOUGH Fate, my girl, may bid us part,
 Our souls it cannot, shall not, sever ;
 The heart will seek its kindred heart,
 And cling to it as close as ever.

But must we, must we part indeed ?
 Is all our dream of rapture over ?
 And does not Julia's bosom bleed
 To leave so dear, so fond a lover ?

Does *she* too mourn ?—Perhaps she may ;
 Perhaps she weeps our blisses fleeting :
 But why is Julia's eye so gay,
 If Julia's heart like mine is beating ?

I oft have loved the brilliant glow
 Of rapture in her blue eye streaming—
 But can the bosom bleed with woe,
 While joy is in the glances beaming ?

No, no !—Yet, love, I will not chide,
 Although your heart *were* fond of roving :
 Nor that, nor all the world beside,
 Could keep your faithful boy from loving.

You'll soon be distant from his eye,
 And, with you, all that's worth possessing.
 Oh ! then it will be sweet to die,
 When life has lost its only blessing !

INCONSTANCY.

AND do I then wonder that Julia deceives me,
 When surely there's nothing in nature more common ?
 She vows to be true, and while vowing she leaves me—
 But could I expect any more from a woman ?

Oh, woman ! your heart is a pitiful treasure ;
 And Mahomet's doctrine was not too severe,
 When he thought you were only materials of pleasure,
 And reason and thinking were out of your sphere.

By your heart, when the fond sighing lover can win it,
 He thinks that an age of anxiety's paid ;
 But, oh ! while he's blest, let him die on the minute—
 If he live but a *day*, he'll be surely betrayed.

SONG.

SWEET seducer ! blandly smiling ;
 Charming still, and still beguiling !
 Oft I swore to love thee never,
 Yet I love thee more than ever !

Why that little wanton blushing,
 Glancing eye, and bosom flushing ?
 Flushing warm, and wily glancing—
 All is lovely, all entrancing !

Turn away those lips of blisses—
 I am poisoned by thy kisses !
 Yet, again, ah ! turn them to me :
 Ruin's sweet, when they undo me !

Oh ! be less, be less enchanting ;
 Let some little grace be wanting ;
 Let my eyes, when I'm expiring,
 Gaze awhile without adoring !

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
 On which my soul's beloved swore
 That there should come a time of bliss
 When she would mock my hopes no more ;
 And fancy shall thy glow renew,
 In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
 And none shall steal thy holy dew
 Till thou'rt absolved by rapture's rite.

Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
 Oh ! fly, like breezes, to the goal,
 And let my love, my more than soul,
 Come panting to this fevered breast ;
 And while in every glance I drink
 The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
 Oh ! let her all impassioned sink,
 In sweet abandonment resigned.
 Blushing for all our struggles past,
 And murmuring, ' I am thine at last !'

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
 Obscures yon bashful light,
 Which seems so modestly to steal
 Along the waste of night !
 'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
 Obscure with malice keen
 Some timid heart, which only longs
 To live and die unseen !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Sic juvat perire.

WHEN wearied wretches sink to sleep,
 How heavenly soft their slumbers lie !
 How sweet is death to those who weep,
 To those who weep and long to die !
 Saw you the soft and grassy bed,
 Where flowerets deck the green earth's breast ?
 'Tis there I wish to lay my head,
 'Tis there I wish to sleep at rest !
 Oh ! let not tears embalm my tomb,
 None but the dews by twilight given !
 Oh ! let not sighs disturb the gloom,
 None but the whispering winds of Heaven !

RONDEAU.

' Good night ! good night !'—and is it so ?
 And must I from my Rosa go ?
 Oh, Rosa ! say ' Good night !' once more,
 And I'll repeat it o'er and o'er,
 Till the first glance of dawning light
 Shall find us saying still, ' Good night !'

JUVENILE POEMS.

And still 'Good night!' my Rosa say—
But whisper still, 'A minute stay ;'
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of rapture in it.
We'll kiss and kiss in quick delight,
And murmur, while we kiss, 'Good night !'
'Good night !' you'll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly :
And I will vow to kiss no more,
Yet kiss you closer than before ;
Till slumber seal our weary sight—
And then, my love ! my soul ! 'Good night !'

TO ROSA.

LIKE him who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee :
For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tossed ;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost !

TO ROSA.

OH ! why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past, and the sorrow of years,
Have been paid by a moment of bliss ?
Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight
Which dwells on her memory yet ?
Do they flow, like the dew of the amorous night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set ?
Oh ! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile which is loveliest then ;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again !

TO ROSA.

WRITTEN DURING ILLNESS.

THE wisest soul, by anguish torn,
Will soon unlearn the lore it knew ;
And when the shining casket's worn,
The gem within will tarnish too,

But love's an essence of the soul,
Which sinks not with this chain of clay—
Which throbs beyond the chill control
Of withering pain or pale decay.

And surely when the touch of death
Dissolves the spirit's mortal ties,
Love still attends the soaring breath,
And makes it purer for the skies !

Oh, Rosa ! when, to seek its sphere,
My soul shall leave this orb of men,
That love it found so blissful here
Shall be its best of blisses then !

And, as in fabled dreams of old,
Some airy genius, child of time,
Presided o'er each star that rolled,
And tracked it through its path sublime ;

So thou, fair planet, not unled,
Shalt through thy mortal orbit stray ;
Thy lover's shade, divinely wed,
Shall linger round thy wandering way.

Let other spirits range the sky,
And brighten in the solar gem ;
I'll bask beneath that lucid eye,
Nor envy worlds of suns to them !

And oh ! if airy shapes may steal
To mingle with a mortal frame,
Then, then, my love !—but drop the veil !
Hide, hide from Heaven the unholy flame.

No !—when that heart shall cease to beat,
And when that breath at length is free ;
Then, Rosa, soul to soul we'll meet,
And mingle to eternity.

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF OF A LADY'S
COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserved for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free ;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet has been,
Oh ! it should be my sweetest care
To write my name for ever there !

JUVENILE POEMS.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum.
Secundus, Eleg. vii.

STILL the question I must parry,
 Still a wayward truant prove :
 Where I love, I must not marry,
 Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
 With the least presuming mind ;
 Learned without affectation ;
 Not deceitful, yet refined ;

Wise enough, but never rigid ;
 Gay, but not too lightly free ;
 Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid ;
 Warm, yet satisfied with me :

Were she all this, ten times over,
 All that Heaven to earth allows,
 I should be too much her lover
 Ever to become her spouse.

Love will never bear enslaving ;
 Summer garments suit him best :
 Bliss itself is not worth having,
 If we're by compulsion blest.

ANACREONTIC.

FRIEND of my soul ! this goblet sip,
 'Twill chase that pensive tear ;
 'Tis not so sweet as woman's lip,
 But, oh ! 'tis more sincere.
 Like her delusive beam,
 'Twill steal away thy mind ;
 But, like affection's dream,
 It leaves no sting behind !

Come, twine the wreath thy brows to shade ;
 These flowers were culled at noon ;—
 Like woman's love the rose will fade,
 But ah ! not half so soon !
 For though the flower's decayed,
 Its fragrance is not o'er ;
 But once when love's betrayed,
 The heart can bloom no more !

JUVENILE POEMS.

ANACREONTIC.

In lacrymas verterat omne merum.
Tib. lib. 1. eleg. 6.

PRESS the grape, and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower ;
And while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think—in *woe* the clusters weep.
Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine !
Heaven grant no tears but tears of wine.
Weep on ; and, as thy sorrows flow,
I'll taste the *luxury of woe* !

THE BALLAD.

THOU hast sent me a flowery band,
And told me 'twas fresh from the field ;
That the leaves were untouched by the hand,
And the purest of odours would yield.

And indeed it was fragrant and fair ;
But, if it were handled by thee,
It would bloom with a livelier air,
And would surely be sweeter to me !

Then take it, and let it entwine
Thy tresses, so flowing and bright ;
And each little floweret will shine
More rich than a gem to my sight.

Let the odorous gale of thy breath
Embalm it with many a sigh ;
Nay, let it be withered to death
Beneath the warm noon of thine eye.

And instead of the dew that it bears,
The dew dropping fresh from the tree,
On its leaves let me number the tears
That affection has stolen from thee !

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle :
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a *trifle* !

JUVENILE POEMS.

TO MISS ———.

ON HER ASKING THE AUTHOR WHY SHE HAD SLEEPLESS NIGHTS

I'll ask the sylph who round thee flies,
And in thy breath his pinion dips,
Who suns him in thy lucent eyes,
And faints upon thy sighing lips :

I'll ask him where's the veil of sleep
That used to shade thy looks of light ;
And why those eyes their vigil keep,
When other suns are sunk in night.

And I will say—her angel breast
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting ;
Her bosom is the sweetest nest
Where Slumber could repose his wing !

And I will say—her cheeks of flame,
Which glow like roses in the sun,
Have never felt a blush of shame,
Except for what her eyes have done !

Then tell me why, thou child of air !
Does Slumber from her eyelids rove ?
What is her heart's impassioned care ?—
Perhaps, oh sylph ! perhaps 'tis love !

TO ROSA.

A fur conserva, e cumulo d' amanti —Past. Fid.

AND are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all and loving none ?
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own ?

And do you, like the dotard's fire,
Which, powerless of enjoying any,
Feeds its abortive sick desire,
By trifling impotent with many ?

Do you thus seek to flirt a number,
And through a round of dangles run,
Because your heart's insipid slumber
Could never wake to feel for one ?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I shall calm my jealous breast ;
Shall learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

JUVENILE POEMS.

But if your heart be not so free,—
Oh ! if another share that heart,
Tell not the damning tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.
I'd rather think you black as hell,
Than find you to be all thivine,
And know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine !

TO JULIA.

ON HER BIRTHDAY. .

WHEN Time was entwining the garland of years,
Which to crown my beloved was given,
Though some of the leaves might be sullied with tears,
Yet the flowers were all gathered in heaven !
And long may this garland be sweet to the eye,
May its verdure for ever be new !
Young Love shall enrich it with many a sigh,
And pity shall nurse it with dew !

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast
Where Sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest !
For, ah ! my heart, how very soon
The glittering dreams of youth are past ;
And, long before it reach its noon,
The sun of life is overcast.

NONSENSE.

Good reader ! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow :
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore :
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green ;—
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me ! what a deal you've seen !

JUVENILE POEMS.

THE SURPRISE.

CHLORIS, I swear, by all I ever swore,
 That from this hour I shall not love thee more.—
 'What! love no more? Oh! why this altered vow?'
 Because I cannot love thee more—than now!

TO MRS. ———.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon âme sur ma lèvre était lors toute entière,
 Pour savourer le mial qui sur la vôtre était;
 Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
 Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'arrêtoit! — *Voit.*

How heavenly was the poet's doom,
 To breathe his spirit through a kiss;
 And lose within so sweet a tomb
 The trembling messenger of bliss!

And, ah! his soul returned to feel
 That it *again* could ravished be;
 For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
 His life and soul have fled to thee!

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY.

SWEET spirit! if thy airy sleep
 Nor sees my tears, nor hears my sighs,
 Oh! I will weep, in luxury weep,
 Till the last heart's-drop fills mine eyes.

But if thy sainted soul can feel,
 And mingles in our misery,
 Then, then, my breaking heart I'll seal—
 Thou shalt not hear one sigh from me!

The beam of morn was on the stream,
 But sullen clouds the day deform,
 Thou wert, indeed, that morning beam,
 And death, alas! that sullen storm.

Thou wert not formed for living here,
 For thou wert kindred with the sky;
 Yet, yet we held thee all so dear,
 We thought thou wert not formed to die!

JUVENILE POEMS.

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TO ROSA.

Does the harp of Rosa slumber?
Once it breathed the sweetest number!
Never does a wilder song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Woos it with enamoured sighing.

Does the harp of Rosa cease?
Once it told a tale of peace
To her lover's throbbing breast—
Then he was divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her harp neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent harp—forgotten lover—
Rosa's love and song are over!

NATURE'S LABELS.

A FRAGMENT.

IN vain we fondly strive to trace
The soul's reflection in the face;
In vain we dwell on lines and crosses,
Crook'd mouth, or short proboscis,
Boobies have looked as wise and bright
As Plato or the Stagyrte:
And many a sage and learned skull
Has peeped through windows dark and dull!
Since then, though art do all it can,
We ne'er can reach the inward man
Nor inward woman, from without
(Though, ma'am, you *smile*, as if in doubt),
I think 'twere well if Nature could
(And Nature could, if Nature would)
Some pretty short descriptions write,
In tablets large, in black and white,
Which she might hang about our throattles,
Like labels upon physic-bottles.
There we might read of all—But stay—
As learned dialectics say,
The argument most apt and ample
For common use, is the example.
For instance, then, if Nature's care
Had not arranged those traits so fair,
Which speak the soul of Lucy L-and-n,
This is the label she'd have pinned on.

JUVENILE POEMS.

LABEL FIRST.

Within this vase there lies enshrined
The purest, brightest gem of mind !
Though Feeling's hand may sometimes throw
Upon its charms the shade of woe,
The lustre of the gem, when veiled,
Shall be but mellowed, not concealed.

Now, sirs, imagine, if you're able,
That Nature wrote a second label,
They're her own words—at least suppose so—
And boldly pin it on Pomposo.

LABEL SECOND.

When I composed the fustian brain
Of this redoubted Captain Vain,
I had at hand but few ingredients,
And so was forced to use expedients.
I put therein some small discerning,
A grain of sense, a grain of learning ;
And when I saw the void behind,
I filled it up with—froth and wind !

TO JULIA.

Mock me no more with love's beguiling dream,
A dream, I find, illusory as sweet :
One smile of friendship, nay, of cold esteem,
Is dearer far than passion's bland deceit !

I've heard you oft eternal truth declare ;
Your heart was only mine, I once believed.
Ah ! shall I say that all your vows were air ?
And must I say my hopes were all deceived ?

Vow, then, no longer that our souls are twined,
That all our joys are felt with mutual zeal :
Julia ! 'tis pity, pity makes you kind ;
You know I love, and you would seem to feel.

But shall I still go revel in those arms
On bliss in which affection takes no part ?
No, no ! farewell ! you give me but your charms,
When I had fondly thought you gave your heart.

TO JULIA.

I saw the peasant's hand unkind
From yonder oak the ivy sever ;
They seemed in very being twined ;
Yet now the oak is fresh as ever.

Not so the widowed ivy shines:
Torn from its dear and only stay,
In drooping widowhood it pines,
And scatters all its blooms away!

Thus, Julia, did our hearts entwine,
Till fate disturbed their tender ties:
Thus gay indifference blooms in thine,
While mine, deserted, droops and dies!

SYMPATHY.

TO JULIA.

Sine me sit nulla Venus.—Sulpicia.

OUR hearts, my love, were doomed to be
The genuine twins of Sympathy:
They live with one sensation:
In joy or grief, but most in love,
Our heart-strings musically move,
And thrill with like vibration.

How often have I heard thee say,
Thy vital pulse shall cease to play
When mine no more is moving!
Since, now, to feel a joy alone
Were worse to thee than feeling none:
Such sympathy in loving!

TO MRS. M——.

SWEET lady! look not thus again:
Those little pouting smiles recall
A maid remembered now with pain,
Who was my love, my life, my all!

Oh! while this heart delirious took
Sweet poison from her thrilling eye,
Thus would she pout, and hiss, and look,
And I would hear, and gaze, and sigh!

Yes, I did love her—madly love—
She was the sweetest, best deceiver!
And oft she swore she'd never rove!
And I was destined to believe her!

Then, lady, do not wear the smile
Of her whose smile could thus betray:
Alas! I think the lovely wile
Again might steal my heart away.

JUVENILE POEMS.

And when the spell that stole my mind
 On lips so pure as thine I see,
 I fear the heart which she resigned
 Will err again, and fly to thee !

SONG.

WHEN Time, who steals our years away,
 Shall steal our pleasures too,
 The memory of the past will stay,
 And half our joys renew.

Then, Chloe, when thy beauty's flower
 Shall feel the wintry air,
 Remembrance will recall the hour
 When thou alone wert fair !

Then talk no more of future gloom ;
 Our joys shall always last ;
 For hope shall brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past.

Come, Chloe, fill the genial bowl,
 I drink to love and thee :
 Thou never canst decay in soul,
 Thou'lt still be young for me.

And as thy lips the tear drop chase,
 Which on my cheek they find,
 So hope shall steal away the trace
 Which sorrow leaves behind !

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom !
 Our joys shall always last ;
 For hope shall brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past !

But mark, at thought of future years,
 When love shall love its soul,
 My Chloe drops her timid tears,
 They mingle with my bowl !

How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
 Our loving life shall fleet ;
 Though tears may sometimes mingle there
 The draught will still be sweet !

Then fill the bowl—away with gloom !
 Our joys shall always last ;
 For hope will brighten days to come,
 And memory gild the past !

THE RING.¹

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri.—Ovid. Amor. lib. II. eleg. 15.

THE happy day at length arrived
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began;
The men admired the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was passed along;
And some the featly dance amused,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And decked her robe, and crowned her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echoed through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repaired
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger had
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He looked around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been;
It was a heathen goddess, or
Perhaps a heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fastened it.

And now the tennis sports went
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announced to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went;
But, oh! how was he shocked to find
The marble finger bent!

The hand was closed upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp!

How sore surprised was Rupert's
mind,—
As well his mind might be;
'I'll come,' quoth he, 'at night again,
When none are here to see.'

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring;
And much he wondered what could
mean

So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He went without delay,
Resolved to break the marble hand,
And force the ring away!

But mark a stranger wonder still—
The ring was there no more;
Yet was the marble hand ungrasped,
And open as before!

He searched the base, and all the court,
And nothing could he find,
But to the castle did return
With sore bewildered mind

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew;
The youth another ring procured,
And none the adventure knew.

¹ I should be sorry to think that my friend had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story: I rather hope—though the manner of it leads me to doubt—that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the 'speciosa miracula' of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, Fromman upon *Fascination*, book III. part vi. chap. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that Fromman quotes it from Belusacensis, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting.

And now the priest has joined their hands,

The hours of love advance !
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's inischanche.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers half-opened by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose !

And here my song should leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
But for the horrid, horrid tale
It yet has to unfold !

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death-cold carcase found ;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then returned,
But found the phantom still ;
In vain he shrunk, it clirped him round,
With damp and deadly chill !

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave ;
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mouldering grave !

Ill-fated Rupert, wild and loud,
Thou criedst to thy wife,
'Oh ! save me from this horrid fiend,
My Isabel ! my life !'

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She looked around in vain ;
And much she mourned the mad conceit
That racked her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came ;
(Oh God ! while he did hear the words,
What terrors shook his frame !)

'Husband ! husband ! I've the ring
Thou gav'st to-day to me ;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee !'

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strained him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died !

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left the affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

All, all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows ;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanced, he thought
Of coming night with fear :
Ah ! that he must with terror view
The bed that should be dear !

At length the second night arrived
Again their couch they pressed ;
Poor Rupert hoped that all was o'er,
And looked for love and rest.

But oh ! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strained him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried,—

'Husband ! husband ! I've the ring,
The ring thou gav'st to me ;
And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
As I am wed to thee !'

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed ;
And thus to his bewildered wife
The trembling Rupert said :

'Oh Isabel ! dost thou not see
A shape of horrors here,
That strains me to the deadly kiss,
And keeps me from my dear ?'

'No, no, my love ! my Rupert, I
No shape of horrors see ;
And much I mourn the phantasy
That keeps my dear from me !'

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors passed away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Says Rupert then, 'My Isabel,
Dear partner of my woe,
To Father Austin's holy cave
This instant will I go.'

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint,
Whom all the country round believed
A devil or a saint !

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert went full straight,
And told him all, and asked him how
To remedy his fate.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retired awhile to pray ;
And, having prayed for half an hour,
Returned, and thus did say :

'There is a place where four roads meet,
Which I will tell to thee ;
Be there this eve, at fall of night,
And list what thou shalt see.

Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
In strange disordered crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the
roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And one that's high above the rest,
Terrific towering o'er,
Will make thee know him at a glance,
So I need say no more.

To him from me these tablets give,
They'll soon be understood ;
Thou need'st not fear, but give them
straight,
I've scrawled them with my blood !'

The nightfall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, and he
Was by the father sent.

And lo ! a group of figures came
In strange disordered crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the
roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And as the gloomy train advanced,
Rupert beheld from far

A female form of wanton mien
Seated upon a car.

And Rupert, as he gazed upon
The loosely-vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walked a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death ;
Whene'er he breathed, a sulphured
smoke
Came burning in his breath !

He seemed the first of all the crowd
Terrific towering o'er ;
'Yes, yes,' said Rupert, 'this is he,
And I need ask no more.'

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who looked and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawled
name,
His eyes with fury shine,
'I thought,' cries he, 'his time was out,
But he must soon be mine !'

Then darting at the youth a look,
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whispered in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard,
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost
She from her finger took ;

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breathed of hell,
She said in that tremendous voice
Which he remembered well :

'In Austin's name take back the ring,
The ring thou gav'st to me ;
And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
Nor longer I to thee.'

He took the ring, the rabble passed,
He home returned again ;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

JUVENILE POEMS.

SONG.

THINK on that look of humid ray,
Which for a moment mixed with mine,
And for that moment seemed to say,
'I dare not, or I would be thine !'

Think, think on every smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move ;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
And tell me 'tis not sin to love !

Oh ! *not* to love thee were the sin ;
For sure, if Heaven's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destined still to win,
As I was destined to be won.

SONG.

FLY from the world, O Bessy ! to me,
Thou'lt never find any sincerer ;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy ! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer !
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censured by many ;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any !

When your lip has met mine, in abandonment sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it ?—
Have we felt as if Heaven denied them to meet ?—
No, rather 'twas Heaven that did it !
So innocent, love ! is the pleasure we sip,
So little of guilt is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodged on your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute !

Then come to your lover, oh ! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest ;
And slumber will hover as light on our bed,
As e'er on the couch of the wisest !
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent ! fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of Heaven.
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest !

And, oh ! when we lie on our death-bed, my love !
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead them above,
And Death be disarmed of his terrors !

JUVENILE POEMS.

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And each to the other embracing will say,
'Farewell ! let us hope we're forgiven !'
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven !

THE SHRINE.

TO —.

My fates had destined me to rove
A long, long pilgrimage of love ;
And many an altar on my way
Has lured my pious steps to stay ;
For, if the saint was young and fair,
I turned and sung my vespers there.
This, from a youthful pilgrim's fire,
Is what your pretty saints require :
To pass, nor tell a single bead,
With them would be *profane indeed* !
But, trust me, all this young devotion,
Was but to keep my zeal in motion ;
And, every *humbler altar* past,
I now have reached THE SHRINE at last !

THE CATALOGUE.

'COME, tell me,' says Rosa, as, kissing and kissed,
One day she reclined on my breast ;
'Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
Of the nymphs you have loved and caressed.'
Oh, Rosa ! 'twas only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free ;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee !

My tutor was Kitty ; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest ;
She taught me to love her, I loved like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow ;
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now !

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance,
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance !

JUVENILE POEMS.

But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laughed at her poor little knight ;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove ;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books,
That she gave me more logic than love !
So I left this young Sappho, and hastened to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss !

Oh ! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given ;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to heaven !
'Oh, Susan !' I've said, in the moments of mirth,
'What's devotion to thee or to me ?
I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
And believe that *that* heaven's in *thee* !'

TO —

REMEMBER him thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart is warmly bound to thee,
Close as the tenderest links can bind
A heart as warm as heart can be.

Oh ! I had long in freedom roved,
Though many seemed my soul to share ;
'Twas passion when I thought I loved,
'Twas fancy when I thought them fair.

E'en she, my Muse's early theme,
Beguiled me only while she warmed ;
'Twas young desire that fed the dream,
And reason broke what passion formed.

But thou—ah ! better had it been
If I had still in freedom roved,
If I had ne'er thy beauties seen,
For then I never should have loved !

Then all the pain which lovers feel
Had never to my heart been known ;
But, ah ! the joys which lovers steal,
Should they have ever been my own ?

JUVENILE POEMS.

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Oh ! trust me, when I swear thee this,
Dearest ! the pain of loving thee,
The very pain, is sweeter bliss
Than passion's wildest ecstasy !

That little cage I would not part,
In which my soul is prisoned now,
For the most light and wing'd heart
That wantons on the passing vow.

Still, my beloved ! still keep in mind,
However far removed from me,
That there is one thou leav'st behind,
Whose heart respires for only thee !

And though ungenial ties have bound
Thy fate unto another's care
That arm, which clasps thy bosom round,
Cannot confine the heart that's there.

No, no ! that heart is only mine,
By ties all other ties above,
For I have wed it at a shrine
Where we have had no priest but Love !

SONG.

A CAPTIVE thus to thee, my girl,
How sweetly shall I pass my age,
Contented, like the playful squirrel,
To wanton up and down my cage !

When Death shall envy joy like this,
And come to shade our sunny weather,
Be our last sigh the sigh of bliss,
And both our souls exhaled together !

SONG.

WHERE is the nymph, whose azure eye
Can shine through rapture's tear ?
The sun has sunk, the moon is high,
And yet she comes not here !

Was that her footstep on the hill—
Her voice upon the gale ?
No : 'twas the wind, and all is still :
Oh, maid of Marivale !

JUVENILE POEMS.

Come to me, love, I've wandered far,
'Tis passed the promised hour :
Come to me, love, the twilight star
Shall guide thee to my bower.

REUBEN AND ROSE.

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE darkness which hung upon Willumberg's walls
Has long been remembered with awe and dismay !
For years not a sunbeam had played in its halls,
And it seemed as shut out from the regions of day :

Though the valleys were brightened by many a beam,
Yet none could the woods of the castle illumine ;
And the lightning which flashed on the neighbouring stream
Flew back, as if fearing to enter the gloom !

'Oh ! when shall this horrible darkness disperse ?'
Said Willumberg's lord to the seer of the cave.
'It can never dispel,' said the wizard of verse,
'Till the bright star of chivalry's sunk in the wave !'

And who was the bright star of chivalry then ?
Who could be but Reuben, the flower of the age ?
For Reuben was first in the combat of men,
Though Youth had scarce written his name on her page.

For Willumberg's daughter his bosom had beat,
For Rose, who was bright as the spirit of dawn,
When with wand dropping diamonds, and silvery feet,
It walks o'er the flowers of the mountain and lawn !

Must Rose, then, from Reuben so fatally sever ?
Sad, sad were the words of the man in the cave,
That darkness should cover the castle for ever,
Or Reuben be sunk in the merciless wave !

She flew to the wizard—'And tell me, oh tell !
Shall my Reuben no more be restored to my eyes ?—
'Yes, yes—when a spirit shall toll the great bell
Of the mouldering abbey, your Reuben shall rise !'

Twice, thrice he repeated, 'Your Reuben shall rise !'
And Rose felt a moment's release from her pain ;
She wiped, while she listened, the tears from her eyes,
And she hoped she might yet see her hero again !

Her hero could smile at the terrors of death,
When he felt that he died for the sire of his Rose'
To the Oder he flew, and there plunging beneath,
In the lapse of the billows soon found his repose.—

JUVENILE POEMS.

77

How strangely the order of destiny falls !
Not long in the waters the warrior lay,
When a sunbeam was seen to glance over the walls,
And the castle of Willumberg basked in the ray !

All, all but the soul of the maid was in light,
There sorrow and terror lay gloomy and blank :
Two days did she wander, and all the long night,
In quest of her love on the wide river's bank.

Of, oft did she pause for the toll of the bell,
And she heard but the breathings of night in the air ;
Long, long did she gaze on the watery swell,
And she saw but the foam of the white billow there.

And often as midnight its veil would undraw,
As she looked at the light of the moon in the stream,
She thought 'twas his helmet of silver she saw,
As the curl of the surge glittered high in the beam.

And now the third night was begemming the sky,
Poor Rose on the cold dewy margent reclined,
There wept till the tear almost froze in her eye,
When,—hark ! 'twas the bell that came deep in the wind

She startled, and saw, through the glimmering shade,
A form o'er the waters in majesty glide ;
She knew 'twas her love,* though his cheek was decayed,
And his helmet of silver was washed by the tide.

Was this what the seer of the cave had foretold ?—
Dim, dim through the phantom the moon shot a gleam ;
'Twas Reuben, but ah ! he was deathly and cold,
And flitted away like the spell of a dream !

Twice, thrice did he rise, and as often she thought
From the bank to embrace him, but never, ah ! never !
Then springing beneath, at a billow she caught,
And sunk to repose on its bosom for ever !

SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. —.

WRITTEN IN IRELAND.

Of all my happiest hours of joy,—
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full and every eye
Has kindled with the beams of pleasure !—
Such hours as this I ne'er was given,
So dear to friendship, dear to blisses :

JUVENILE POEMS.

Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is !
Then, oh ! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever !
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remembered ever !

Oh ! banish every thought to-night,
Which could disturb our soul's communion ;
Abandoned thus to dear delight,
We'll e'en for once forget the Union !
On that let statesmen try their powers,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for ;
The union of the soul be ours,
And every union else we sigh for .
Then, oh ! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever ;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remembered ever !

In every eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing,
From every soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy in friendship glowing !
Oh ! could such moments ever fly ;
Oh ! that we ne'er were doomed to lose 'em,
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.
But oh ! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever ;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remembered ever !

For me—whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving—
This day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever Fate may cast your rover ;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over !
Then, oh ! my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever ;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remembered ever !

THE NATAL GENIUS.

A DREAM.

TO —, THE MORNING OF HER BIRTHDAY.

In witching slumbers of the night,
I dreamed I was the airy sprite
That on thy natal moment smiled ;

And thought I wafted on my wing
Those flowers which in Elysium spring,
To crown my lovely mortal child.

With olive branch I bound thy head,
Heart's-ease along thy path I shed,
Which was to bloom through all thy years
Nor yet did I forget to bind
Love's roses, with his myrtle twined,
And dewed by sympathetic tears.

Such was the wild but precious boon,
Which Fancy, at her magic noon,
Bade me to Nona's image pay—
Oh ! were I, love, thus doomed to be
Thy little guardian deity,
How blest around thy steps I'd play !

Thy life should softly steal along,
Calm as some lonely shepherd's song
That's heard at distance in the grove ;
No cloud should ever shade thy sky,
No thorns along thy pathway lie,
But all be sunshine, peace, and love !

The wing of Time should never brush
Thy dewy lip's luxuriant flush,
To bid its roses withering die ;
Nor age itself, though dim and dark,
Should ever quench a single spark
That flashes from my Nona's eye !

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO J. AT—NS—N, ESQ., M.R.I.A.

THOUGH long at school and college, dozing
On books of rhyme and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for forming sages ;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule,
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heaven or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take :
Though thus, my friend, so long employed,
And so much midnight oil destroyed,
I must confess, my searches past,
I only learned to *doubt* at last.

JUVENILE POEMS.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differed in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality !
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow.

' Reason alone must claim direction,
And Apathy's the soul's perfection.
Like a dull lake the heart must lie ;
Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
Though heaven the breeze, the breath supplied,
Must curl the wave or swell the tide !'

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man ;
Such were the modes he taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind ;
They tore away *some weeds*, 'tis true,
But all the *flowers* were ravished too !

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrene's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosened zone,
Usurped the philosophic throne ;
Hear what the courtly sage's tongue¹
To his surrounding pupils sung :

' Pleasure's the only noble end
To which all human powers should tend,
And Virtue gives her heavenly lore,
But to make Pleasure please us more !
Wisdom and she were both designed
To make the senses more refined,
That man might revel, free from cloying,
Then most a sage, when most enjoying !'

Is this morality ?— Oh, no !
E'en I a wiser path could show.
The flower within this vase confined,
The pure, the unfading flower of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay ;
No, no ! its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies !

¹ Aristippus of Cyrene. He flourished 400 years before Christ.

But thus it is, all sects, we see,
Have watchwords of morality :
Some cry out Venus, others Jove ;
Here 'tis religion, there 'tis love !
But while they thus so widely wander, •
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term ;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science ;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whispering in his breast :
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart ;
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blamed that tear,
By Heaven approved, to virtue dear !

Oh ! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream,
While Nature, wakening from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explored the *doctrine* of those rays ?
No, pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to separate hue from hue :
Go, give that moment up to art,
When Heaven and Nature claim the heart ;
And dull to all their best attraction,
Go—measure *angles of refraction* !
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each day-beam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wakening his world with looks of love !

SONG.

WHY does azure deck the sky ?
'Tis to be like thy looks of blue ;
Why is red the rose's dye ?
Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee !

Why is falling snow so white,
But to be like thy bosom fair ?
Why are solar beams so bright ?
That they may seem thy golden hair !

JUVENILE POEMS.

All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee !

Why are Nature's beauties felt ?

Oh ! 'tis thine in her we see !

Why has music power to melt ?

Oh ! because it speaks like thee.

All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee !

SONG.

MARY, I believed thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing ;
But now I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving !

Few have ever loved like me,—
Oh ! I have loved thee too sincerely !
And few have e'er deceived like thee,—
Alas ! deceived me too severely !

Fare thee well ! yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee ;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee !

Fare thee well ! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
For see, distracting woman ! see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken !—
Fare thee well !

SONG.

HAVE not you seen the timid tear
Steal trembling from mine eye ?
Have you not marked the flush of fear,
Or caught the murmured sigh ?
And can you think my love is chill,
Nor fixed on you alone ?
And can you rend, by doubting still,
A heart so much your own ?

To you my soul's affections move
Devoutly, warmly true ;
My life has been a task of love,
One long, long thought of you.
If all your tender faith is o'er,
If still my truth you'll try ;
Alas ! I know but *one* proof more,—
I'll bless your name, and die !

THE SHIELD.

Oh ! did you not hear a voice of death ?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,*
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm ?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of woe all night ?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light ?

'Twas *not* the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast ;
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past !

See how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath !
Now on the leafless yew it plays
Where hangs the shield of this son of death !

That shield is blushing with murderous stains ;
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray ;
It is blown by storms and washed by rains,
But neither can take the blood away.

Oft by that yew, on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light .
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night !

THE TEAR.

On beds of snow the moonbeam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When by the damp grave Ellen wept—
Sweet maid ! it was her Lindor's tomb !

A warm tear gushed, the wintry air
Congealed it as it flowed away ;
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glittered in the ray !

An angel, wandering from her sphere
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem !

A DREAM.

I THOUGHT this heart consuming lay
 On Cupid's burning shrine :
 I thought he stole thy heart away,
 And placed it near to mine.

I saw thy heart begin to melt,
 Like ice before the sun ;
 Till both a glow congenial felt,
 And mingled into one !

TO A LADY.

ON HER SINGING.

THY song has taught my heart to feel
 Those soothing thoughts of heavenly love,
 Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
 When listening to the spheres above !

When, tired of life and misery,
 I wish to sigh my latest breath,
 Oh, Emma ! I will fly to thee,
 And thou shalt sing me into death !

And if along thy lip and cheek
 That smile of heavenly softness play,
 Which,—ah ! forgive a mind that's weak,—
 So oft has stolen my mind away ;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
 That comes to charm me into bliss :
 I'll gaze and die—who would not die.
 If death were half so sweet as this ?

WRITTEN IN A COMMON-PLACE BOOK, CALLED
 'THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.'

In which every one that opened it should contribute something.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
 Who hails thee emblem of himself !
 The book of life, which I have traced,
 Has been, like thee, a motley waste
 Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
 One folly bringing hundreds more.
 Some have indeed been writ so neat,
 In characters so fair, so sweet,

That those who judge not too severely
Have said they loved such follies dearly !
Yet still, O book ! the allusion stands ;
For these were penned by *female* hands ;
The rest,—alas ! I own the truth,—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth,
That prudence, with a withering look,
Disdainful flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stained with blots of care,
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the snowings of that Heaven
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer—such, oh ! such
The blast of Disappointment's touch !
No longer now those hours appear ;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear :
Blank, blank is every page with care,
Not e'en a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten ?—Never, never !
Then *shut the book*, O God, for ever !

TO JULIA.

WEeping.

Oh ! if your tears are given to care,
If real woe disturbs your peace,
Come to my bosom, weeping fair !
And I will bid your weeping cease.

But if with Fancy's visioned fears,
With dreams of woe your bosom thrill ;
You look so lovely in your tears,
That I must bid you drop them still !

CHARITY.

'Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.'—*St. JOHN*, chap. viii.

O WOMAN ! if by simple wile
Thy soul has strayed from honour's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Washed by thy tears, may yet decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in showers away.

JUVENILE POEMS.

Go go—be innocent, and live—
 The tongues of men may wound thee sore ;
 But Heaven in pity can forgive,
 And bids thee 'go, and sin no more !'

 AT NIGHT.

At night, when all is still around,
 How sweet to hear the distant sound
 Of footstep, coming soft and light !
 What pleasure in the anxious beat,
 With which the bosom flies to meet
 That foot that comes so soft at night !

And then, at night, how sweet to say
 'Tis late, my love !' and chide delay,
 Though still the western clouds are bright ;
 Oh ! happy too the silent press,
 The eloquence of mute caress,
 With those we love, exchanged at night .

At night, what dear employ to trace,
 In fancy, every glowing grace
 That's hid by darkness from the sight !
 And guess, by every broken sigh ;
 What tales of bliss the shrouded eye
 Is telling from the soul at night !

 TO ———.

'*Morla pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo.*'

DIE when you will, you need not wear
 At heaven's court a form more fair
 Than beauty here on earth has given ;
 Keep but the lovely looks we see—
 The voice we hear—and you will be
 An angel *ready-made* for heaven !

 FANNY, DEAREST.

OH ! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
 Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh ;
 And every smile on my cheek should turn
 To tears when thou art nigh.

But between love, and wine, and sleep,
 So busy a life I live,
 That even the time it would take to weep
 Is more than my heart can give.

Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears !
The Love that's ordered to bathe in wine
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies ;
But oh, the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimmed too often with sighs.

They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear :
And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
That I keep my eye-beam clear.

Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,
Fanny, dearest—the hope is vain ;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
I shall never attempt it with rain.

SONG.

I NE'ER on that lip for a minute have gazed,
But a thousand temptations beset me,
And I've thought, as the dear little rubies you raised,
How delicious 'twould be—if you'd let me !

Then be not so angry for what I have done,
Nor say that you've sworn to forget me ;
They were buds of temptation too pouting to shun,
And I thought that—you could not but let me !

When your lip with a whisper came close to my cheek,
O think how bewitching it met me !
And, plain as the eye of a Venus could speak,
Your eye seemed to say—you would let me !

Then forgive the transgression, and bid me remain,
For in truth, if I go, you'll regret me ;
Or, oh !—let me try the transgression again,
And I'll do all you wish—will you let me ?

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom ;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

JUVENILE POEMS.

But when the foe returns,
 Again the hero burns ;
 High flames the sword in his hand once more :
 The clang of mingling arms
 Is then the sound that charms,
 And brazen notes of war, that stirring trumpets pour ;—
 Then comes the Harp, when the combat is over—
 When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom—
 When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,
 And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
 Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest,
 When round his rich armour the myrtle hung twining,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.
 But, when the battle came,
 The hero's eye breath'd flame :
 Soon from his neck the white arm was flung ;
 While, to his wak'ning ear,
 No other sounds were dear
 But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets sung.
 But then came the light harp, when danger was ended,
 And beauty once more lull'd the War-God to rest ;
 When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
 And flights of young doves made his helmet their nest.

DID NOT.

'Twas a new feeling—something more
 Than we had dared to own before,
 Which then we hid not—which then we hid not ;
 We saw it in each other's eye,
 And wish'd, in every half-breath'd sigh,
 To speak, but did not—to speak, but did not.

She felt my lips' impassioned touch ;
 'Twas the first time I dared so much,
 And yet she chid not—and yet she chid not ;
 But whisper'd o'er my burning brow,
 'Oh ! do you doubt I love you now ?'
 Sweet soul ! I did not—sweet soul ! I did not.

Warmly I felt her bosom thrill,
 I press'd it closer, closer still,
 Though gently bid not—though gently bid not ;
 Till—oh ! the world hath seldom heard
 Of lovers, who so nearly err'd,
 And yet who did not—and yet who did not.

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, etc.

CEASE the sighing fool to play ;
 Cease to trifle life away ;
 Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
 Which all, alas ! have falsely flown !
 What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
 How fairly seemed thy day to shine,
 When lightly thou didst fly to meet
 The girl, who smiled so rosy sweet—
 The girl thou lovedst with fonder pain
 Than e'er thy heart can feel again !
 You met—your souls seemed all in one—
 Sweet little sports were said and done—
 Thy heart was warm enough for both,
 And hers indeed was nothing loth.
 Such were the hours that once were thine ;
 But, ah ! those hours no longer shine !
 For now the nymph delights no more
 In what she loved so dear before ;
 And all Catullus now can do
 Is to be proud and frigid too ;
 Nor follow where the wanton flies,
 Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
 False maid ! he bids farewell to thee,
 To love, and all love's misery.
 The heyday of his heart is o'er,
 Nor will he court one favour more ;
 But soon he'll see thee droop thy head,
 Doomed to a lone and loveless bed,
 When none will seek the happy night,
 Or come to traffic in delight !
 Fly, perjured girl !—but whither fly ?
 Who now will praise thy cheek and eye ?
 Who now will drink the syren tone,
 Which tells him thou art all his own ?
 Who now will court thy wild delights,
 Thy honey kiss, and turtle bites ?
 Oh ! none.—And he who loved before
 Can never, never love thee more !

A REFLECTION AT SEA.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
 Yon little billow heaves its breast,
 And foams and sparkles for awhile,
 And murmuring then subsides to rest.

JUVENILE POEMS.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
 Rises on Time's eventful sea ;
 And, having swelled a moment there,
 Thus melts into eternity !

SONG.

If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
 Its look is so shifting and new,
 That the oath I might take on it now
 The very next glance would undo !

Those babies that nestle so sly,
 Such different arrows have got,
 That an oath, on the glance of an eye
 Such as yours, may be off in a shot !

Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
 Though each moment the treasure renews,
 If my constancy wishes to trip,
 I may kiss off the oath when I choose !

Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
 The dew and the oath that are there !
 And I'd make a new vow every hour,
 To lose them so sweetly in air !

But clear up that heaven of your brow,
 Nor fancy my faith is a feather ;
 On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
 And they both must be broken together !

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY JULIA ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

THOUGH sorrow long has worn my heart ;
 Though every day I've counted o'er
 Has brought a new and quickening smart
 To wounds that rankled fresh before ;

Though in my earliest life bereft
 Of many a link by nature tied ;
 Though hope deceived, and pleasure left ;
 Though friends betrayed, and foes belied ;

I still had hopes—for hope will stay
 After the sunset of delight ;
 So like the star which ushers day,
 We scarce can think it heralds night

I hoped that, after all its strife,
My weary heart at length should rest,
And, fainting from the waves of life,
Find harbour in a brother's breast.

That brother's breast was warm with truth,
Was bright with honour's purest ray;
He was the dearest, gentlest youth—
Oh ! why then was he torn away ?

He should have stayed, have lingered here,
To calm his Julia's every woe ;
He should have chased each bitter tear,
And not have caused those tears to flow.

We saw his youthful soul expand
In blooms of genius, nursed by taste ;
While Science, with a fostering hand,
Upon his brow her chaplet placed.

We saw his gradual opening mind
Enriched by all the graces dear ;
Enlightened, social, and refined,
In friendship firm, in love sincere.

Such was the youth we loved so well ;
Such were the hopes that fate denied—
We loved, but, ah ! we could not tell
How deep, how dearly, till he died !

Close as the fondest links could strain,
Twined with my very heart he grew ;
And by that fate which breaks the chain,
The heart is almost broken too !

SONG.

SWEETEST love ! I'll not forget thee :
Time shall only teach my heart,
Fonder, warmer, to regret thee,
Lovely, gentle as thou art !—
Farewell, Bessy !

Yet, oh ! yet again we'll meet, love,
And repose our hearts at last :
Oh ! sure 'twill then be sweet, love,
Calm to think on sorrows past.—
Farewell, Bessy !

Yes, my girl, the distant blessing
Mayn't be always sought in vain ;
And the moment of possessing—
Will't not, love, repay our pain ?—
Farewell, Bessy !

JUVENILE POEMS.

Still I feel my heart is breaking,
When I think I stray from thee,
Round the world that quiet seeking,
Which I fear is not for me !—
Farewell, Bessy !

Calm to peace thy lover's bosom—
Can it, dearest ! must it be ?
Thou within an hour shalt lose him,
He for ever loses thee !—
Farewell, Bessy !

SONG.

COME tell me where the maid is found
Whose heart can love without deceit,
And I will range the world around,
To sigh one moment at her feet.

Oh ! tell me where's her sainted home,
What air receives her blessed sigh ;
A pilgrimage of years I'll roam
To catch one sparkle of her eye !

And, if her cheek be rosy bright,
While truth within her bosom lies,
I'll gaze upon her, morn and night,
Till my heart leave me through my eyes !

Show me on earth a thing so rare,
I'll own all miracles are true ;
To make one maid sincere and fair,
Oh ! 'tis the utmost Heaven can do !

TO ———.

WITH all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free ;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing ;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that she's a new one.

Thus let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loitered long in bliss;
And you may down *that* pathway rove,
While I shall take my way through *this*.

Our hearts have suffered little harm
In this short fever of desire;
You have not lost a single charm,
Nor I one spark of feeling fire.

My kisses have not stained the rose
Which Nature hung upon your lip;
And still your sigh with nectar flows
For many a raptured soul to sip.

Farewell! and when some other fair
Shall call your wanderer to her arms,
'Twill be my luxury to compare
Her spells with your remembered charms.

'This cheek,' I'll say, 'is not so bright
As one that used to meet my kiss;
This eye has not such liquid light
As one that used to talk of bliss!'

Farewell! and when some future lover
Shall claim the heart which I resign,
And in exulting joys discover
All the charms that once were mine;

I think I should be sweetly blest,
If, in a soft imperfect sigh,
You'd say, while to his bosom prest,
He loves not half so well as I!

EPISTLES, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS.

1806.

TO FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL OF THE ORDNANCE,
CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, ETC.

MY LORD,—It is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. 'On Hercules!' said the honest Spartan, 'who ever thought of blaming Hercules?' In a similar manner, the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall therefore be silent on the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honour to present. I am, my Lord,

With every feeling of attachment and respect,

Your Lordship's very devoted servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

27, Bury Street, St. James's, April 10, 1806.

PREFACE.

THE principal poems in the following Collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie.¹ How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visitor, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and

¹ Epistles VI., VII., and VIII.

though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and, indeed, rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas with respect to the purity of the government, and the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the Western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression, as the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realized, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. I was completely disappointed in every flattering expectation which I had formed, and was inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, '*intentata nites.*' Brissot, in the preface to his *Travels*, observes, that 'freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature;' and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal embitters all social intercourse; and though I scarcely could hesitate in selecting the party whose views appeared the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and, indeed, the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement, which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices and all the pride of civilization, while they are still so remote from its elegant characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, represses every sanguine hope of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface will not allow me to enter into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologize to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms, as I have here brought in conflict together. To say that I have been tempted by the liberal offers of my bookseller, is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy, which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

EPISTLES, ODES, AND OTHER POEMS.

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY MOONLIGHT.

SWEET moon ! if like Crotona's sage,¹
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there ;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend !

Oh, Strangford ! when we parted last,
I little thought the times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ :
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few,
Our only use for knowledge then
To turn to rapture all we knew !
Delicious days of whim and soul !
When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We leaned the book on pleasure's bowl,
And turned the leaf with folly's feather !
I little thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurled
That wafts me to the western world !

And yet 'twas time—in youthful days,
To cool the season's burning rays,
The heart may let its wanton wing
Repose awhile in pleasure's spring,
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will dry, the heart will freeze !

¹ Pythagoras, who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the moon by the means of a magic mirror. See Bayle, art. *Pythaa*.

And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope,
 Oh ! she awaked such happy dreams,
 And gave my soul such tempting scope
 For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
 That not Verona's child of song,
 When flying from the Phrygian shore,
 With lighter hopes could bound along,
 Or pant to be a wanderer more !¹

Even now delusive hope will steal
 Amid the dark regrets I feel,
 Soothing as yonder placid beam
 Pursues the murmurs of the deep,
 And lights them with consoling gleam,
 And smiles them into tranquil sleep !
 Oh ! such a blessed night as this,
 I often think, if friends were near,
 How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
 Upon the moon-bright scenery here !
 The sea is like a silvery lake,
 And o'er its calm the vessel glides
 Gently, as if it feared to wake
 The slumber of the silent tides !
 The only envious cloud that lowers,
 Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,²
 Where dimly, 'mid the dusk, he towers,
 And, scowling at this Heaven of light,
 Exults to see the infant storm
 Cling darkly round his giant form !

Now, could I range those verdant isles
 Invisible, at this soft hour,
 And see the looks, the melting smiles,
 That brighten many an orange bower ;
 And could I lift each pious veil,
 And see the blushing cheek it shades,
 Oh ! I should have full many a tale
 To tell of young Azorian maids.³

Dear Strangford ! at this hour, perhaps,
 Some faithful lover (not so blest
 As they who in their ladies' laps
 May cradle every wish to rest)
 Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
 Those madrigals, of breath divine,
 Which Camoens' harp from rapture stole,
 And gave, all glowing warm, to thine !⁴

¹ Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th armen of this poet (Catullus) :

*Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
 Jam læti studio pedes vigeant !*

² Pico is a very high mountain on one of the azores, from which the island derives its name.

It is said by some to be as high as the peak of Teneriffe.

³ I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inhabitants of the Azores are much addicted to galantry. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited.

⁴ These islands belong to the Portuguese.

Oh ! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such dear beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But, hark !—the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell :
Eight bells—the middle watch is set ;
Good night, my Strangford !—ne'er forget
That far beyond the western sea¹
Is one whose heart remembers thee !

STANZAS.

Θυμος δε ποτ' εμος
. . . . με προσφωνει ταδε¹
Γινωσκε τ' ανθρωπεια μη σεβειν αγαν.
Æschyl, Fragment.

A BEAM of tranquillity smiled in the west,
The storms of the morning pursued us no more,
And the wave, while it welcomed the moment of rest,
Still heaved, as remembering ills that were o'er !

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the dead,
And the spirit becalmed but remembered their power,
As the billow the force of the gale that was fled !

I thought of the days, when to pleasure alone
My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh ;
When the saddest emotion my bosom had known
Was pity for those who were wiser than I !

I felt how the pure intellectual fire
In luxury loses its heavenly ray ;
How soon, in the lavishing cup of desire,
The pearl of the soul may be melted away !

And I prayed of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That pleasure no more might its purity dim,
And that sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the gem I had borrowed from him !

The thought was ecstatic ! I felt as if Heaven
Had already the wreath of eternity shown ;
As if, passion all chastened and error forgiven,
My heart had begun to be purely its own !

¹ From Captain Cockburn, who commanded the *Phaeton*, I received such kind attentions as I must ever remember with gratitude. As some of the journalists have gravely asserted that I went to America to speculate in lands, it may not

be impertinent to state, that the object of this voyage across the Atlantic was my appointment to the office of Registrar of the Vice-Admiralty Court of Bermuda.

I looked to the west, and the beautiful sky;
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no more:
'Oh! thus,' I exclaimed, 'can a heavenly eye
Shed light on the soul that was darkened before!'

THE TELL-TALE LYRE.

I've heard, there was in ancient days
A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'Twas Heaven to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas played on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breathed again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then!

Not harmony's serenest touch
So stilly could the notes prolong,
They were not heavenly song so much
As they were dreams of heavenly song!

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languor stole,
The soothing it awakened there
Were eloquence from pity's soul!

Or if the sigh, serene and light,
Was but the breath of fancied woe,
The string, that felt its airy flight,
Soon whispered it to kind repose!

And oh! when lovers talked alone,
If 'mid their bliss the Lyre was near,
It made their murmurs all its own,
And echoed notes that Heaven might hear!

There was a nymph, who long had loved,
But dared not tell the world how well;
The shades, where she at evening roved,
Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole
So oft, to make the dear one blest,
Whom love had given her virgin soul,
And nature soon gave all the rest!

It chanced that in the fairy bower
Where they had found their sweetest shed,
This Lyre, of strange and magic power,
Hung gently whispering o'er their head.

And while, with eyes of mingling fire,
They listened to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
A pillow for his angel's brow !

And while the melting words she breathed
On all its echoes wantoned round,
Her hair, amid the strings enwreathed,
Through golden mazes charmed the sound !

Alas ! their hearts but little thought,
While thus entranced they listening lay,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Should linger long, and long betray !

So mingled with its tuneful soul
Were all their tender murmurs grown,
That other sighs unanswered stole,
Nor changed the sweet, the treasured tone.

Unhappy nymph ! thy name was sung
To every passing lip that sighed :
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
On every ear in murmurs died !

The fatal Lyre, by Envy's hand
Hung high amid the breezy groves,
To every wanton gale that fanned
Betrayed the mystery of your loves !

Yet, oh ! not many a suffering hour,
Thy cup of shame on earth was given :
Benignly came some pitying power,
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven !

There, as thy lover dries the tear
Yet warm from life's malignant wrongs,
Within his arms, thou lov'st to hear
The luckless Lyre's remembered songs !

Still do your happy souls attune
The notes it learned, on earth, to move ;
Still breathing o'er the chords, commune
In sympathies of angel love !

TO THE FLYING-FISH.¹

WHEN I have seen thy snowy wing
O'er the blue wave at evening spring,

¹ It is the opinion of St. Austin, upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters ; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between

them : συγγενειαν τοις πετομενοις προς τα ιχθυα. With this thought in our minds when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

And give those scales, of silver white,
 So gaily to the eye of light,
 As if thy frame were formed to rise,
 And live amid the glorious skies;
 Oh ! it has made me proudly feel,
 How like thy wing's impatient zeal
 Is the pure soul, that scorns to rest
 Upon the world's ignoble breast,
 But takes the plume that God has given,
 And rises into light and Heaven !

But when I see that wing, so bright,
 Grow languid with a moment's flight,
 Attempt the paths of air in vain,
 And sink into the waves again ;
 Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;
 Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
 But erring man must blush to think,
 Like thee, again, the soul may sink !

Oh virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
 Let not my spirit's flight be weak :
 Let me not, like this feeble thing,
 With brine still dropping from its wing,
 Just sparkle in the solar glow,
 And plunge again to depths below ;
 But when I leave the grosser throng
 With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
 Let me, in that aspiring day,
 Cast every lingering stain away,
 And, panting for thy purer air,
 Fly up at once and fix me there !

EPISTLE II.

TO MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 1803.

IN days, my Kate, when life was new,
 When, lulled with innocence and you,
 I heard, in home's beloved shade,
 The din the world at distance made ;
 When every night my weary head
 Sunk on its own unthorned bed,
 And, mild as evening's matron hour
 Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
 A mother saw our eyelids close,
 And blessed them into pure repose !
 Then, haply if a week, a day,
 I lingered from your arms away,

How long the little absence seemed !
 How bright the look of welcome beamed,
 As mute you heard, with eager smile,
 My tales of all that passed the while !
 Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
 Rolls wide between that home and me ;
 The moon may thrice be born and die,
 Ere even your seal can reach mine eye ;
 And oh ! even then, that darling seal
 (Upon whose print I used to feel
 The breath of home, the cordial air
 Of loved lips, still freshly there !)
 Must come, alas ! through every fate
 Of time and distance, cold and late,
 When the dear hand whose touches filled
 The leaf with sweetness may be chilled !
 But hence that gloomy thought ! At last,
 Belovèd Kate ! the waves are passed :
 I tread on earth securely now,
 And the green cedar's living bough
 Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
 Than could a Claude's divinest dyes !
 At length I touch the happy sphere
 To Liberty and Virtue dear,
 Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
 His rank within the social frame,
 Sees a grand system round him roll,
 Himself its centre, sun, and soul !
 Far from the shocks of Europe ; far
 From every wild, elliptic star
 That, shooting with a devious fire,
 Kindled by Heaven's avenging ire,
 So oft hath into chaos hurled
 The systems of the ancient world !

The warrior here, in arms no more
 Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
 And glorying in the rights they won
 For hearth and altar, sire and son,
 Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
 His sleeping sword's remembered pride
 While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
 Walks o'er the free unlorded soil,
 Effacing with her splendid share
 The drops that War had sprinkled there !
 Thrice happy land ! where he who flies
 From the dark ills of other skies,
 From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
 May shelter him in proud repose !
 Hope sings along the yellow sand
 His welcome to a patriot land ;
 The mighty wood, with pomp, receiver
 The stranger in its world of leaves.

Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultured field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant Fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,¹
Finds home and friends and country here!

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That long the spell of Fancy's touch
Hath painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty!
Oh! ask me not if truth will seal
The reveries of Fancy's zeal,
If yet my charmed eyes behold
These features of an age of gold—
No—yet, alas! no gleaming trace!²
Never did youth, who loved a face
From portrait's rosy, flattering art,
Recoil with more regret of heart,
To find an owlet eye of gray,
Where painting poured the sapphire's ray,
Than I have felt, indignant felt,
To think the glorious dreams should melt,
Which oft, in boyhood's witching time,
Have wrapt me to this wondrous clime!

But, courage yet, my wavering heart!
Blame not the temple's meanest part,³
Till you have traced the fabric o'er:—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to Freedom's fane,
And, though a sable drop may stain
The vestibule, 'tis impious sin
To doubt there's holiness within!
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you (whose simplest ringlet's fate
Can claim more interest in my soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole)
One word at parting—in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simplest notes I send you here,³
Though rude and wild, would still be dear,
If you but knew the trauce of thought
In which my mind their murmurs caught.

¹ Such romantic works as *The American Farmer's Letters*, and the *Account of Kentucky*, by Inlay, would seduce us into a belief that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world, for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers, too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

² Norfolk, it must be owned, is an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

³ A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this Epistle.

'Twas one of those enchanting dreams,
 That lull me oft, when Music seems
 To pour the soul in sound along,
 And turn its every sigh to song !
 I thought of home, the according lays
 Respired the breath of happier days ;
 Warmly in every rising note
 I felt some dear remembrance float,
 Till, led by Music's fairy chain,
 I wandered back to home again !
 Oh ! love the song, and let it oft
 Live on your lip, in warble soft !
 Say that it tells you, simply well,
 All I have bid its murmurs tell,
 Of memory's glow, of dreams that shed
 The tinge of joy when joy is fled,
 And all the heart's illusive hoard
 Of love renewed and friends restored !
 Now, sweet, adieu—this artless air,
 And a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
 Are all the gifts I yet can boast
 To send you from Columbia's coast ;
 But when the sun, with warmer smile,
 Shall light me to my destined Isle,
 You shall have many a cowslip-bell
 Where Ariel slept, and many a shell
 In which the gentle spirit drew
 From honey flowers the morning dew !

TO CARA,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

CONCEALED within the shady wood
 A mother left her sleeping child.
 And flew to cull her rustic food.
 The fruitage of the forest wild.

 But storms upon her pathway rise,
 The mother roams, astray and weeping,
 Far from the weak appealing cries
 Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

 She hopes, she fears—a light is seen,
 And gentler blows the night-wind's breath ;
 Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
 The baby may be chilled to death !

 Perhaps his little eyes are shaded
 Dim by Death's eternal chill—
 And yet, perhaps, they are not faded ;
 Life and love may light them still.

Thus, when my soul with parting sigh,
Hung on thy hand's bewildering touch,
And, timid, asked that speaking eye,
If parting pained thee half so much :

I thought, and, oh ! forgive the thought,
For who, by eyes like thine inspired,
Could e'er resist the flattering fault
Of fancying what his soul desired ?

Yes—I *did* think, in Cara's mind,
Though yet to Cara's mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
One feeling, which I called my own !

Oh blest ! though but in fancy blest,
How did I ask of pity's care,
To shield and strengthen in thy breast
The nursing I had cradled there.

And, many an hour beguiled by pleasure,
And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure
I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps indifference has not chilled it,
Haply it yet a throb may give—
Yet no—perhaps a doubt has killed it !
Oh, Cara !—*does* the infant live ?

TO CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
We sighed to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us—hours as dear
As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments ! every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one !

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
Which came another year to shed,
The smile we caught from eye to eye
Told us those moments were not fled ;
Oh no !—we felt, some future sun
Should see us still more closely one !

Thus may we ever, side by side,
From happy years to happier glide ;

And still, my Cara, may the sigh
 We give to hours that vanish o'er us,
 Be followed by the smiling eye
 That Hope shall shed on scenes before us !

TO THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
 That you are not a daughter of ether and light,
 Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
 That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms ;
 That, in short, you're a woman ; your lip and your breast,
 As mortal as ever were tasted or pressed !
 But I will not believe them—no, Science ! to you
 I have long bid a last and a careless adieu :
 Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
 And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
 You forget how superior, for mortals below,
 Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they know.
 Oh ! who, that has ever had rapture complete,
 Would ask how we feel it, or why it is sweet ;
 How rays are confused, or how particles fly
 Through the medium refined of a glance or a sigh !
 Is there one, who but once would not rather have known it,
 Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon it ?
 No, no—but for you, my invisible love,
 I will swear you are one of those spirits that rove
 By the bank where at twilight the poet reclines,
 When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
 And the magical fingers of Fancy have hung
 Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue !
 Oh ! whisper him then, 'tis retirement alone
 Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone ;
 Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
 His song to the world let him utter unseen,
 And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
 Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears !
 Sweet spirit of mystery ! how I should love,
 In the wearisome ways I am 'ated to rove,
 To have you for ever invisibly nigh,
 Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh !
 'Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of care,
 I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the air,
 And turn with disgust from the clamorous crew,
 To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.
 Oh ! come and be near me, for ever be mine,
 We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
 As sweet as of old was imagined to dwell
 In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
 And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
 When the heart is weighed down and the eyelid is light,

You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
 Such as angel to angel might whisper above !
 Oh spirit !— and then, could you borrow the tone
 Of that voice, to my ear so bewitchingly known.
 The voice of the one upon earth, who has twined
 With her essence for ever my heart and my mind !
 Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
 An exile and weary and hopeless the while,
 Could you shed for a moment that voice on my ear,
 I will think at that moment my Cara is near,
 That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
 And kisses my eyelid and sighs on my cheek,
 And tells me the night shall go rapidly by,
 For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is nigh !
 Sweet spirit ! if such be your magical power,
 It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour ;
 And let Fortune's realities frown as they will,
 Hope, Fancy, and Cara may smile for me still !

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT WAR.

WHERE is now the smile that lightened
 Every hero's couch of rest ?
 Where is now the hope that brightened
 Honour's eye and Pity's breast ?
 Have we lost the wreath we braided
 For our weary warrior men ?
 Is the faithless olive faded ?
 Must the bay be plucked again ?
 Passing hour of sunny weather,
 Lovely in your light awhile
 Peace and Glory, wed together,
 Wandered through the blessed isle.
 And the eyes of Peace would glisten,
 Dewy as a morning sun,
 When the timid maid would listen
 To the deeds her chief had done.
 Is the hour of dalliance over ?
 Must the maiden's trembling feet
 Waft her from her warlike lover
 To the desert's still retreat ?
 Fare you well ! with sighs we banish
 Nymph so fair and guest so bright ;
 Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
 Leaves behind a soothing light !
 Soothing light ! that long shall sparkle
 O'er your warrior's sanguine way,
 Through the field where horrors darkle
 Shedding Hope's consoling ray !

Long the smile his heart will cherish,
 To its absent idol true,
 While around him myriads perish,
 Glory still will sigh for you !

TO — — —, 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
 The heart devotes to Fancy's power,
 When her soft magic fills the mind
 With friends and joys we've left behind,
 And joys return and friends are near,
 And all are welcomed with a tear !
 In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
 To be remembered oft and well
 By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
 By passion led, by youth beguiled,
 Can proudly still aspire to know
 The feeling soul's divinest glow !
 If thus to live in every part
 Of a lone weary wanderer's heart ;
 If thus to be its sole employ
 Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,
 Believe it, Mary ! oh ! believe
 A tongue that never can deceive,
 When passion doth not first betray
 And tinge the thought upon its way !
 In pleasure's dream or sorrow's hour,
 In crowded hall or lonely bower,
 The business of my life shall be,
 For ever, to remember thee !
 And though that heart be dead to mine,
 Since love is life and wakes not thine,
 I'll take thy image as the form
 Of something I should long to warm,
 Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
 Is not less dear, is lovely still !
 I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
 The bright, cold burthen of my way !
 To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
 My heart shall be its glowing tomb,
 And love shall lend his sweetest care,
 With memory to embalm it there !

S O N G.

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art
 In passion's moment breathed to me ;
 Yet, no—it must not, will not part,
 'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
 And has become too pure for thee !

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
 With all the warmth of truth imprest;
 Yet, no—the fatal kiss may lie,
 Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
 Or bloom to make a rival blest!

Take back the vows that, night and day,
 My heart received, I thought, from thine;
 Yet, no—allow them still to stay,
 They might some other heart betray,
 As sweetly as they've ruined mine!

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK IN VIRGINIA.

'They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.'—*Anon.*

'La Poésie a ses monstres comme la Nature.'—*D'Alembert.*

'THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp
 For a soul so warm and true;
 And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,¹
 Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
 She paddles her white canoe.

'And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
 And her paddle I soon shall hear;
 Long and loving our life shall be,
 And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
 When the footstep of Death is near!

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
 His path was rugged and sore,
 Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
 Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
 And man never trod before!

And when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
 If slumber his eyelids knew,
 He lay where the deadly vine doth weep
 Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
 The flesh with blistering dew!

And near him the she-wolf stirred the brake,
 And the copper-snake breathed in his ear,

¹ The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
 'Oh! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
 And the white canoe of my dear?'

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
 Quick over its surface played—
 'Welcome,' he said, 'my dear-one's light!
 And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
 The name of the death-cold maid!

Till he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark,
 Which carried him off from shore;
 Far he followed the meteor spark,
 The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
 And the boat returned no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp,
 This lover and maid so true
 Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
 To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
 And paddle their white canoe!

EPISTLE III.

TO THE MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF D—LI.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

LADY, where'er you roam, whatever beam
 Of bright creation warms your mimic dream;
 Whether you trace the valley's golden meads,
 Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads;¹
 Enamoured catch the mellow hues that sleep,
 At eve, on Meillerie's immortal steep:
 Or, musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
 Mark the last shadow on the holy shrine,²
 Where, many a night, the soul of Tell complains
 Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
 Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
 Turn from the tablet that creative eye,
 And let its splendour, like the morning ray
 Upon a shepherd's harp, illumine my lay!

Yet, Lady! no—for song so rude as mine,
 Chase not the wonders of your dream divine;
 Still, radiant eye! upon the tablet dwell;
 Still, rosy finger! weave your pictured spell;
 And, while I sing the animated smiles
 Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,

¹ Lady D., I supposed, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.

² The chapel of William Tell, on the Lake of Lucerne.

Oh ! might the song awake some bright design,
 Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
 Proud were my soul to see its humble thought
 On painting's mirror so divinely caught,
 And wondering genius, as he leaned to trace
 The faint conception kindling into grace,
 Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
 And bless the lay that lent a charm to you !

Have you not oft, in nightly vision, strayed
 To the pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
 Which bards of old, with kindly magic, placed
 For happy spirits in the Atlantic waste ?
 There, as eternal gales, with fragrance warm,
 Breathed from Elysium through each shadowy form
 In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
 They charmed their lapse of nightless hours along !
 Nor yet in song that mortal ear may suit,
 For every spirit was itself a lute,
 Where Virtue wakened, with elysian breeze,
 Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies !
 Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
 Floated our bark to this enchanted land,
 These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
 Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone ;
 Not all the charm that ethnic fancy gave
 To blessed harbours o'er the western wave,
 Could wake a dream more soothing or sublime,
 Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime !

The morn was lovely, every wave was still,
 When the first perfume of a cedar-hill
 Sweetly awaked us, and with smiling charms
 The fairy harbour wooed us to its arms.¹
 Gently we stole before the languid wind,
 Through plantain shades that like an awning twined,
 And kissed on either side the wanton sails,
 Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales ;
 While far reflected, o'er the wave serene,
 Each wooded island sheds so soft a green,
 That the enamoured keel, with whispering play,
 Through liquid herbage seemed to steal its way !
 Never did weary bark more sweetly glide,
 Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide !
 Along the margin many a brilliant dome,
 White as the palace of a Lapland gnome,
 Brightened the wave ; in every myrtle grove
 Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,

¹ Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats,

gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into another, form altogether the sweetest miniature of nature that can be imagined.

Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade ;
 And, while the foliage interposing played,
 Wreathing the structure into various grace,
 Fancy would love in many a form to trace
 The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch,¹
 And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
 Lighted me back to all the glorious days
 Of Attic genius ; and I seemed to gaze
 On marble from the rich Pentelic mount,
 Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Sweet airy being !² who, in brighter hours,
 Lived on the perfume of those honeyed bowers,
 In velvet buds, at evening loved to lie,
 And win with music every rose's sigh !
 Though weak the magic of my humble strain
 To charm your spirit from its orb again,
 Yet, oh ! for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
 For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
 Were dimmed or ruffled by a wintry sky,
 Could smooth its feather and relume its dye),
 A moment wander from your starry sphere,
 And if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
 The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
 The sparkling grotto, can delight you still,
 Oh ! take their fairest tint, their softest light,
 Weave all their beauty into dreams of night,
 And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
 Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes ;
 Borrow for sleep her own creative spells,
 And brightly show what song but faintly tells !

THE GENIUS OF HARMONY.

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam canere mundum.—Cicero, De Nat. Deor. lib. 3.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves
 In many a hollow winding wreathed,
 Such as of old
 Echoed the breath that warbling sea maids breathed ;

¹ This is an allusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples, and fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns which the pencil of Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks,

which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I never could turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

² Ariel. Among the many charms which Bermuda, 'the still vexed Bermoothes,' has for a poetic eye, we cannot for an instant forget that it is the scene of Shakspeare's *Tempest*, and that here he conjured up the 'delicate Ariel.'

This magic shell
 From the white bosom of a syren fell,
 As once she wandered by the tide that laves
 Sicilia's sand of gold.
 It bears
 Upon its shining side, the mystic notes
 Of those entrancing airs¹
 The Genii of the deep were wont to swell,
 When Heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music rolled !
 Oh ! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats ;
 And, if the power
 Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,
 Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,
 And I will fold thee in such downy dreams,
 As lap the spirit of the seventh sphere,
 When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear !²
 And thou shalt own,
 That, through the circle of creation's zone,
 Where matter darkles or where spirit beams ;
 From the pellucid tides,³ that whirl
 The planets through their maze of song,
 To the small rill, that weeps along
 Murmuring o'er beds of pearl ;
 From the rich sigh
 Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky,⁴
 To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
 On Afric's burning fields ;⁵
 Oh ! thou shalt own this universe divine
 Is mine !
 That I respire in all and all in me,
 One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony !

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell !
 Many a star has ceased to burn,⁶
 Many a tear has Saturn's urn

¹ In the *Histoire naturelle des Antilles* there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curaçoa, on the back of which were lines filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect, that, the writer assures us, a very charming trio was sung from one of them.

² According to Cicero, and his commentator Macrobius, the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord.

Leone Hebreo, pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal love. This 'reciproco amore' of Leone is the *φιλότης* of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his *Love and Hate of the Elements*, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion.

³ Leucippus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras and possibly suggested to Descartes.

⁴ Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer,

conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

⁵ In the account of Africa which d'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches when shaken by the hand produce very sweet sounds. [The 'singing tree' of the Arabian Nights. It is found in India. The musical sounds proceed from two half shells like an opened walnut, which, struck by the air, sound like castanets.]

⁶ Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance, of some of those fixed stars which we are taught to consider as suns, attended each by its system. Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.

O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept,
 Since thy aerial spell
 Hath in the waters slept !
 I fly,
 "With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
 Where she, who waked its early swell,
 The syren, with a foot of fire,
 Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre,
 Or guides around the burning pole
 The winged chariot of some blissful soul !
 While thou !
 Oh, son of earth ! what dreams shall rise for thee :
 Beneath Hispania's sun,
 Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
 Which I have warmed with dews of melody ;
 Listen !—when the night wind dies
 Down the still current, like a harp it sighs !
 A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
 An airy plectrum every breeze that blows !
 There, by that wondrous stream,
 Go, lay thy languid brow,
 And I will send thee such a god-like dream,
 Such—mortal ! mortal ! hast thou heard of him,¹
 Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre,²
 Sate on the chill Pangean mount,³
 And, looking to the orient dim,
 Watched the first flowing of that sacred fount,
 From which his soul had drunk its fire !
 Oh ! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
 Stole o'er his musing breast !
 What pious ecstasy⁴
 Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
 Whose seal upon this world imprest⁵
 The various forms of bright divinity !
 Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
 'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower,⁶
 Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber ?

¹ Orpheus.

² They call his lyre *αρχαιοτροπον ἐπταχορδον* Orpheus. See a curious work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled *Hebdomades, sive septem de septenario libri*, lib. 4, cap. 3, p. 177.

³ Eratosthenes, telling the extreme veneration of Orpheus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pangean mountain at daybreak, and there wait the rising of the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams.

⁴ There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. As those which Justin Martyr has produced :

Οὗτος μὲν χαλκεῖον ἐς οὐρανὸν ἐστῆρικται
 Κρῆσται ἐνὶ θρόνῳ, κ.τ.λ.

Ad. Græc. cohortat.

It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the fabrications which were frequent in the early times of Christianity. Still it appears doubtful to whom we should impute them ; they are too pious for the Pagans, and too poetical for the Fathers.

⁵ In one of the hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

⁶ Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mysteries of his philosophy. *Jamblich, de Vit.* This, as Holstenius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.

When, free
 From every earthly chain,
 From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
 His spirit flew through fields above,
 Drank at the source of Nature's fountal number,¹
 And saw, in mystic choir, around him move,
 The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy !
 Such dreams, so heavenly bright,
 I swear
 By the great diadem that twines my hair,
 And by the seven gems that sparkle there.²
 Mingling their beams
 In a soft Iris of harmonious light,
 Oh, mortal ! such shall be thy radiant dreams !

EPISTLE IV.

TO GEORGE MORGAN ESQ.,
 OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.³

From Bermuda, January 1864.

ΚΕΙΝΗ Δ' ΗΝΕΜΟΕΣΣΑ ΚΑΙ ΑΤΡΟΠΟΣ,
 Ο'ΙΑ Θ' ΑΔΙΑΜΑΙΞ, ΑΙΘΥΙΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΜΑΛΛΟΝ
 ΕΥΠΑΡΜΟΣ ΗΕΙΕΡ, ΊΠΠΟΙΣ, ΠΟΝΤΟ
 ΕΝΕΣΤΗΡΙΚΤΑΙ.

Callimach. Hymn. in Del. v. 11.

OH, what a tempest whirled us hither !
 Winds, whose savage breath could
 wither
 All the light and languid flowers
 That bloom in Epicurus' bowers !
 Yet think not, George, that Fancy's
 charm
 Forsook me in this rude alarm.

¹ The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called *παραν αεραυ φυσικως* 'the fountain of perennial nature.' Lucian has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very finely in his *Sale of Philosophers*.

² This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours. We find in Plutarch a vague intimation of this kindred harmony in colours and sounds. *Οφει τε και ακου, μετα φωνης τε και φωτος την αρμονιαν επιφανουσιν.*—*De Musica*.

Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music to Boetius: 'Ut diadema oculis, varia luce gemmarum, sic cythara diversitate soni, blanditur auditui.' This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter. Lib. 2. *Variar*.

³ This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of

When close they reefed the timid sail,
 When, every plank complaining loud,
 We laboured in the midnight gale,
 And even our haughty main-mast
 bowed !
 The muse, in that unlovely hour,
 Benignly brought her soothing power,
 And, 'midst the war of waves and
 wind,
 In songs elysian lapped my mind !
 She opened, with her golden key,
 The casket where my memory lays
 Those little gems of poesy,
 Which time has saved from ancient
 days !
 Take one of these, to Lais sung,
 I wrote it while my hammock swung,
 As one might write a dissertation
 Upon 'suspended animation !'

a much higher sphere ; but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm from the welcome of such a board, and with the taste of such Madeira still upon his lips—'ool dolce in bocca'—could sit down to write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a modern philosopher. See the *Travels* of the Duke de la Rochefoucault Liancourt, vol. ii.

⁴ We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The

SWEETLY¹ you kiss, my Lais dear !
 But, while you kiss, I feel a tear,
 Bitter as those when lovers part,
 In mystery from your eyelid start !
 Sadly you lean your head to mine,
 And round my neck in silence twine,
 Your hair along my bosom spread,
 All humid with the tears you shed !
 Have I not kissed those lids of snow ?
 Yet still, my love, like founts they
 flow,
 Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they
 meet—
 Why is it thus ? do tell me, sweet !
 Ah, Lais ! are my bodings right ?
 Am I to lose you ? is to-night
 Our last—go, false to Heaven and me !
 Your very tears are treachery.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,
 Such was the strain, Morgante mio !
 The muse and I together sung,
 With Boreas to make out the trio.
 But, bless the little fairy isle !
 How sweetly, after all our ills,
 We saw the dewy morning smile
 Serenely o'er its fragrant hills !
 And felt the pure elastic flow
 Of airs, that round this Eden blow
 With honey freshness, caught by
 stealth
 Warm from the very lips of health ?

Driver sloop of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda of cedar, and is accounted an excellent sea-boat. She was then commanded by my very regretted friend Captain Compton, who in July last was killed aboard the *Lily*, in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton ! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the *Lily* to remain in the service ; so small, crank, and unmanageable, that a well-manned merchantman was at any time a match for her.

¹ This epigram is by Paulus Silentiarius, and may be found in the *Analecta* of Brunck, vol. iii. p. 72. But as the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heinsius, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his *Poemata*.

Ἦν μιν ἐστὶ φίλημα το Λαίδος ἥδ' οὐδ' αὐτῶν
 Ἡποδιστῶν δακρυ χεῖς βλεφαρῶν,
 Καὶ πολὺ κίχλινοντα σοβεῖς εὐβοστρυχὸν ἀγλήν
 Ἡμετέρα κεφαλὴν θῆρον εἰρεσιζομένην.

Oh ! could you view the scenery dear,
 That now beneath my window lies,
 You'd think that Nature lavished here
 Her purest wave, her softest skies,
 To make a heaven for Love to sigh in,
 For bards to live and saints to die in !
 Close to my wooded bank below,
 In glassy calm the waters sleep,
 And to the sunbeam proudly show
 The coral rocks they love to steep !
 The fainting breeze of morning fails,
 The drowsy boat moves slowly past,
 And I can almost touch its sails
 That languish idly round the mast.
 The sun has now profusely given
 The flashes of a noontide heaven,
 And, as the wave reflects his beams,
 Another heaven its surface seems !
 Blue light and clouds of silvery tears
 So pictured o'er the waters lie,
 That every languid bark appears
 To float along a burning sky !
 Oh ! for the boat the angel gave²
 To him, who in his heavenward flight,
 Sailed, o'er the Sun's ethereal wave,
 To planet-isles of odorous light !
 Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
 Within thy orb's ambrosial round !³
 There spring the breezes, rich and
 warm,
 That pant around thy twilight car
 There angels dwell, so pure of form,
 That each appears a living star !

Μυρομένην δ' ἐφίλησ' αὖτ' ὡς δροσέρης ἀπὸ πηγῆς,
 Δακρυὰ μινυμένῳ πίπτε κατὰ στομάτων·
 Εἶπε δ' ἀνεφρομένη, τινὸς οὐνεκα δακρυὰ λείβεις ;
 Δείδια μὴ με λήψης ἔσται γὰρ οἱ ῥοκαπαταί.

² The water is so clear around the island, that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth ; and as we entered the harbour, they appeared to us so near the surface, that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no necessity, of course, for heaving the lead ; and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation with a skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest sailors.

³ In Kircher's *Ecstatic Journey to Heaven*, Cosmiel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus a boat of asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. 'Vides (says Cosmiel) hanc asbestosnavi naviculam commoditati tuæ preparatam.'—*Itinerar.* i. dial. i. cap. 5. There are some very strange fancies in this work of Kircher.

⁴ When the genius of the world and his fellow-

These are the sprites, oh radiant queen !
 Thou send'st so often to the bed
 Of her I love, with spell unseen,
 Thy planet's brightening balm to shed ;
 To make the eye's enchantment clearer ;
 To give the cheek one rosebud more,
 And bid that flushing lip be dearer,
 Which had been, oh ! too dear before !

But, whither means the muse to roam ?
 'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
 Who could have ever thought to search
 her
 Up in the clouds with Father Kircher ?
 So, health and love to all your mansion !
 Long may the bowl that pleasures
 bloom in,
 The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
 Mirth, and song, your board illumine !
 Fare you well—remember too,
 When cups are flowing to the brim,
 That here is one who drinks to you,
 And, oh ! as warmly drink to him.

THE RING.

TO —, 1801.

No—lady ! lady ! keep the ring ;
 Oh ! think how many a future year,
 Of placid smile and downy wing,
 May sleep within its holy sphere !

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
 Though love hath ne'er the mystery
 warmed,
 Yet Heaven will shed a soothing beam,
 To bless the bond itself hath formed.

But then, that eye, that burning eye !
 Oh ! it doth ask, with magic power,
 If Heaven can ever bless the tie
 Where Love inwreaths no genial
 flower !

traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth ; such being, according to astrologers, the 'vis influxiva' of Venus. When they are in this part

Away, away, bewildering look !
 Or all the boast of Virtue's o'er ;
 Go—hie thee to the sage's book,
 And learn from him to feel no more !

I cannot warn thee ! every touch,
 That brings my pulses close to thine,
 Tells me I want thy aid as much,
 Oh ! quite as much, as thou dost
 mine !

Yet stay, dear love—one effort yet—
 A moment turn those eyes away,
 And let me, if I can, forget
 The light that leads my soul astray !

Thou say'st that we were born to meet,
 That our hearts bear one common
 seal,—
 Oh, lady ! think, how man's deceit
 Can seem to sigh and feign to feel !

When o'er thy face some gleam of
 thought,
 Like day-beams through the morning
 air,
 Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
 The feeling ere it kindled there :

The sympathy I then betrayed,
 Perhaps was but the child of art ;
 The guile of one who long hath played
 With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh ! thou hast not my virgin vow !
 Though few the years I yet have told,
 Canst thou believe I lived till now,
 With loveless heart or senses cold ?

No—many a throb of bliss and pain,
 For many a maid, my soul hath
 proved ;
 With some I wantoned wild and vain,
 While some I truly, dearly loved !

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
 To theirs hath been as fondly laid ;
 The words to thee I warmly say,
 To them have been as warmly said.

of the heavens, a casuistical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks 'Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?'—'An aquis globi Veneris baptismus institui possit?'—to which the genius answers, 'Certainly.'

Then scorn at once a languid heart,
Which long hath lost its early spring;
Think of the pure bright soul thou art,
And—keep the ring, oh! keep the
ring.

Enough—now, turn thine eyes again;
What, still that look and still that
sigh!

Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
Oh! no, beloved!—nor do I.

While thus to mine thy bosom lies,
While thus our breaths commingling
glow,

'Twere more than woman to be wise,
'Twere more than man to wish thee
so!

Did we not love so true, so dear,
This lapse could never be forgiven;
But hearts so fond and lips so near—
Give me the ring, and now—oh
heaven!

TO —,

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL
AND A RICH GIRDLE.

ΜΑΡΤΑΠΑΙΤΑΙ ΔΗΑΟΥΣΙ ΔΑΚΡΥΩΝ ΠΟΟΝ.
Ap. Nicophor. in Onirocritico.

Put off the vestal veil, nor, oh!
Let weeping angels view it;
Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,
And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;
The lucid pearls around it
Are tears that fell from Virtue there
The hour that love unbound it.

THE RESEMBLANCE.

..... vo cercand' io
Donna, quant' è possibile, in altrui
La desolata vostra forma vera.

Petrarc. Sonett 14.

Yes, if 'twere any common love
That led my pliant heart astray,
I grant, there's not a power above
Could wipe the faithless crime away!

But, 'twas my doom to err with one
In every look so like to thee,
That, oh! beneath the blessed sun,
So fair there are but thou and she!

Whate'er may be her angel birth,
She was thy lovely perfect twin,
And wore the only shape on earth
That could have charmed my soul to
sin!

Your eyes!—the eyes of languid doves
—Were never half so like each other!
The glances of the baby loves
Resemble less their warm-eyed
mother!

Her lip!—oh, call me not false-hearted,
When such a lip I fondly pressed;
'Twas Love some melting cherry parted,
Gave thee one half and her the rest!

And when, with all thy murmuring
tone
They sued, half open, to be kissed,
I could as soon resist thine own—
And them, Heaven knows! I ne'er
resist.

Then, scorn me not, though false I be,
'Twas love that waked the dear ex-
cess;
My heart had been more true to thee,
Had mine eye prized thy beauty less!

TO —.

When I loved you, I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it!

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And, oh! 'tis delicious to hate you!

FROM THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
And speak my Heliodora's name;
Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
And let the sound my lips adore,

Sweeten the breeze, and mingling swim
On every bowl's voluptuous brim!

Give me the wreath that withers there,
It was but last delicious night
It hung upon her wavy hair,
And caught her eyes' reflected light!
Oh! haste, and twine it round my
brow;
It breaths of Heliodora now!

The loving rose-bud drops a tear,
To see the nymph no longer here,
No longer, where she used to lie,
Close to my heart's devoted sigh!

LINES.

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
Of her he loves—
The swell of yonder foaming billow,
Resembles not the happy sigh
That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil now
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
In this dark hour,
Than when, in transport's young emo-
tion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
To Julia's bower.

Oh! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
To rapture's thrill;
'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still!

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh.
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sor-
row
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep!

• Well!—there are some, thou stormy
bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a trea-
sure:

Oh! most to him,
Whose lip hath drained life's cup of
pleasure,
Nor left one honey-drop to shed
Round misery's brim.

Yes—*he* can smile serene at death:
Kind Heaven! do thou but chase the
weeping

Of friends who love him;
'Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping,
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

ODES TO NEA.

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA TYPANNEL.

Euripid. Medea, v. 967.

NAY, tempt me not to love again:
There was a time when love was
sweet;
Dear Nea! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet!
But, oh! this weary heart hath run
So many a time the rounds of pain,
Not even for thee—thou lovely one!
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes where never yet
The print of Beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless
nights

Unfevered by her false delights—
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, their
pain,

Or fetter me to earth again!
Dear absent girl! whose eyes of light,
Though little prized when all my
own,

Now float before me, soft and bright
As when they first enamouring shone;
How many hours of idle waste,
Within those witching arms embraced,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
Have I dissolved life's dream away!
O bloom of time profusely shed!
O moments! simply, vainly fled,

Yet sweetly too—for love perfumed
The flame which thus my life consumed ;

And brilliant was the chain of flowers
In which he led my victim hours !

Say, Nea dear ! couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
My thoughtless soul might wish to wander—

Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,

Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till all my heart should burn with shame,

And be thy own more fixed than ever ?

No, no—on earth there's only one
Could bind such faithless folly fast :
And sure on earth 'tis I alone
Could make such virtue false at last !

Nea ! the heart which she forsook,
For thee were but a worthless shrine—

Go, lovely girl, that angel look
Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.

Oh ! thou shalt be all else to me,
That heart can feel or tongue can feign ;

I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
But must not, dare not, love again.

... Tale iter omne cave.

Propert. lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless strayed ;
'Twas not for us, whom Heaven intends

To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little bay where, winding in
From Ocean's rude and angry din
(As lovers steal to bliss),
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow calmly to the deep again,
As though they did not kiss !

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,

Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That e'er was spread for guilt or love,
No eye but Nature's o'er us !

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All that we wished and thought ;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,

'Twas more than virtue ought to feel,
But all that passion ought !

I stooped to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
Before us faintly gleamed ;
I raised it to your lips of dew,
You kissed the shell, I kissed it too—
Good Heaven ! how sweet it seemed !

Oh ! trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er temptation's power
Could tangle me or you in !
Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks will be our ruin !

You read it in my languid eyes,
And there alone should love be read ;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more ; I will not speak ;
Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still !

Heard you the wish I dared to name
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight ?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seemed to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that beamy glance,
As if to light your steps along !

Oh ! how could others dare to touch
That hallowed form with hand so free,

When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but Heaven and me !

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they
threw,

My trembling hands you lightly
caught,

And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, I wildly turned,
My soul forgot—nor, oh ! condemn,
That when such eyes before me burned,
My soul forgot all eyes but them !

I dared to speak in sob's of bliss,
Rapture of every thought bereft me,
I would have clasped you—oh, even
this !—

But, with a bound, you blushing
left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence ;
Forgive it, if, alas ! you can ;
'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and
sense—

'Twas all the best and worst of man !

That moment did the mingled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness
view,

I should have seen, through earth and
skies,

But you alone, but only you !

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none ;
I should have—oh, my only love !

My life ! what should I *not* have
done ? *

A DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turned the classic page,
And traced that happy period over,
When love could warm the proudest
sage,

And wisdom grace the tenderest
lover !

Before I laid me down to sleep,
Upon the bank awhile I stood,

And saw the vernal planet weep
Her tears of light on Ariel's flood.

My heart was full of Fancy's dream,
And as I watched the playful stream,
Entangling in its net of smiles

So fair a group of elfin isles,
I felt as if the scenery there

Were lighted by a Grecian sky—
As if I breathed the blissful air

That yet was warm with Sappho's
sigh !

And now the downy hand of rest
Her signet on my eyes imprest,
And still the bright and balmy spell,
Like star-dew, o'er my fancy fell !

I thought that, all enapt, I strayed
Through that serene luxurious shade,¹
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish Virtue's native brightness,
Just as the beak of playful doves
Can give to pearls a smoother white-
ness !²

'Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,
When day withdraws but half its
lights,

And all is moonshine, balm, and
peace !

And thou wert there, my own beloved !
And dearly by thy side I roved

Through many a temple's reverend
gloom,

And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where beauty blushed and wisdom
taught,

Where lovers sighed and sages thought,
Where hearts might feel or heads dis-
cern,

And all was formed to soothe or
move,

To make the dullest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love !

And now the fairy pathway seemed
To lead us through enchanted
ground,

¹ Gassendi thinks that the gardens which Pausanias mentions in his first book were those of Epicurus; and Stuart says, in his *Antiquities of Athens*: 'Near this convent (the convent of Hagios Asomatou) is the place called at present Kepoi, or the Gardens; and Ampelos Kepos, or

the Vineyard Garden: these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited.'—Chap. ii. vol. i.

² This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, *de Rerum Varietat.* lib. vii. cap. 34.

Where all that bard has ever dreamed
Of love or luxury bloomed around !
Oh ! 'twas a bright bewildering scene—
Along the alley's deepening green,
Soft lamps, that hung like burning
flowers,

And scented and illumed the bowers,
Seemed, as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,
Appear the countless birds of light
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way !
'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
Through which the soul is doomed
to roam

When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home !
And, Nea, thou didst look and rove,
Like any blooming soul of bliss,
That wanders to its home above
Through mild and shadowy light
like this !

But now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous
glory

Than ever lived in Teian song,
Or wanted in Milesian story !¹
And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
Seemed almost to exhale in sighs ;
Whose every little ringlet thrilled,
As if with soul and passion filled !
Some flew, with amber cups, around,
Shedding the flowery wines of Crete,²
And, as they passed with youthful
bound,
The onyx shone beneath their feet !³

¹ The Milesiads, or Milesian fables, had their origin in Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See Plutarch (in Crasso), who calls them *ακολαστα βιβλία*.

² 'Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenæus calls *οἶνος ἀρωματίας*, from their fragrance resembling that of the finest flowers.'—*Barry on Wines*, chap. vii.

³ It appears that, in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial: 'Calcatusque tuo sub pede lucet onyx.'—*Epig.* 50, lib. xii.

⁴ Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity. *Οἱ ἐπικαρπιοὶ σφύρις καὶ αἱ χροναὶ πεδαὶ θαυδὸς καὶ Ἀρισταγόρας καὶ Δαιδὸς φαρμακία*.—Philostrat. *epis.* xi. Lucian, too, tells of the *βραχιόιοι δρακόντες*.

While others, waving arms of snow
Entwined by snakes of burnished
gold,⁴

And showing limbs, as loth to show,
Through many a thin Tarentian fold,
Glided along the festal ring
With vases, all respiring spring,
Where roses lay, in languor breathing
And the young bee-grape, round them
wreathing,
Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek !

Oh, Nea ! why did morning break
The spell that so divinely bound me ?
Why did I wake ? how could I wake,
With thee my own and Heaven
around me !

WELL—peace to thy heart, though
another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it
bloom not for me !

To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon
groves,
Where nightly the ghost of the Caribbee
roves,
And, far from thine eye, oh ! perhaps
I may yet
Its seduction forgive and its splendour
forget !
Farewell to Bermuda,⁵ and long may
the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys
perfume ;

See his *Anores*, where he describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady, and we find the 'silver vase,' the rouge, the tooth-powder, and all the 'mystic order of a modern toilet.'

⁵ The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written *Bermooda*. See the commentators on the words 'still-veged Bermoodoes,' in the *Tempest*.—I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen, that possibly the discoverer of this 'island of hogs and devils' might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who about the same period (the beginning of the sixteenth century) was sent Patriarch of the Latin Church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered.—*Travels of the Jesuits*, vol. i. I am afraid, however, it would take the Patriarch rather too much out of his way.

Mayspring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller¹
has strayed !
And thou—when, at dawn, thou shalt
happen to roam
Through the lime-covered alley that
leads to thy home,
Where oft, when the dance and the
revel were done,
And the stars were beginning to fade
in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told
by the way
What my heart all the night had been
burning to say—
Oh ! think of the past—give a sigh to
those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of
limes !

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground !
If I were yonder conch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it placed,
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embraced !

If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming
there,
I would not yield a breath of thee,
To scent the most imploring air !

Oh ! bend not o'er the water's brink
Give not the wave that rosy sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
Upon the billows pour their beam
So warmly, that my soul could seek
Its Nea in the painted stream.

The painted stream my chilly grave
And nuptial bed at once may be ;
I'll wed thee in that mimic wave,
And die upon the shade of thee !

Behold the leafy mangrove bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light !

Oh, my beloved ! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes ;
In every star thy glances burn,
Thy blush on every floweret lies.

But then thy breath !—not all the fire
That lights the lone Semenda's death
In eastern climes, could e'er inspire
An odour like thy dulcet breath !

I pray thee, on those lips of thine
To wear this rosy leaf for me,
And breathe of something not divine,
Since nothing human breathes of thee !

All other charms of thine I meet
In nature, but thy sigh alone ;
Then take, oh ! take, though not so
sweet,
The breath of roses for thine own !

So while I walk the flowery grove,
The bud that gives, through morning
dew,
The lustre of the lips I love,
May seem to give their perfume too !

THE SNOW SPIRIT.

Tu potes insolitas, Cynthia, ferre nives.
Propert. lib. i. eleg. 8.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element
steep
An island of lovelier charms ;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the
deep,
Like Hebe in Hercules' arms !
The tint of your bowers is balm to the
eye,
Their melody balm to the ear ;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
And the Snow Spirit never comes
here !

The down from his wing is as white as
the pearl
Thy lips for their cabinet stole,

* ¹ Johnson does not think that Waller was
ever at Bermuda; but the *Account of the Euro-
pean Settlements in America* affirms it confidently
(vol. II). I mention this work, however, less for

its authority than for the pleasure I feel in
quoting an unacknowledged production of the
great Edmund Burke.

And it falls on the green earth as melting,
ing, my girl,

As a murmur of thine on the soul !

Oh ! fly to the clime, where he pillows
the death,

As he cradles the birth of the year ;

Bright are your bowers and balmy
their breath,

But the Snow Spirit cannot come
here !

How sweet to behold him when, borne
on the gale,

And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a
veil

O'er the brow of each virginal thorn !

Yet think not the veil he so chillingly
casts

Is the veil of a vestal severe ;

No, no—thou wilt see what a moment
it lasts,

Should the Snow Spirit ever come
here !

But fly to his region—lay open thy
zone,

And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his
own,

Should not melt in the day beam
like him !

Oh ! lovely the print of those delicate
feet

O'er his luminous path will appear—

Fly ! my beloved ! this island is sweet,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come
here !

Ενταυθα δε καθυμνισται ἡμῖν. καὶ ὁ, τι μὲν νομο-
τῇ νῆσῳ οὐκ οἶδα· χρυσὴ δ' αὖ πρὸς γὰρ ἐμὸν
νομοῦσιντο.—*Philostrot. Icon.* 17, lib. 2.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
While many a bending sea-grape¹
drank

The sprinkle of the feathery oar
That winged me round this fairy shore !

'Twas noon ; and every orange bud
Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
Faint as the lids of maiden eyes
Beneath a lover's burning sighs !

¹ The sea-side or mangrove grape, a native of
the West Indies.

Oh for a Naiad's sparry bower,
To shade me in that glowing hour !

A little dove, of milky hue,
Before me from a plantain flew,
And, light along the water's brim,
I steered my gentle bark by him ;
For Fancy told me Love had sent
This snowy bird of blandishment,
To lead me, where my soul should
meet—

I knew not what, but something sweet !

Blest be the little pilot dove !
He had indeed been sent by Love,
To guide me to a scene so dear
As Fate allows but seldom here :
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
Which, like the aloe's lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span !

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made.
My bird reposed his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.
Oh, vision bright ! oh, spirit fair !
What spell, what magic raised her there !
'Twas Nea ! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child
Whose spirit in Elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath while he sleeps !

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil
grace ;

One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
It glanced around a fiery kiss.
All trembling, as it went, with bliss !

Her eyelid's black and silken fringe
Lay on her cheek, of vernil tinge,
Like the first ebony cloud that closes
Dark on Evening's Heaven of roses !
Her glances, though in slumber hid,
Seemed glowing through their ivory
lid ;

And o'er her lip's reflecting dew
A soft and liquid lustre threw,
Such as, declining dim and faint,
The lamp of some beloved saint

Doth shed upon a flowery wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever witchery half so sweet !
Think, think how all my pulses beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole—
Oh ! you that know the lover's soul,
It is for you to dream the bliss,
The tremblings of an hour like this.

I FOUND her not—the chamber seemed
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beamed,
And left behind their odorous trace !

It felt as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there !

I saw the web, which, all the day,
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose,
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose !

And I could trace the hallowed print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm
As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,
And Love himself had stamped the
form !

Oh, Nea ! Nea ! where wert thou ?
In pity fly not thus from me ;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee !

A KISS A L'ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold ;
'Tis hallowed by the touch of them
Who lived in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem displayed,

Nor thought that time's eternal lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid !

Look, darling, what a sweet design !
The more we gaze, it charms the
more !
Come,—closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
By some enamoured nymph em-
braced—
Look, Nea, love ! and say, in sooth,
Is not her hand most dearly placed ?

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie,¹
Yet presses gently, half inclined
To bring his lip of nectar nigh !

Oh happy maid ! too happy boy !
The one so fond and faintly loth,
The other yielding slow to joy—
Oh, rare indeed, but blissful both !

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling ;
Imagine too that thou art she,
But quite as cold as she is willing :

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are
twined,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathed hair behind :

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move ;
And thus our lips together meet,
And—thus I kiss thee—oh, my love !

... λιβανοῦ εἰκασεν, ὅτι ἀπολλυμένων ευφροσύναι.
Aristot. Ehetor. lib. iii. cap. 4.

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine,
My soul hath e'er forgot ;
Thou ne'er hast hid a ringlet shine,
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine,
Which I remember not !

¹ Somewhat like the symplegma of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of Psyche's hand is finely expressive of affection. See the *Museum Florentinum*, tom. ii. tab. 43.

44. I know of very few subjects in which poetry could be more interestingly employed, than in illustrating some of the ancient statues and gems.

There never yet a murmur fell
 From that beguiling tongue,
 Which did not, with a lingering spell,
 Upon my charmed senses dwell,
 Like something Heaven had sung !
 Ah ! that I could at once forget
 All, all that haunts me so—
 And yet, thou witching girl !—and yet,

To die were sweeter, than to let
 The loved remembrance go !

No, if this slighted heart must see
 Its faithful pulse decay,
 Oh ! let it die, remembering thee,
 And, like the burnt aroma, be
 Consumed in sweets away !

EPISTLE V.

TO JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.¹

March.

'THE daylight is gone—but, before we depart,
 One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
 To the kindest, the dearest—oh ! judge by the tear,
 That I shed while I name him, how kind and how dear !'

'Twas thus, by the shade of a calabash-tree,
 With a few who could feel and remember like me,
 The charm, that to sweeten my goblet I throw,
 Was a tear to the past and a blessing on you !

¹ Pinkerton has said that 'a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library;' but there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so indolent, and their trade so limited, that there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance; and, with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are so common in the West Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist who has written any account of those islands.

It is often asserted by the transatlantic politicians, that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother-country than it receives; and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not belong insensible if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War, 'with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world.' And there is no doubt it lies so fairly in the track to the West Indies, that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harassing impediment.

The plan of Biehle, Berkeley for a college at Bermuda, where American savages might be converted and educated, though concurred in by

the Government of the day, was a wild and useless speculation. Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the island some years since, proposed, if I mistake not, the establishment of a marine academy for the instruction of those children of West Indians who might be intended for any nautical employment. This was a more rational idea, and for something of this nature the island is admirably calculated. But the plan should be much more extensive, and embrace a general system of education, which would entirely remove the alternative in which the colonists are involved at present, of either sending their sons to England for instruction, or entrusting them to colleges in the States of America, where ideas by no means favourable to Great Britain are very sedulously inculcated.

The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their look and manner, which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *aimante* seems very much the character of the young Bermudian girls—that predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilised; and the old philosopher, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into mules, and women into turtles, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda.

Oh ! say, do you thus, in the luminous hour
 Of wine and of wit, when the heart is in flower
 And shoots from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
 In blossoms of thought ever springing and new !
 Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
 Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him,
 Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
 And would pine in Elysium, if friends were not there ?

Last night, when we came from the calabash-tree,
 When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free.
 The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
 Put the magical springs of my fancy in play,
 And oh !—such a vision as haunted me then
 I could slumber for ages to witness again !
 The many I like, and the few I adore,
 The friends, who were dear and beloved before,
 But never till now so beloved and dear,
 At the call of my fancy surrounded me here !
 Soon, soon did the flattering spell of their smile
 To a paradise brighten the blest little isle ;
 Surer the wave, as they looked on it, flowed,
 And warmer the rose, as they gathered it, glowed !
 Not the valleys Heraean (though watered by rills
 Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills,¹
 Where the song of the shepherd, primeval and wild,
 Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child)
 Could display such a bloom of delight, as was given
 By the magic of love to this miniature Heaven !

Oh, magic of love ! unembellished by you,
 Has the garden a blush or the herbage a hue ?
 Or blooms there a prospect in nature or art,
 Like the vista that shines through the eye to the heart ?

Alas ! that a vision so happy should fade !
 That, when morning around me in brilliancy played,
 The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
 Should still be before me, unfadingly bright ;
 While the friends, who had seemed to hang over the stream,
 And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream !

But see, through the harbour, in floating array,
 The bark that must carry these pages away²
 Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
 And will soon leave the bowers of Ariel behind !
 What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
 Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love !
 Yet pleasant the swell of those billows would be,
 And the sound of those gales would be music to me !

¹ Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs.

² A ship, ready to sail for England.

Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
 Not the silvery lapse of the summer-eve dew,
 Were as sweet as the breeze, or as bright as the foam
 Of the wave that would carry your wanderer home !

LOVE AND REASON.

Quand l'homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

'Twas in the summer-time so sweet,
 When hearts and flowers are both in season,
 That—who, of all the world, should meet,
 One early dawn, but Love and Reason !

Love told his dream of yesternight,
 While Reason talked about the weather ;
 The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
 And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
 While Reason like a Juno stalked,
 And from her portly figure threw
 A lengthened shadow as she walked.

No wonder Love, as on they passed,
 Should find the sunny morning chill,
 For still the shadow Reason cast
 Fell on the boy, and cooled him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
 Or find a pathway not so dim,
 For still the maid's gigantic form
 Would pass between the sun and him !

'This must not be,' said little Love —
 'The sun was made for more than you.'
 So, turning through a myrtle grove,
 He bid the portly nymph adieu !

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
 O'er many a mead, by many a stream ;
 In every breeze inhaling joy,
 And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
 He culled the many sweets they shaded,
 And ate the fruits and smelt the flowers,
 Till taste was gone and odour faded !

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
 Looked blazing o'er the parched plains ;
 Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,
 And fever thrilled through all his veins !

The dew forsook his baby brow,
 No more with vivid bloom he smiled—
 Oh ! where was tranquil Reason now,
 To cast her shadow o'er the child ?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
 His foot at length for shelter turning,
 He saw the nymph reclining calm,
 With brow as cool as his was burning !

'Oh ! take me to that bosom cold,'
 In murmurs at her feet he said ;
 And Reason oped her garment's fold,
 And flung it round his fevered head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
 And soon it lulled his pulse to rest ;
 For, ah ! the chill was quite too much,
 And Love expired on Reason's breast !

TO FANNY.

NAY, do not weep, my Fanny dear !
 While in these arms you lie ;
 The world hath not a wish, a fear,
 That ought to claim one precious tear
 From that beloved eye !

The world !—ah, Fanny ! Love must shun
 The path where many rove ;
 One bosom to recline upon,
 One heart, to be his only one,
 Are quite enough for Love !

What can we wish, that is not here
 Between your arms and mine ?
 Is there on earth a space so dear,
 As that within the blessed sphere
 Two loving arms entwine ?

For me, there's not a lock of jet
 Along your temples curled,
 Within whose glossy, tangling net,
 My soul doth not, at once, forget
 All, all the worthless world !

'Tis in your eyes, my sweetest love !
 My only worlds I see ;
 Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
 And earth below, and skies above
 May frown or smile for me !

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning many an hour
In dalliance met, and Learning smiled
With rapture on the playful child,
Who wanton stole to find his nest
Within a fold of Learning's vest !

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh, happy time ! when laws of state,
When all that ruled the country's fate,
In glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was planned between two snowy arms !

Sweet times ! you could not always last—
And yet, oh ! yet, you *are* not past ;
Though we have lost the sacred mould
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies !

Fanny, my love, they ne'er shall say
That beauty's charm hath passed away ;
No—give the universe a soul
Attuned to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill,
To wield a universe at will !

THE GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM OF THE BLESSED ISLAND.

TO HER LOVER.

..... ἄν τε καλὸς
Πυθαγόρης, δάσσοι τε χυραὶ στήριζαν ἔρωτος.
Απολλων περὶ Πλωϊνου. — *Oracul. Metric. a Joan. Opsop. collecta*

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That called thee, dearest, from these arms away ?
I lingered still, in all the murmuring rest,
The languor of a soul too richly blest !
Upon my breath thy sigh yet faintly hung ;
Thy name yet died in whispers o'er my tongue ;

¹ It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blessed reside. Accord-

ingly, we find that the word *Ἄλκυονες* was sometimes synonymous with *αἶψα*, and that death was not unfrequently called *Ἄλκυονος ποταμός*, or 'the passage of the ocean.'

I heard thy lyre, which thou hadst left behind,
 In amorous converse with the breathing wind ;
 Quick to my heart I pressed the shell divine,
 And with a lip yet glowing warm from thine,
 I kissed its every chord, while every kiss
 Shed o'er the chord some dewy print of bliss.
 Then soft to thee I touched the fervid lyre,
 Which told such melodies, such notes of fire,
 As none but chords that drank the burning dews
 Of kisses dear as ours could e'er diffuse !
 Oh love ! how blissful is the bland repose
 That soothing follows upon rapture's close,
 Like a soft twilight, o'er the mind to shed
 Mild melting traces of the transport fled !

While thus I lay, in this voluptuous calm,
 A drowsy languor steeped my eyes in balm,
 Upon my lap the lyre in murmurs fell,
 While, faintly wandering o'er its silver shell,
 My fingers soon their own sweet requiem played,
 And slept in music which themselves had made !
 Then, then, my Theon, what a heavenly dream !
 I saw two spirits on the lunar beam,
 Two winged boys, descending from above,
 And gliding to my bower with looks of love,
 Like the young genii, who repose their wings
 All day in Amatha's luxurious springs,¹
 And rise at midnight, from the tepid rill,
 To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill !
 Soft o'er my brow, which kindled with their sighs,
 Awhile they played ; then gliding through my eyes
 (Where the bright babies for a moment hung,
 Like those thy lip hath kissed, thy lyre hath sung),
 To that dim mansion of my breast they stole,
 Where, wreathed in blisses, lay my captive soul.
 Swift at their touch dissolved the ties that clung
 So sweetly round her, and aloft she sprung !
 Exulting guides, the little genii flew
 Through paths of light, refreshed with starry dew,
 And fanned by airs of that ambrosial breath,
 On which the free soul banquets after death !

Thou know'st, my love, beyond our clouded skies,
 As bards have dreamed, the spirits' kingdom lies,
 Through that fair clime a sea of ether rolls,
 Gemmed with bright islands, where the hallowed souls,
 Whom life hath wearied in its race of hours,
 Repose for ever in unfading bowers !

¹ Eunapius, in his *Life of Jamblichus*, tells us of two beautiful little spirits or loves, which Jamblichus raised by enchantment from the warm springs at Gadara; 'dicen^a astantibus (says the

author of the *De Fustidici*, p. 180) illos esse loci Genios: which words, however, are not in Eunapius.

I find from Cellarius, that Amatha, in the

That very orb, whose solitary light
 So often guides thee to my arms at night,
 Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
 Floating in splendour through those seas above !
 Taither, I thought, we winged our airy way,
 Mild o'er its valleys streamed a silvery day,
 While all around, on lily beds of rest,
 Reclined the spirits of the immortal Blest !
 Oh ! there I met those few congenial maids,
 Whom love hath warmed, in philosophic shades ;
 There still Leontium,² on her sage's breast,
 Found lore and love, was tutored and caressed ;
 And there the twine of Pythia's³ gentle arms
 Repaid the zeal which deified her charms !
 The Attic Master,⁴ in Aspasia's eyes,
 Forgot the toil of less endearing ties ;
 While fair Theano,⁵ innocently fair,
 Played with the ringlets of her Samian's hair,⁶
 Who, fixed by love, at length was all her own,
 And passed his spirit through her lips alone !
 Oh Samian sage ! whate'er thy glowing thought
 Of mystic Numbers hath divinely wrought,
 The One that's formed of Two who dearly love.
 Is the best number Heaven can boast above !

neighbourhood of Gadara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetical name than Gadara.

¹ There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to their lunar establishment : some made it an elysium, and others a purgatory ; while some supposed it to be a kind of *entrepôt* between heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies, and those that were on their way to join them, were deposited in the valleys of Hecate, and remained till further orders. *Τοις περὶ σελήνην αέρι λεγέειν αὐτὰς κατοικεῖν, καὶ ἀπ' αὐτῆς κατὰ χωρεῖν εἰς τὴν περιγέειον γενεάν.*—*Stob.* lib. i. *Eclog. Physic.*

² The pupil and mistress of Epicurus, who called her his 'dear little Leontium' (Λεοντοπίον), as appears by a fragment of one of his *Letters* in Laertius. This Leontium was a woman of talent ; 'she had the impudence (says Cicero) to write against Theophrastus ;' and, at the same time, Cicero gives her a name which is neither polite nor translatable. 'Meretricula etiam Leontium contra Theophrastum scribere ausa est.'—*De Natur. Deor.* She left a daughter, called Danæ, who was just as rigid an Epicurean as her mother ; something like Wieland's *Danæ* in *Agathon*.

It would sound much better, I think, if the name were Leontia, as it occurs the first time in Laertius ; but M. Menage will not hear of this reading.

³ Pythia was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom, after her death, he paid divine honours, solemnizing her memory by the same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the goddess Ceres. For this impious gallantry the

philosopher was of course censured. It would be well, however, if some of our modern Stagirites had a little of this superstition about the memory of their mistresses.

⁴ Socrates, who used to console himself in the society of Aspasia for those 'less endearing ties' which he found at home with Xantippe. For an account of this extraordinary creature, Aspasia, and her school of erudite luxury at Athens, see *L'Histoire de l'Académie*, etc., tom. xxxi. p. 69. Ségur rather fails on the subject of Aspasia. *Les Femmes*, tom. i. p. 122.

The author of the *Voyage du Monde de Descartes* has also placed those philosophers in the moon, and has allotted Seigneuries to them, as well as to the astronomes (part 2, p. 143) ; but he ought not to have forgotten their wives and mistresses ; 'curæ non ipsa in morte relinquunt.'

⁵ There are some sensible letters extant under the name of this fair Pythagorean. They are addressed to her female friends upon the education of children, the treatment of servants, etc. One, in particular, to Nicostrata, whose husband had given her reasons for jealousy, contains such truly considerate and rational advice, that it ought to be translated for the edification of all married ladies. See *Gale's Opuscul. Myth. Phys.* p. 741.

⁶ Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair, and Dr. Thiers (in his *Histoire des Perruques*) seems to take for granted it was all his own, as he has not mentioned him among those ancients who were obliged to have recourse to the 'coma apposititia.'—*L'Hist. des Perruques*, chap. 1.

But think, my Theon, how this soul was thrilled,
 When near a fount, which o'er the vale distilled,
 My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
 Of lunar race, but so resembling thine,
 That, oh !—'twas but fidelity in me,
 To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee !
 No aid of words the unbodied soul requires
 To waft a wish, or embassy desires ;
 But, by a throb to spirits only given,
 By a mute impulse, only felt in heaven,
 Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,
 From soul to soul the glanced idea flies !

We met—like thee the youthful vision smiled ;
 But not like thee, when passionately wild,
 Thou wak'st the slumbering blushes of my cheek,
 By looking things thyself would blush to speak !
 No ; 'twas the tender, intellectual smile,
 Flushed with the past, and yet serene the while,
 Of that delicious hour when, glowing yet,
 Thou yield'st to nature with a fond regret,
 And thy soul, waking from its wildered dream,
 Lights in thine eye a mellow, chaster beam !

Oh, my beloved ! how divinely sweet
 Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet !
 The Elean god,¹ whose faithful waters flow,
 With love their only light, through caves below,
 Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
 And festal rings, with which Olympic maids
 Have decked his billow, as an offering meet
 To pour at Arethusa's crystal feet !
 Think, when he mingles with his fountain-bride,
 What perfect rapture thrills the blended tide !
 Each melts in each, till one pervading kiss
 Confound their currents in a sea of bliss !
 'Twas thus—

But, Theon, 'tis a weary theme,
 And thou delight'st not in my lingering dream.
 Oh ! that our lips were, at this moment, near,
 And I would kiss thee into patience, dear !
 And make thee smile at all the magic tales
 Of star-light bowers and planetary vales,
 Which my fond soul, inspired by thee and love,
 In slumber's loom hath exquisitely wove.
 But no ; no more—soon as to-morrow's ray
 O'er soft Ilissus shall dissolve away,

¹ The river Alpheus, which flowed by Pisa or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty

romance of *Clitophon and Leucippe*, the river is supposed to carry these offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa.

I'll fly, my Theon, to thy burning breast,
 And there in murmurs tell thee all the rest :
 Then, if too weak, too cold the vision seems,
 Thy lip shall teach me something more than dreams !

THE STEERSMAN'S SONG.

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE, 28TH APRIL.¹

When freshly blows the northern gale,
 And under courses snug we fly ;
 When lighter breezes swell the sail,
 And royals proudly sweep the sky,
 'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
 I stand, and as my watchful eye
 Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
 I think of her I love, and cry,
 Port, my boy ! port.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
 Right from the point we wish to steer ;
 When by the wind close-hauled we go,
 And strive in vain the port to near ;
 I think 'tis thus the Fates defer
 My bliss with one that's far away ;
 And while remembrance springs to her,
 I watch the sails, and sighing say,
 Thus, my boy ! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
 All hands are up the yards to square,
 And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
 Our stately ship through waves and air.
 Oh ! then I think that yet for me
 Some breeze of Fortune thus may spring,
 Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee !
 And in that hope I smiling sing,
 Steady, boy ! so.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
 Howe'er it burn, howe'er it thrill me ;
 And though your lip be rich with dew,
 To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

¹ I left Bermuda in the *Boston*, about the middle of April, in company with the *Cambrian* and *Leander*, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divides his

year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the *Boston* after a short cruise proceeded to New York.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
 However warm I've twined about it !
 And though your bosom beat with bliss,
 I think my soul could live without it.

In short, I've learned so well to fast,
 That, sooth my love, I know* not whether
 I might not bring myself at last
 To—do without you altogether !

TO THE FIRE-FLY.¹

THIS morning, when the earth and sky
 Were burning with the blush of spring,
 I saw thee not, thou humble fly !
 Nor thought upon thy gleaming wing.

But now the skies have lost their hue,
 And sunny lights no longer play,
 I see thee, and I bless thee too
 For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

Oh ! let me hope that thus for me,
 When life and love shall lose their bloom,
 Some milder joys may come, like thee,
 To light, if not to warm the gloom !

THE VASE.

THERE was a vase of odour lay
 For many an hour on Beauty's shrine,
 So sweet that love went every day
 To banquet on its breath divine.

And not an eye had ever seen
 The fragrant charm the vase concealed ;
 Oh Love ! how happy 'twould have been,
 If thou hadst ne'er that charm revealed !

But Love, like every other boy,
 Would know the spell that lurks within ;
 He wished to break the crystal toy,
 But Beauty murmured 'twas a sin !

¹ The lively and unvarying illumination with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night gives quite an idea of enchantment. 'Puis ces mouches se développant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyions

sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettaient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dorés que la nuit avait ravie,' etc. etc.—See *l'Histoire des Antilles*, art. 2, chap. 4, liv. 1.

He swore, with many a tender plea,
That neither Heaven nor Earth forbid it ;
She told him, Virtue kept the key,
And looked as if—she wished he had it !

He stole the key when Virtue slept
(Even she can sleep, if Love but ask it),
And Beauty sighed, and Beauty wept,
While silly Love unlocked the casket.

Oh dulcet air that vanished then !
Can Beauty's sigh recall thee ever ?
Can Love himself inhale again
A breath so precious ?—never, never !

Go, maiden, weep—the tears of woe
By Beauty to repentance given,
Though bitterly on earth they flow,
Shall turn to fragrant balm in Heaven !



THE WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee too a flowery wreath ;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flowerets long shall sweetly breathe !
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is of a splendid thread,
Stolen from Minerva's yellow hair,
Just when the setting sun had shed
The sober beam of evening there.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle weve,
With brilliant tears of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, culled by Love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it !
Come, tell me which the tie shall be
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loth,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And hold'st thy playful hands for both.
And ! if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended off ;
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong !
The Wreath would make the Chain so soft !
Then might the gold, the flowerets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me !

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
 That (Heaven alone can tell the reason)
 When mingled thus they cease to shine,
 Or shine but for a transient season !
 Whether the chain may press too much,
 Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
 Let but the gold the flowerets touch,
 And all their glow, their tints, are faded !
 Sweet Fanny, what would Rapture do,
 When all her blooms had lost their grace ?
 Might she not steal a rose or two
 From other wreaths, to fill their place :
 Oh ! better to be always free,
 Than thus to bind my love to me.

THE timid girl now hung her head,
 And, as she turned an upward glance,
 I saw a doubt its twilight spread
 Along her brow's divine expanse.
 Just then the garland's dearest rose
 Gave one of its seducing sighs—
 Oh ! who can ask how Fanny chose,
 That ever looked in Fanny's eyes !
 'The wreath, my life, the wreath shall be
 The tie to bind my soul to thee !'

TO — —

AND hast thou marked the pensive shade,
 That many a time obscures my brow,
 'Midst all the blisses, darling maid
 Which thou canst give, and only thou ?
 Oh ! 'tis not that I then forget
 The endearing charms that round me twine—
 There never throbb'd a bosom yet
 Could feel their witchery, like mine !
 When bashful on my bosom hid,
 And blushing to have felt so blest,
 Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
 Again to close it on my breast !
 Oh ! these are minutes all thine own,
 Thine own to give, and mine to feel,
 Yet, even in them, my heart has known
 The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.
 For I have thought of former hours,
 When he who first thy soul possessed,
 Like me awak'd its witching powers,
 Like me was loved, like me was blest !

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
 Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
 For him that snowy lid hath hung
 In ecstasy, as purely felt!

For him—yet why the past recall
 To wither blooms of present bliss?
 Thou'rt now my own, I clasp thee all,
 And Heaven can grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
 I would be first, be sole to thee;
 Thou shouldst but have begun to live
 The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effaced,
 Love should have kept that leaf alone,
 On which he first so dearly traced
 That thou wert, soul and all, my own!

EPISTLE VI.

TO LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ΚΑΙ ΜΗ ΘΑΥΜΑΣΗΣ ΜΗΤ' ΕΙ ΜΑΚΡΟΤΕΡΑΝ ΓΕΓΡΑΦΑ ΤΗΝ ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗΝ, ΜΜΔ' ΕΙ
 ΤΙ ΠΕΡΙΕΓΓΟΤΕΡΟΝ Η ΠΡΕΣΒΥΤΙΚΟΤΕΡΟΝ ΕΙΡΗΚΑΜΕΝ ΕΑΥΤΗ.

Isotrat. Epist. iv.

If former times had never left a trace
 Of human frailty in their shadowy race,
 Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
 One dark memorial of the crimes of man;
 If every age, in new unconscious prime,
 Rose, like a phoenix, from the fires of time,
 To wing its way unguided and alone,
 The future smiling and the past unknown!
 Then ardent man would to himself be new,
 Earth at his foot and heaven within his view;
 Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
 Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
 Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
 Could tell him, fools had dreamed as much before!
 But tracing, as we do, through age and clime,
 The plans of virtue 'midst the deeds of crime,
 The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
 Of man, at once the idiot and the sage,
 When still we see, through every varying frame
 Of arts and polity, his course the same,
 And know that ancient fools but died to make
 A space on earth for modern fools to take;
 'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget;
 That Wisdom's self should not be tutored yet.

Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
 Of pure perfection 'midst the sons of earth !
 Oh ! nothing but that soul which God has given,
 Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven ;
 O'er dross without to shed the flame within,
 And dream of virtue while we gaze on sin !
 Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
 Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
 Of days to come, when man shall conquer Fate,
 Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
 Belie the monuments of frailty past,
 And stamp perfection on this world at last !
 ' Here,' might they say, ' shall Power's divided reign
 Evince that patriots have not bled in vain,
 Here godlike Liberty's herculean youth,
 Cradled in peace, and nurtured up by truth
 To full maturity of nerve and mind,
 Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind !'
 Here shall Religion's pure and balmy draught,
 In form no more from cups of state be quaffed,
 But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
 Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
 Around the columns of the public shrine
 Shall growing arts their gradual wreath entwine,
 Nor breathe corruption from their flowering braid,
 Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
 No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
 Or wrong the many, while she rights the few ;
 But take her range through all the social frame,
 Pure and pervading as that vital flame,
 Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
 And thrills a hair while it expands a heart !'

Oh, golden dream ! what soul that loves to scan
 The brightness rather than the shades of man,
 That owns the good, while smarting with the ill,
 And loves the world with all its frailty still —
 What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
 The generous hope with all that heavenly heat,
 Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
 The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine !
 Yes, dearest Forbes, I see thee glow to think
 The chain of ages yet may boast a link
 Of purer texture than the world has known,
 And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne !

But, is it thus ? doth even the glorious dream
 Borrow from truth that dim uncertain gleam,

¹ Thus Morse: 'Here the sciences and the arts of civilised life are to receive their highest improvements; here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny; here genius, aided by

all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanizing mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge,' etc. etc.—P. 589.

Which bids us give such dear delusion scope,
 As kills not reason, while it nurses hope ?
 No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—even now,
 While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
 The showy smile of young presumption plays,
 Her bloom is poisoned, and her heart decays !
 Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
 Burns with the taint of empires near their death,
 And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
 She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime !¹

Already has the child of Gallia's school,
 The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
 With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
 Begot by brilliant heads or worthless hearts,
 Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
 The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud !
 Already has she poured her poison here
 O'er every charm that makes existence dear,
 Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
 The opening bloom of every social grace,
 And all those courtesies that love to shoot
 Round Virtue's stem, the flowerets of her fruit !

Oh ! were these errors but the wanton tide
 Of young luxuriance or unchastened pride ;
 The fervid follies and the faults of such
 As wrongly feel, because they feel too much ;
 Then might experience make the fever less,
 Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess ;
 But no ; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
 All youth's transgression with all age's chill,
 The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
 A slow and cold stagnation into vice !

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage
 And latest folly of man's sinking age,
 Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
 While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
 Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
 And dies, collecting lumber in the rear !
 Long has it palsied every grasping hand
 And greedy spirit through this bartering land ;
 Turned life to traffic, set the demon Gold
 So loose abroad, that Virtue's self is sold,
 And conscience, truth, and honesty, are made
 To rise and fall, like other wares of trade !

¹ "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit!" Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous despatch to his government which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's works, vol. i. p. 279.

It remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side, and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend the perusal of it to every honest politician who may labour under a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
 Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordained by Fate,
 To show the world what high perfection springs
 From rabble senators and merchant kings—
 Even here already patriots learn to steal
 Their private perquisite from public weal,
 And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
 Like Afric's priests, they let the flame for hire!
 Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
 From England's debtors to be England's foes,¹
 Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
 And break allegiance but to cancel debt,²
 Have proved at length the mineral's tempting hue
 Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.³
 Oh! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
 Not Eastern bombast, nor the savage rant
 Of purpled madmen, were they numbered all
 From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
 Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
 As the rank jargon of that factious race,
 Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
 Born to be slaves and struggling to be lords,
 But pant for licence, while they spurn control,
 And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul!
 Who can, with patience, for a moment see
 The medley mass of pride and misery,
 Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
 Of slaving blacks and democratic whites,⁴
 And all the piebald polity that reigns
 In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains:
 To think that man, thou just and gentle God
 Should stand before thee, with a tyrant's rod
 O'er creatures like himself, with soul from thee,
 Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty:
 Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
 By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
 In climes where liberty has scarce been named,
 Nor any right but that of ruling claimed,
 Than thus to live, where bastard freedom waves
 Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;

¹ I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English Government which the Colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

² The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of his merchants.

³ See *Porcupine's Account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1764*.

⁴ In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt rather seriously. While the master raves of freedom, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment; as the numerous emigrations which are expected to take place from the Southern States to this newly-acquired territory will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous.

Where (motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slaved and madly free)
Alike the bondage and the licence suit,
The brute made ruler and the man made brute !

But, oh my Forbes ! while thus in flowerless song,
I feebly paint what yet I feel so strong—
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends that rack the world were nursed !
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerved,
And Frenchmen learned to crush the throne they served
Thou, gently lulled in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumined and by sages taught,
Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been !
Why should I wake thee ? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart !

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song destroy
One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who can !
Oh ! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,
Forget where Nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him !
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man may reach perfection yet.

LYING.

Che con le lor bugie pajou divini.—*Mauro d'Arcano.*

I do confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breathed you many a lie,
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them for a lie or two !

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving ;
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving !
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do,
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion !
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes !

Oh no !—believe me, lovely girl,
 When Nature turns your teeth to pearl,
 Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
 Your yellow locks to golden wire,
 Then, only then, can Heaven decree
 That you should live for only me,
 Or I for you, as, night and morn,
 We've swearing kissed, and kissing sworn !
 And now, my gentle hints to clear,
 For once, I'll tell you truth, my dear !
 Whenever you may chance to meet
 A loving youth, whose love is sweet,
 Long as you're false and he believes you,
 Long as you trust and he deceives you,
 So long the blissful bond endures ;
 And while he lies, his heart is yours ;
 But, oh ! you've wholly lost the youth
 The instant that he tells you truth !

SONG.

THE wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
 Is fair— but oh ! how fair,
 If Pity's hand had stolen from Love
 One leaf to mingle there !

If every rose with gold were tied,
 Did gems for dew-drops fall,
 One faded leaf where Love had sighed
 Were sweetly worth them all !

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove
 Our emblem well may be ;
 Its bloom is yours, but hopeless love
 Must keep its tears for me !

ANACREONTIC.

I FILLED to thee, to thee I drank,
 I nothing did but drink and fill ;
 The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
 'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still !

At length I bid an artist paint
 Thy image in this ample cup,
 That I might see the dimpled saint
 To whom I quaffed my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
 Is blushing through the wave at me !

Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee!

But, oh! I drink the more for this;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And in the nectar flows again!

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear!
And may that eye for ever shine
Beneath as soft and sweet a tear
As bathes it in this bowl of mine!

TO ———'S PICTURE.

Go, then, if she whose shade thou art
No more will let thee soothe my pain—
Yet tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again!

Tell her, the smile was not so dear
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign!

Yet go—and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me wild and free:

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit which my fancy knew—
Yet, ah! 'tis vain—go, picture, go—
Smile at me once, and then—adieu!

FRAGMENT OF A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.

BLEST infant of eternity!
Before the day-star learned to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, oh Love!
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient night,
Whose horrors seemed to smile in shadowing thee!

¹ Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timæus held Form to be the father, and Matter the mother of

the World; Elion and Berouth, I think, are San-
choniatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-
capac and his wife introduced creation amongst
the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have
studied cosmogonies, when he said, 'tutto il
mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia.'

No form of beauty soothed thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wandered wide;
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died!

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping;
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself by absence weeping!

But look what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide:
What spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So lovely? art thou but the child
Of the young godhead's dreams,
That mock his hope with fancies strange and wild?
Or were his tears, as quick they fell,
Collected in so bright a form,
Till, kindled by the ardent spell
Of his desiring eyes,
And all impregnate with his sighs,
They spring to life in shape so fair and warm?

'Tis she!
Psyche, the first-born spirit of the air,
To thee, oh Love! she turns,
On thee her eye-beam burns:
Blest hour of nuptial ecstasy!
They meet—
The blooming god—the spirit fair—
Oh! sweet, oh heavenly sweet!
Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn!

* * * * *

TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS

THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,

ON HIS PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE F-RB-S.

Donington Park, 1808.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
Howe'er remote, howe'er refined,
And o'er the magic tablet tell
The silent story of the mind;

O'er Nature's form to glance the eye,
And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges ere they fly,
Her evening blushes ere they fade!

These are the pencil's grandest theme,
 Divinest of the powers divine
 That light the Muse's flowery dream,
 And these, oh Prince! are richly thine!

Yet, yet, when Friendship sees the trace,
 In emanating soul expressed,
 The sweet memorial of a face
 On which her eye delights to rest;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
 The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
 The cheek that blushes to be seen,
 The eye that tells the bosom's truth;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
 Her soul with fond attention roves,
 Blessing the hand whose various hue
 Could imitate the form it loves;

She feels the value of thy art,
 And owns it with a purer zeal,
 A rapture, nearer to her heart
 Than critic taste can ever feel!

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIP- PUS.¹

TO A LAMP WHICH WAS GIVEN HIM
 BY LAIS.

Dulcis conscia lectuli luerna.
 —*Martial*, lib. xiv. epig. 89.

Oh! love the Lamp (my mistress
 said),

The faithful lamp that, many a night,
 Beside thy Lais' lonely bed
 Has kept his little watch of light!

'Full often has it seen her weep,
 And fix her eye upon its flame,
 Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
 Repeating her beloved's name!

¹ It was not very difficult to become a philosopher amongst the ancients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and wit enough to produce an occasional apophthegm, were all the necessary qualifications for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood, that the founder of a new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his own passions and propensities; so that Mahomet, with a little more learning, might have flourished as a philosopher in those

'Oft has it known her cheek to burn
 'With recollections, fondly free,
 And seen her turn, impassioned turn,
 To kiss the pillow, love! for thee,
 And, in a murmur, wish thee there,
 That kiss to feel, that thought to
 share!

'Then love the Lamp!—'twill often lead
 Thy step through Learning's sacred
 way;
 And, lighted by its happy ray,
 Whene'er those darling eyes shall read
 Of things sublime, of Nature's birth,
 Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
 Oh! think that she, by whom 'twas
 given,
 Adores thee more than earth or heaven!

days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to become the rival of Aristippus in morality. In the science of nature, too, though they discovered some valuable truths, yet they seemed not to know that they were truths, or at least were as well satisfied with errors; and Xenophanes, who asserted that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

Yes, dearest Lamp ! by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has
hung ;¹

The neck reclined, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung ;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The severed lips' delicious sighs,
The fringe, that from the snowy lid
Along the cheek of roses lies :

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold,
My Lamp and I shall never part !

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays
Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze !

Thy flame shall light the page refined,
Where still we catch the Chian's
breath,

Where still the hard, though cold in
death,

Has left his burning soul behind !

Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,

Oh man of Asara's dreary glades !²

To whom the nightly-warbling Niue

A wand of inspiration gave,

Plucked from the greenest tree that
shades

The crystal of Castalin's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,

We'll cull the sages' heavenly store,

From Science steal her golden clue,

And every mystic path pursue,

Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,

Through labyrinths of wonder flies !

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know

The passing world's precarious flight,

Where all that meets the morning glow

Is changed before the fall of night !

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,

'Swift, swift the tide of being runs ;

And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
Will also quench yon heaven of
suns !'

Oh then, if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour ;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave shall steal away ;
Who pauses to inquire of Heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,
Which Heaven has made for man to
use,

And man should think it guilt to lose ?
Who that has culled a weeping rose
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away ;
Unmindful of the scented sigh
On which it dies and loves to die ?

Pleasure ! thou only good on earth !³

One little hour resigned to thee—

Oh ! by my *Lais'* lip, 'tis worth

The sage's immortality !

Then far be all the wisdom hence,

And all the lore, whose tame control

Would wither joy with chill delays !

Alas ! the fertile fount of sense,

At which the young, the panting soul

Drinks life and love, too soon decays !

Sweet Lamp ! thou wert not formed to
shed

Thy splendour on a lifeless page—

Whate'er my blushing *Lais* said

Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,

'Twas mockery all—her glance of joy

Told me thy dearest, best employ !

And, soon as night shall close the eye

Of Heaven's young wanderer in the
west ;

When seers are gazing on the sky,

To find their future orbs of rest ;

¹ The ancients had their *lucerna cubicularia*, or bed-chamber lamps, which, as the Emperor Galienus said, 'nil eras meminere ;' and with the same commendation of secrecy, Praxagora addresses her lamp, in Aristophanes, *Εκκλησιæ*. We may judge how fanciful they were in the use and embellishment of their lamps, from the famous symbolic *Lucerna* which we find in the *Romanum Museum Mich. Ang. Causel*, p. 127.

² Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Asara. *Epy kai 'Hmer.* v. 251.

³ Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness, and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

Then shall I take my trembling way,
 Unseen, but to those worlds above,
 And, led by thy mysterious ray,
 Glide to the pillow of my love.
 Calm be her sleep, the gentle dear !
 Nor let her dream of bliss so near,
 Till o'er her cheek she thrilling feel
 My sighs of fire in murmur steal,
 And I shall lift the locks that flow
 Unbraided o'er her lids of snow,
 And softly kiss those sealed eyes,
 And wake her into sweet surprise !

Or if she dream, oh ! let her dream
 Of those delights we both have
 known,
 And felt so truly, that they seem
 Formed to be felt by us alone !
 And I shall mark her kindling cheek,
 Shall see her bosom warmly move,
 And hear her faintly, lowly speak
 The murmured sounds so dear to
 love !

Oh ! I shall gaze till even the sigh
 That wafts her very soul be nigh,
 And, when the nymph is all but blest,
 Sink in her arms and share the rest !
 Sweet Lais ! what an age of bliss
 In that one moment waits for me !
 Oh sages !—think on joy like this,
 And where's your boast of apathy ?

TO MRS. BL.—H.—D.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

ΤΟΥΤΟ ΔΕ ΤΙ ΕΣΤΙ ΤΟ ΠΟΤΟΝ ; ΠΛΑΥΗ, ΕΦΗ-
 —Cebette Tabula.

THEY say that Love had once a book
 (The urchin likes to copy you),
 Where all who came the pencil took,
 And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
 Who kept this volume bright and
 fair,
 And saw that no unhallowed line,
 Or thought profane, should enter
 there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
 With fond device and loving lore,

And every leaf she turned was still
 More bright than that she turned
 before !

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
 How light the magic pencil ran !
 Till Fear would come, alas ! as oft,
 And trembling close what Hope
 began.

A tear or two had dropped from Grief,
 And Jealousy would, now and then,
 Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
 Which Love had still to smooth
 again !

But, oh ! there was a blooming boy,
 Who often turned the pages o'er,
 And wrote therein such words of joy,
 As all who read still sighed for
 more !

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
 And though so soft his voice and
 look,

Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
 Would tremble for her spotless book !

For still she saw his playful fingers
 Filled with sweets and wanton toys ;
 And well she knew the stain that
 lingers

After sweets from wanton boys !

And so it chanced, one luckless night
 He let his honey goblet fall
 O'er the dear book so pure, so white,
 And sullied lines, and marge and all !

In vain he sought, with eager lip,
 The honey from the leaf to drink ;
 For still the more the boy would sink,
 The deeper still the blot would sink !

Oh ! it would make you weep, to see
 The traces of this honey flood
 Steal o'er a page, where Modesty
 Had freshly drawn a rose's bud !

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
 And Hope's sweet lines were all de-
 faced,

And Love himself could scarcely know
 What Love himself had lately traced !

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
 (For how, alas ! could Pleasure
 stay ?)

<p>And Love, while many a tear he shed, In blushes flung the book away ! The index now alone remains, Of all the pages spoiled by Pleasure ; And though it bears some honey stains, Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure !</p>	<p>And oft, they say, she scans it o'er, And oft, by this memorial aided, Brings back the pages now no more, And thinks of lines that long have faded ! I know not if this tale be true, But thus the simple facts are stated ; And I refer their truth to you, Since Love and you are near related !</p>
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EPISTLE VII.

TO THOMAS HUME, ESQ., M.D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

ΔΙΗΓΗΣΟΜΑΙ ΔΙΗΓΗΜΑΤΑ ΙΣΩΣ ΑΠΙΣΤΑ, ΚΟΙΝΩΝΑ ΩΝ ΗΕΘΙΟΝΘΑ ΟΥΚ ΕΧΩΝ.
Xenophont. Ephes. Ephesiace. lib. 5.

'Tis evening now ; the heats and cares of day
In twilight dews are calmly wept away.
The lover now, beneath the western star,
Sighs through the medium of his sweet scgar,
And fills the ears of some consenting sho
With puffs and vows, with smoke and constancy !
The weary statesman for repose hath fled
From halls of council to his negro's shed,
Where blest he woos some black Aspasia's grace,
And dreams of freedom in his slave's embrace !¹

In fancy now beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome !²
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose Creek once is Tiber now !³—
This famed metropolis, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees ;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but wood⁴ and ——— they see,
Where streets should run, and sages ought to be !

And look, how soft in yonder radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave !—

¹ The 'black Aspasia' of the present ——— of the United States, 'inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas,' has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-democrat wits in America.

² On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld), the identical spot on which the Capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city which

is to be, as it were, a second Rome.—*Weld's Travels*, Letter iv.

³ A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose Creek.

⁴ 'To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-door neighbour and in the same city, is a curious, and I believe, a novel circumstance.'—*Weld*, Letter iv.

Oh great Potowmac ! oh you banks of shade !
 You mighty scenes, in Nature's morning made,
 While still, in rich magnificence of prime,
 She poured her wonders, lavishly sublime,
 Nor yet had learned to stoop, with humbler care,
 From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair !
 Say, where your towering hills, your boundless floods,
 Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
 Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
 And woman charm and man deserve her love !

Oh ! was a world so bright but born to grace
 Its own half-organized, half-minded race¹
 Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
 Like vermin gendered on the lion's crest ?
 Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
 Where none but demi-gods should dare to roam ?
 Or, worse, thou mighty world ! oh ! doubly worse,
 Did Heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
 The motley dregs of every distant clime,
 Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
 Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
 In full malignity to rankle here ?
 But hush !—observe that little mount of pines,
 Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines,
 There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
 The sculptured image of that veteran chief,²
 Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
 And stepped o'er prostrate loyalty to fame ;
 Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
 Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign ?

How shall we rank thee upon Glory's page ?
 Thou more than soldier and just less than sage !
 Too formed for peace to act a conqueror's part,
 Too trained in camps to learn a statesman's art,
 Nature designed thee for a hero's mould,
 But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold !

While warmer souls command, nay, make their fate,
 Thy fate made thee and forced thee to be great
 Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
 Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
 Found thee undazzled, tranquil as before,
 Proud to be useful, scorning to be more ;

¹ The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering representations which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the *Notes on Virginia*, where this gentleman endeavours to disprove in general the opinion maintained so strongly by some philosophers, that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it) *belittles* her productions

in the western world. M. de Pauw attributes the imperfections of animal life in America to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from whose effects upon its soil and atmosphere it has not yet sufficiently recovered.—See his *Recherches sur les Américains*, part i. tom. i. p. 102.

² On a small hill near the Capitol, there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

Less prompt at glory's than at duty's claim,—
 Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
 All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
 Far less, than all thou hast forborne to be !
 Now turn thine eye where faint the moonlight falls
 On yonder dome—and in those princely halls,
 If thou canst hate, as, oh ! that soul must hate,
 Which loves the virtuous and reveres the great,
 If thou canst loathe and exocate with me
 That Gallic garbage of philosophy,
 That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
 With which false liberty dilutes her crimes !
 If thou hast got, within thy free-born breast,
 One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest
 With honest scorn for that inglorious soul
 Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
 Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
 And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god !
 There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear !
 Rank must be revered, even the rank that's there .
 So here I pause—and now, my Hume ! we part ;
 But oh ! full oft in magic dreams of heart,
 Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
 By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here !
 O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through fogs,
 'Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
 Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
 With me shall wonder, and with me despise !¹
 While I, as oft, in witching thought shall rove
 To thee, to friendship, and that land I love,
 Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
 Her freedom spreads, unfevered and serene ;
 Where sovereign man can condescend to see
 The throne and laws more sovereign still than he !

 THE SNAKE.

1801.

My love and I, the other day,
 Within a myrtle arbour lay,
 When near us, from a rosy bed,
 A little snake put forth its head.

¹ In the ferment which the French Revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of Jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become, indeed, too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the Government, and identi-

fied with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent violations of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

'See,' said the maid, with laughing eyes—
 'Yonder the fatal emblem lies !
 Who could expect such hidden harm
 Beneath the rose's velvet charm ?'

Never did moral thought occur
 In more unlucky hour than this ;
 For oh ! I just was leading her
 To talk of love and think of bliss.
 I rose to kill the snake, but she
 In pity prayed it might not be.

'No,' said the girl—and many a spark
 Flashed from her eyelid, as she said it—
 'Under the rose, or in the dark,
 One might perhaps have cause to dread it ;
 But when its wicked eyes appear,
 And when we know for what they wink so,
 One must be very simple, dear,
 To let it sting one—don't you think so?'



LINES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

τηνδε την πολιν φιλωσ
 Λιπων' επαγια γαρ.—*Sophocles, Œdip. Colon. v. 768.*

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer roved,
 And bright were its flowery banks to his eye ;
 But far, very far were the friends that he loved,
 And he gazed on its flowery banks with a sigh !

Oh Nature ! though blessed and bright are thy rays,
 O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
 Yet faint are they all to the lustre that plays
 In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own !

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
 Unblest by the smile he had languished to meet ;
 Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him again,
 Till the threshold of home had been kissed by his feet !

But the lays of his boyhood had stolen to their ear,
 And they loved what they knew of so humble a name ;
 And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
 That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame !

Nor did woman—oh woman ! whose form and whose soul
 Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue ;
 Whether sunned in the tropics or chilled at the pole,
 If woman be there, there is happiness too !—

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,
That magic his heart had relinquished so long,
Like eyes he had loved was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh ! blest be the tear, and in memory oft
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream !
Oh ! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam !

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,
To tell with a sigh what endearments he met,
As he strayed by the wave of the Schuylkill alone !

THE FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.¹

'Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay;
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,
The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
Within whose orbs, the almighty Power,
At Nature's dawning hour,
Stored the rich fluid of ethereal soul !²
Around,
Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
From eastern isles
(Where they have bathed them in the orient ray,
And with fine fragrance all their bosoms filled),
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distilled !
All, all was luxury !

All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles !
His locks divine
Were crowned
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,

¹ Though I call this a Dithyrambic Ode, I cannot presume to say that it possesses in any degree the characteristics of that species of poetry. The nature of the ancient Dithyrambic is very imperfectly known. According to M. Baretto, a licentious irregularity of metre, an extravagant research of thought and expression, and a rude embarrassed construction, are amongst its most distinguishing features.

² This is a Platonic fancy: the philosopher supposes, in his *Timæus*, that when the Deity had

formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls; in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as for the former; and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it among the stars, which served as reservoirs of the fluid. Ταυτ' εἶπε καὶ παλιν ἐπὶ τὸν προτέρου κρατῆρα ἐν ᾧ τῆς τοῦ πάντος ψυχῆς κεραυνὸς ἐμίσγε, &c. &c.

And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils played !
 While 'mid the foliage hung,
 Like lucid grapes,
 A thousand clustering blooms of light,
 Culled from the gardens of the galaxy !
 Upon his bosom Cytherea's head
 Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung
 Her beauty's dawn,
 And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
 Revealed her sleeping in its azure bed.
 The captive deity
 Languished upon her eyes and lip,
 In chains of ecstasy !
 Now in his arm,
 In blushes she reposed,
 And, while her zone resigned its every charm,
 To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance stole,
 And now she raised her rosy mouth to sip
 The nectared wave
 Lyæus gave,
 And from her eyelids, gently closed,
 Shed a dissolving gleam,
 Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl !
 While her bright hair, in mazy flow
 Of gold descending
 Along her cheek's luxuriant glow,
 Waved o'er the goblet's side,
 And was reflected by its crystal tide
 Like a sweet crocus flower,
 Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour,
 With roses of Cyrene blending,¹
 Hang o'er the mirror of a silver stream !

 The Olympian cup
 Burned in the hands
 Of dimpled Hebe, as she winged her feet
 Up
 The empyreal mount,
 To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount ;²
 And still,
 As the resplendent will
 Flamed o'er the goblet with a mantling heat,
 Her graceful care
 Would cool its heavenly fire
 In gelid waves of snowy-feathered air,
 Such as the children of the pole respire,
 In those enchanted lands³
 Where life is all a spring and north winds never blow !

¹ We learn from Theophrastus that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant. *Εὐοσμώτατα τὰ ἐκ τῆς Κυρήνης πόδα.*

² Heracles (Phyiscus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence. 'Scintilla stellaris

essentie.'—*Macrobius, in Somn. Scip.* lib. i. cap. 14.

³ The country of the Hyperboreans; they were supposed to be placed so far north, that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer

But oh !
 Sweet Hebe, what a tear
 And what a blush were thine,
 When, as the breath of every Grace,
 Wafted thy fleet career
 Along the studded sphere,
 With a rich cup for Jove himself to drink,
 Some star, that glittered in the way,
 Raising its amorous head
 To kiss so exquisite a tread,
 Checked thy impatient pace !
 And all Heaven's host of eyes
 Saw those luxuriant beauties sink
 In lapse of loveliness, along the azure skies !¹
 Upon whose starry plain they lay,
 Like a young blossom on our meads of gold,
 Shed from a vernal thorn
 Amid the liquid sparkles of the morn !
 Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
 The myrtled votaries of the queen behold
 An image of their rosy idol, laid
 Upon a diamond shrine !
 The wanton wind,
 Which had pursued the flying fair,
 And sweetly twined
 Its spirit with the breathing rings
 Of her ambrosial hair
 Soared as she fell, and on its ruffling wings
 (Oh, wanton wind !)
 Wafted the robe whose sacred flow
 Shadowed her kindling charms of snow,
 Pure, as an Eleusinian veil
 Hangs o'er the mysteries !²
 * the brow of Juno flushed—
 Love blessed the breeze !
 The Muses blushed,
 And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,

than any other mortals, passed their whole time in music and dancing, etc. etc. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceeding allude. It was imagined that, instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers ! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions.

Mr. O'Halloran, and some other Irish antiquarians, have been at great expense of learning to prove that the strange country, where they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and that the famous Abaris was an Irish Druid. Mr. Rowland, however, will have it that Abaris was a Welshman, and that his name is only a corruption of Ap Roccs.

¹ I believe it is Servius who mentions this un-

lucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer; and Hoffman tells it after him: "Cum Hebe pocula Jovi administrans, perque lubricum minus caute incedens, cecidisset, revolutisque vestibus;"—in short, she fell in a very awkward manner; and though (as the Encyclopédistes think) it would have amused Jove at any other time, yet, as he happened to be out of temper on that day, the poor girl was dismissed from her employment.

² The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "asinus portat mysteria."—See the *Divine Legation*, book II. sec. 4.

While every eye was glancing through the strings. .
 Drops of ethereal dew,
 That burning gushed,
 As the great goblet flew
 From Hebe's pearly fingers through the sky !
 Who was the spirit that remembered Man
 In that voluptuous hour ?
 And with a wing of Love
 Brushed off your scattered tears,
 As o'er the spangled heaven they ran,
 And sent them floating to our orb below ?
 Essence of immortality !
 The shower
 Fell glowing through the spheres,
 While all around, new tints of bliss,
 New perfumes of delight,
 Enriched its radiant flow !
 .. Now, with a humid kiss,
 It thrilled along the beamy wire
 Of heaven's illumined lyre,
 Stealing the soul of music in its flight !
 And now, amid the breezes bland
 That whisper from the planets as they roll,
 The bright libation, softly fauned
 By all their sighs, meandering stole !
 They who, from Atlas' height,
 Beheld the rill of flame
 Descending through the waste of night,
 Thought 'twas a planet whose stupendous frame
 Had kindled as it rapidly revolved
 Around its fervid axle, and dissolved
 Into a flood so bright !

The child of day,
 Within his twilight bower,
 Lay sweetly sleeping
 On the flushed bosom of a lotos-flower .¹
 When round him, in profusion weeping,
 Dropped the celestial shower,
 Steeping
 The rosy clouds that curled
 About his infant head,
 Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed !
 But, when the waking boy
 Waved his exhaling tresses through the sky,
 O mors of joy !
 The tide divine,

¹ The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos. Observing that the lotos showed its head above water at sunrise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating it to Osiris, or the sun. *

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones.—See MONTFAUCON, tom. ii. planche 158; and the *Supplément*, etc. tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

All glittering with the vermeil dye
 It drank beneath his orient eye,
 Distilled in dews upon the world,
 And every drop was wine, was heavenly wine!

Blest be the sod, the floweret blest,
 That caught upon their hallowed breast
 The nectared spray of Jove's perennial springs!
 Less sweet the floweret, and less sweet the sod,
 O'er which the Spirit of the rainbow flings
 The magic mantle of her solar god!¹

—
 TO —.

THAT wrinkle, when first I espied it,
 At once put my heart out of pain,
 Till the eye that was glowing beside it
 Disturbed my ideas again!

Thou art just in the twilight at present,
 When woman's declension begins,
 When, fading from all that is pleasant,
 She bids a good night to her sins!

Yet thou still art so lovely to me,
 I would sooner, my exquisite mother!
 Repose in the sunset of thee
 Than bask in the noon of another!

—
 ANACREONTIC.

'SHE never looked so kind before—
 Yet why the wanton's smile recall?
 I've seen this witchery o'er and o'er,
 'Tis hollow, vain, and heartless all!

Thus I said, and sighing sipped
 The wine which she had lately tasted;
 The cup, where she had lately dipped
 Breath, so long in falsehood wasted.

I took the harp, and would have sung
 As if 'twere not of her I sang;
 But still the notes on Lamia hung—
 On whom but Lamia could they hang?

¹ The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated.

That kiss for which, if worlds were mine,
 A world for every kiss I'd give her;
 Those floating eyes, that floating shine
 Like diamonds in an eastern river?

That mould, so fine, so pearly bright,
 Of which luxurious Heaven hath cast her,
 Through which her soul doth beam as white
 As flame through lamps of alabaster!

Of these I sung, and notes and words
 Were sweet as if 'twas Lamia's hair
 That lay upon my lute for chords,
 And Lamia's lip that warbled there!

But when, alas! I turned the theme,
 And when of vows and oaths I spoke,
 Of truth and hope's beguiling dream—
 The chord beneath my finger broke!

False harp! false woman!—such, oh! such
 Are lutes too frail and maids too willing;
 Every hand's licentious touch
 Can learn to wake their wildest thrilling!

And when that thrill is most awake,
 And when you think Heaven's joys await you,
 The nymph will change, the chord will break—
 Oh Love, oh Music! how I hate you!

TO MRS. —.

ON SOME CALUMNIES AGAINST HER CHARACTER.

Is not thy mind a gentle mind?
 Is not thy heart a heart refined?
 Hast thou not every blameless grace,
 That man should love or Heaven can trace?
 And oh! art thou a shrine for Sin
 To hold her hateful worship in?

No, no, be happy—dry that tear—
 Though some thy heart hath harboured near
 May now repay its love with blame;
 Though man, who ought to shield thy fame,
 Ungenerous man, be first to wound thee;
 Though the whole world may freeze around thee,
 Oh! thou'lt be like that lucid tear¹
 Which, bright, within the crystal's sphere

¹ This alludes to a curious gem, upon which Claudian has left some pointless epigrams. It was a drop of pure water enclosed within a piece of crystal. See *Claudian. Epigram. de Crystallulo cui aqua ierat*. Addison mentions a curiosity of this kind at Milan: he also says; 'It is such

a rarity as this that I saw at Vendôme in France, which they there pretend is a tear that our Saviour shed over Lazarus, and was gathered up by an angel, who put it in a little crystal vial, and made a present of it to Mary Magdalen.'—*Addison's Remarks on several parts of Italy.*

In liquid purity was found,
Though all had grown congealed around;
Floating in frost, it mocked the chill,
Was pure, was soft, was brilliant still!

HYMN OF A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.

AT THE TOMB OF HER MOTHER.

Oh! lost! for ever lost!—no more
Shall Vesper light our dewy way
Along the rocks of Crissa's shore,
To hymn the fading fires of day!
No more to Tempé's distant vale
In holy musings shall we roam,
Through summer's glow and winter's gale,
To bear the mystic chaplets home!¹
'Twas then my soul's expanding zeal,
By Nature warmed and led by thee,
In every breeze was taught to feel
The breathings of a deity!
Guide of my heart! to memory true,
Thy looks, thy words, are still my own—
I see thee raising from the dew
Some laurel, by the wind o'erthrown,
And hear thee say, 'This humble bough
Was planted for a doom divine,
And, though it weep in languor now,
Shall flourish on the Delphic shrine!
Thus in the vale of earthly sense,
Though sunk a while the spirit lies,
A viewless hand shall cull it thence,
To bloom immortal in the skies!'

Thy words had such a melting flow,
And spoke of truth so sweetly well,
They dropped like heaven's serenest snow,
And all was brightness where they fell!
Fond soother of my infant tear!
Fond sharer of my infant joy!
Is not thy shade still lingering here?
Am I not still thy soul's employ?
And oh! as oft at close of day,
When meeting on the sacred mount,

¹ The laurel, for the common uses of the temple, for adorning the altars and sweeping the pavement, was supplied by a tree near the fountain of Castalia; but upon all important occasions they sent to Tempé for their laurel. We find in Pausanias that this valley supplied the branches of which the temple was originally constructed;

and Plutarch says, in his *Dialogue on Music*, 'The youth who brings the Tempic laurel to Delphi is always attended by a player on the flute' ἄλλα μὴν καὶ τῷ κατακομίζοντι παιδί τῃς Τεμπικῆς δαφνῆς εἰς Δελφούς παρομαρτεῖ ἀνὴρ τῆς.

Our nymphs awaked the choral lay,
 And danced around Cassotis' fount ;
 As then, 'twas all thy wish and care
 • That mine should be the simplest mien,
 My lyre and voice the sweetest there,
 My foot the lightest o'er the green ;
 So still, each little grace to mould,
 Around my form thine eyes are shed,
 Arranging every snowy fold,
 And guiding every mazy tread !
 And when I lead the hymning choir,
 Thy spirit still, unseen and free,
 Hovers between my lip and lyre,
 And weds them into harmony !
 Flow, Plistus, flow ; thy murmuring wave
 Shall never drop its silvery tear
 Upon so pure, so blest a grave,
 To memory so divinely dear !

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὅσπερ σφραγίδες τα φιληματα.—*Achilles Tatius*, lib. ii.

'Go !' said the angry, weeping maid,
 'The charm is broken !—once betrayed,
 Oh ! never can my heart rely
 On word or look, on oath or sigh.
 Take back the gifts, so sweetly given,
 With promised faith and vows to Heaven ;
 That little ring which, night and morn,
 With wedded truth my hand hath worn ;
 That seal which oft, in moments blest,
 Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
 And sworn its dewy spring should be
 A fountain sealed¹ for only thee !
 Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
 All sullied, lost, and hateful now !'

I took the ring—the seal I took,
 While, oh ! her every tear and look
 Were such as angels look and shed,
 When man is by the world misled !
 Gently I whispered, 'Fanny, dear !
 Not half thy lover's gifts are here :
 Say, where are all the seals he gave
 To every ringlet's jetty wave,

¹ 'There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain which, they say, is the "sealed fountain" to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they

pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking.'—*Maunderell's Travels*. See also the *Notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon*.

And where is every one he printed
Upon that lip so ruby-tinted—
Seals of the purest gem of bliss,
Oh ! richer, softer far than this !

' And then the ring—my love ! recall
How many rings, delicious all,
His arms around that neck have twisted,
Twining warmer far than this did !
Where are they all, so sweet, so many ?
Oh ! dearest, give back all, if any !'

While thus I murmured, trembling too
Lest all the nymph had vowed was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like daylight o'er a sea of blue
While yet the air is dim with dew !
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh ! who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals !

TO MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
A song like those thy lips have given ;
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who seemed, like thee, to breathe of Heaven !

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
' Oh ! why should fairy Fancy keep
These wonders for herself alone ?'

I knew not then that Fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth ;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
A voice, a form, like thine on earth !

And yet, in all that flowery maze
Through which my life has loved to tread,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of dearest lustre shed ;

When I have felt the warbled word
From Beauty's mouth of perfume sighing,
Sweet as music's hallowed bird
Upon a rose's bosom lying !

Though form and song at once combined
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sighed, my heart hath pined
For something softer, lovelier still !

Oh ! I have found it all, at last,
 In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
 Through which the soul hath ever passed
 Its harmonizing breath of fire !

All that my best and wildest dream,
 In Fancy's hour, could hear or see
 Of Music's sigh or Beauty's beam,
 Are realized at once in thee !

LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.¹

*Già era in loco ove s'udia 'l rimbombo
 Dell'acqua.—Dante.*

FROM rise of morn till set of sun,
 I've seen the mighty Mohawk run ;
 And as I marked the woods of pine
 Along his mirror darkly shine,
 Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
 Before the wizard's midnight glass ;
 And as I viewed the hurrying pace
 With which he ran his turbid race,
 Rushing, alike untired and wild,
 Through shades that frowned and flowers that smiled,
 Flying by every green recess
 That wooed him to its calm caress,
 Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
 As if to leave one look behind !
 Oh ! I have thought, and thinking sighed—
 How like to thee, thou restless tide !
 May be the lot, the life of him,
 Who roams along thy water's brim !
 Through what alternate shades of woe
 And flowers of joy my path may go !
 How many an humble, still retreat
 May rise to court my weary feet,
 While still pursuing, still unblest,
 I wander on, nor dare to rest !
 But, urgent as the doom that calls
 Thy water to its destined falls,
 I see the world's bewildering force
 Hurry my heart's devoted course

¹ There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately above these falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weid's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet:

but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
 And the lost current cease to run !
 Oh ! may my falls be bright as thine !
 May Heaven's forgiving rainbow shine
 Upon the mist that circles me,
 As soft as now it hangs o'er thee !

CLORIS AND FANNY.

CLORIS ! if I were Persia's king,
 I'd make my graceful queen of thee ;
 While Fanny, wild and artless thing,
 Should but thy humble handmaid be,

There is but *one* objection in it—
 That, verily, I'm much afraid
 I should, in some unlucky minute,
 Forsake the mistress for the maid !

SONG

OF THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.¹

Qua via diffidilis, quaque est via nulla.—*Ovid. Metam. lib. iii. v. 22.*

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
 Shed by day's expiring lamp,
 Through the misty ether spreads
 Every ill the white man dreads :
 Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
 Fitful ague's shivering chill !

Hark ! I hear the traveller's song,
 As he winds the woods along :
 Christian ! 'tis the song of fear ;
 Wolves are round thee, night is near,
 And the wild thou dar'st to roam—
 Oh ! 'twas once the Indian's home.²

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
 Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
 By the creeks, or by the brakes,
 Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,

¹ The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo, upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

² 'The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehanna

and the adjacent country, until the year 1778, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped.'—*Morse's American Geography.*

And the cayman ¹ loves to creep,
 Torpid, to his wintry sleep;
 Where the bird of carrion flits,
 And the shuddering murderer sits ²
 Lone beneath a roof of blood,
 While upon his poisoned food,
 From the corpse of him he slew,
 Drops the chill and gory dew!

Hither bend you, turn you hither
 Eyes that blast and wings that wither!
 Cross the wandering Christian's way,
 Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
 Many a mile of maddening error,
 Through the maze of night and terror,
 Till the morn behold him lying
 On the damp earth, pale and dying!
 Mock him, when his eager sight
 Seeks the cordial cottage light;
 Glean then like the lightning-bug,
 Tempt him to the den that's dug
 For the foul and famished brood
 Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood!
 Or, unto the dangerous pass
 O'er the deep and dark morass,
 Where the trembling Indian brings
 Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,
 Tributes, to be hung in air
 To the Fiend prosiding there: ³
 Then, when night's long labour past,
 Wildered, faint, he falls at last,
 Sinking where the causeway's edge
 Moulders in the slimy sedge,
 There let every noxious thing
 Trail its filth and fix its sting,
 Let the bull-toad taint him over,
 Round him let mosquitoes hover,
 In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
 With his blood their poison mingling,
 Till, beneath the solar fires,
 Rankling all, the wretch expires!

¹ The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

² This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Father Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons.

³ They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcase, not only on himself but on his food.

⁴ We find also cellars of porcelain, tobacco,

ears of maize, skins, etc., by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places. See *Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada*.

Father Hennepin, too, mentions this ceremony; he also says: 'We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi.'—See *Hennepin's Voyage into North America*.

TO MRS. HENRY TIGHE,

ON READING HER 'PSYCHE.'

1802.

TELL me the witching tale again,
 For never has my heart or ear
 Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
 So pure to feel, so sweet to hear !

Say, Love ! in all thy spring of fame,
 When the high Heaven itself was thine ;
 When piety confessed the flame,
 And even thy errors were divine !

Did ever Muse's hand so fair
 A glory round thy temple spread ?
 Did ever lip's ambrosial air
 Such perfume o'er thy altars shed ?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
 The mystic myrtle wildly wreathed—
 But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
 The myrtle withered as she breathed !

Oh ! you that Love's celestial dream
 In all its purity would know,
 Let not the senses' ardent beam
 Too strongly through the vision glow !

Love sweetest lies concealed in night,
 The night where Heaven has bid him lie
 Oh ! shed not there unhallowed light,
 Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly !¹

Dear Psyche ! many a charmed hour,
 Through many a wild and magic waste,
 To the fair fount and blissful bower,
 Thy mazy foot my soul hath traced !

Where'er thy joys are numbered now,
 Beneath whatever shades of rest,
 The Genius of the starry brow²
 Has chained thee to thy Cupid's breast ;

¹ See the story in Apuleius. With respect to this beautiful allegory of Love and Psyche, there is an ingenious idea suggested by the senator Buonarrotti, in his *Osservazioni sopra alcuni frammenti di vani antichi*. He thinks the fable is taken from some very occult mysteries, which had long been celebrated in honour of Love ; and he accounts, upon this supposition, for the silence of the more ancient authors upon the subject, as it was not till towards the decline of pagan superstition that writers could venture to reveal or

discuss such ceremonies. Accordingly, he observes, we find Lucian and Plutarch treating, without reserve, of the Dea Syria, and Isis and Osiris and Apuleius, who has given us the story of Cupid and Psyche, has also detailed some of the mysteries of Isis.—See the *Giornale di Letterati d'Italia*, tom. xxvii. articul. 1. See also the *Observations upon the Ancient Gems in the Museum Florentinum*, vol. i. p. 166.

² Constancy.

Whether above the horizon dim,
 Along whose verge our spirits stray
 (Half sunk within the shadowy brim,
 Half brightened by the eternal ray),¹

Thou risest to a cloudless pole!
 Or, lingering here, dost love to mark
 The twilight walk of many a soul
 Through sunny good and evil dark ;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
 The song, whose dulcet tide was given
 To keep her name as fadeless here
 As nectar keeps her soul in Heaven !

IMPROPTU,

UPON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces comitum valetе cernus!—Catullus.

No, never shall my soul forget
 The friends I found so cordial-hearted ;
 Dear shall be the day we met,
 And dear shall be the night we parted !

Oh ! if regrets, however sweet,
 Must with the lapse of time decay,
 Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
 Fill high to him that's far away !

Long be the flame of memory found
 Alive within your social glass ;
 Let that be still the magic round
 O'er which oblivion dares not pass !

EPISTLE VIII.

TO THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata Getas.—Ovid, ex Ponto, lib. i. ep. 5.

FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Thou oft hast told me of the fairy hours
 Thy heart has numbered, in those classic bowers
 Where fancy sees the ghost of ancient wit
 'Mid crows and cardinals profanely flit,

¹ By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

And pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaïd,
 Haunt every stream and sing through every shade !
 There still the bard, who (if his numbers be
 His tongue's light echo) must have talked like thee,
 The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
 Those playful, sunshine holidays of thought,
 In which the basking soul reclines and glows,
 Warm without toil and brilliant in repose.
 There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
 How modern monks with ancient rakes agree ;
 How mitres hang where ivy wreaths might twine,
 And heathen Massic's damned for stronger wine !
 There too are all those wandering souls of song
 With whom thy spirit hath communed so long,
 Whose rarest gems are every instant hung
 By memory's magic on thy sparkling tongue.
 But here, alas ! by Erie's stormy lake,
 As far from thee my lonely course I take,
 No bright remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
 No classic dream, no star of other days,
 Has left that visionary glory here,
 That relic of its light, so soft, so dear,
 Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
 The humblest shed, where genius once has been !

All that creation's varying mass assumes
 Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms ;
 Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
 Bright lakes expand, and conquering¹ rivers flow ;
 Mind, mind alone, without whose quickening ray,
 The world's a wilderness, and man but clay,
 Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
 Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows !
 Take Christians, Mohawks, Democrats, and all
 From the rude wigwam to the congress-hall,
 From man the savage, whether slaved or free,
 To man the civilised, less tame than he !
 'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
 Betwixt half-polished and half-barbarous life ;
 Where every ill the ancient world can brew
 Is mixed with every grossness of the new ;
 Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
 And nothing's known of luxury but vice !
 Is this the region, then, is this the clime
 For golden fancy ? for those dreams sublime,
 Which all their miracles of light reveal
 To heads that meditate and hearts that feel ?

¹ This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi:—'I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half a league ; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter

the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore without mixing them: afterwards it gives its odour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea.'—Letter xxvii.

No, no—the Muse of inspiration plays
 O'er every scene ; she walks the forest-maze,
 And climbs the mountain ; every blooming spot
 Burns with her step, yet man regards it not !
 She whispers round, her words are in the air,
 But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there,¹
 Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
 One ray of heart to thaw them into song !

Yet, yet forgive me, oh you sacred few !
 Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew ;
 Whom, known and loved through many a social eve,
 'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave !²
 Less dearly welcome were the lines of yore
 The exile saw upon the sandy shore,
 When his lone heart but faintly hoped to find
 One print of man, one blessed stamp of mind !
 Less dearly welcome than the liberal zeal,
 The strength to reason, and the warmth to feel,
 The manly polish and the illumined taste,
 Which, 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
 My foot has wandered, oh you sacred few !
 I found by Delaware's green banks with you.
 Long may you hate the Gallic dross that runs
 O'er your fair country and corrupts its sons ;
 Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
 Those fields of freedom where your sires were born.
 Oh ! if America can yet be great,
 If, neither chained by choice, nor damned by fate
 To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
 She yet can raise the bright but temperate brow
 Of single majesty, can grandly place
 An empire's pillar upon Freedom's base,
 Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
 For the fair capital that flowers above !—
 If yet, released from all that vulgar throng,
 So vain of dulness and so pleased with wrong,
 Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
 Folly in froth, and barrenness in pride,
 She yet can rise, can wreath the attic charms
 Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
 And see her poets flash the fires of song,
 To light her warriors' thunderbolts along !
 It is to you, to souls that favouring Heaven
 Has made like yours, the glorious task is given—

¹ Alluding to the humorous paper about frozen words in the *Spectator*.

² In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this elegant little circle that love for good literature and sound politics which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely

the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate as I ought the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value as I do the spirit with which they defy it ; and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*,

Oh ! but for *such*, Columbia's day were done ;
 Rank without ripeness, quickened without sun,
 Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
 Her fruits would fall before her spring were o'er !

Believe me, Spencer, while I winged the hours
 Where Schuylkill undulates through banks of flowers
 Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
 So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
 That my full soul forgot its wish to roam,
 And rested there, as in a dream of home !
 And looks I met, like looks I loved before,
 And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er
 The chord of memory, found full many a tone
 Of kindness there in concord with their own !
 Oh ! we had nights of that communion free,
 That flush of heart, which I have known with thee
 So oft, so warmly ; nights of mirth and wind,
 Of whims that taught, and follies that refined :
 When shall we both renew them ? when, restored
 To the pure feast and intellectual board,
 Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
 Those whims that teach, those follies that refine ?
 Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
 I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
 I sighed for England—oh ! these weary feet
 Have many a mile to journey ere we meet !

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, ΩΣ ΣΟΥ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.

A WARNING.

TO ———

Oh ! fair as Heaven and chaste as light !
 Did Nature mould thee all so bright,
 That thou shouldst ever learn to weep
 O'er languid Virtue's fatal sleep,
 O'er shame extinguished, honour fled,
 Peace lost, heart withered, feeling dead ?

No, no ! a star was born with thee,
 Which sheds eternal purity !
 Thou hast within those sainted eyes
 So fair a transcript of the skies,
 In lines of fire such heavenly lore,
 That man should read them and adore !
 Yet have I known a gentle maid
 Whose early charms were just arrayed
 In Nature's loveliness like thine,
 And wore that clear, celestial sign,
 Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
 For Destiny's peculiar care !

Whose bosom, too, was once a zone
 Where the bright gem of virtue shone ;
 Whose eyes were talismans of fire
 Against the spell of man's desire !
 Yet, hapless girl, in one sad hour
 Her charms have shed their radiant flower ;
 The gem has been beguiled away ;
 Her eyes have lost their chastening ray ;
 The simple fear, the guiltless shame,
 The smiles that from reflection came,
 All, all have fled, and left her mind
 A faded monument behind !
 Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone,
 To memory raised by hands unknown,
 Which, many a wintry hour, has stood
 Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,
 To tell the traveller, as he crossed,
 That there some lovèd friend was lost ;
 Oh ! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
 Heaven keep the lost one's fate from thee !

TO — —.

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
 While yet my soul is something free ;
 While yet those dangerous eyes allow
 One moment's thought to stray from thee !

Oh ! thou art every instant dearer—
 Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
 Brings my ruin nearer, nearer :
 I am lost, unless I fly thee !

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
 Wish me not so soon to fall,
 Duties, fame, and hopes await me,
 Oh ! that eye would blast them all !

Yes, yes, it would—for thou'rt as cold
 As ever yet allured or swayèd.
 And wouldst, without a sigh, behold
 The ruin which thyself had made !

Yet—*could* I think that, truly fond,
 That eye but once would smile on me,
 Good Heaven ! how much, how far beyond
 Fame, duty, hope, that smile would be !

Oh ! but to win it, night and day,
 Inglorious at thy feet reclined,
 I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
 The world for thee forgot, resigned !

But no, no, no—farewell—we part,
 Never to meet, no, never, never—
 Oh woman ! what a mind and heart
 Thy coldness has undone for ever !

FROM

THE HIGH PRIEST OF APOLLO

TO

A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.¹

Cum digno digna.—Sulpicia.

‘ Who is the maid, with golden hair,
 With eyes of fire and feet of air,
 Whose harp around my altar swells,
 The sweetest of a thousand shells ?
 ’Twas thus the deity, who treads
 The arch of Heaven, and grandly sheds
 Day from his eyelids !—thus he spoke,
 As through my cell his glories broke :
 ‘ Who is the maid, with golden hair,
 With eyes of fire and feet of air,
 Whose harp around my altar swells,
 The sweetest of a thousand shells ?

Aphelia is the Delphic fair,
 With eyes of fire and golden hair,
 Aphelia’s are the airy feet,
 And hers the harp divinely sweet ;
 For foot so light has never trod
 The laurell’d caverns of the god,
 Nor harp so soft has ever given
 A strain to earth or sigh to Heaven !
 ‘ Then tell the virgin to unfold,
 In looser pomp, her locks of gold,
 And bid those eyes with fonder fire
 Be kindled for a god’s desire ;

¹ This poem requires a little explanation. It is well known that, in the ancient temples, whenever a reverend priest, like the supposed author of the invitation before us, was inspired with a tender inclination towards any fair visitor of the shrine, and at the same time felt a diffidence in his own powers of persuasion, he had but to proclaim that the god himself was enamoured of her, and had signified his divine will that she should sleep in the interior of the temple. Many a pious husband connived at this divine assignation, and even declared himself proud of the selection with which his family had been distinguished by the deity. In the temple of Jupiter Pelus there was a splendid bed for these occasions. In Egyptian

Thebes the same mockery was practised ; and at the oracle of Patara in Lycia, the priestess never could prophesy till an interview with the deity was allowed her. The story which we read in *Josephus* (lib. xviii. cap. 3), of the Roman matron Paulina, whom the priests of Isis, for a bribe, betrayed in this manner to Minudus, is a singular instance of the impudent excess to which credulity suffered these impostures to be carried. This story has been put into the form of a little novel under the name of *La Pudicizia Schernita*, by the licentious and unfortunate Pallavicino. See his *Opere Scelte*, tom. i. I have made my priest here prefer a cave to the temple.

Since He, who lights the path of years—
 Even from the fount of morning's tears,
 To where his setting splendours burn
 Upon the western sea-maid's urn—
 Cannot, in all his course, behold
 Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold !
 Tell her he comes in blissful pride,
 His lip yet sparkling with the tide
 That mantles in Olympian bowls,
 The nectar of eternal souls !
 For her, for her he quits the skies,
 And to her kiss from nectar flies.
 Oh ! he would hide his wreath of rays,
 And leave the world to pine for days,
 Might he but pass the hours of shade
 Imbosomed by his Delphic maid--
 She, more than earthly woman blest,
 He, more than god on woman's breast !

There is a cave beneath the steep,¹
 Where living rills of crystal weep
 O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
 That ever spring begemmed with dew,
 There oft the green bank's glossy tint
 Is brightened by the amorous print
 Of many a faun and Naiad's form,
 That still upon the dew is warm
 When virgins come at peep of day
 To kiss the sod where lovers lay !
 'There, there,' the god, impassioned, said,
 'Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
 And the dim orb of lunar souls
 Along its shadowy pathway rolls—
 There shall we find our bridal bed,
 And ne'er did rosy rapture spread,
 Not even in Jove's voluptuous bowers,
 A bridal bed so blest as ours !

'Tell the imperial God, who reigns
 Sublime in oriental fanes,
 Whose towering turrets paint their pride
 Upon Euphrates' pregnant tide ;
 Tell him, when to his midnight loves
 In mystic majesty he moves,
 Lighted by many an odorous fire,
 And hymned by all Chaldaea's choir—
 Oh ! tell the godhead to confess,
 The porous joy delights him less
 (Even though his mighty arms enfold
 A priestess on a couch of gold)

¹ The Corycian Cava, which Pausanias mentions. The inhabitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Pileus.

Than when in love's unholy prank,
By moonlight cave or rustic bank,
Upon his neck some wood-nymph lies,
Exhaling from her lip and eyes
The flame and incense of delight,
To sanctify a dearer rite,
A mystery, more divinely warmed
Than priesthood ever yet performed !

Happy the maid, whom Heaven allows
To break her virgin vows !
Happy the maid !—her robe of shame
Is whitened by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race !

Oh, virgin ! what a doom is thine !
To-night, to-night a lip divine
In every kiss shall stamp on thee
A seal of immortality !
Fly to the cave, Aphelia, fly,
There lose the world and wed the sky !
There all the boundless rapture steal
Which gods can give or women feel

WOMAN.

Away, away—you're all the same,
A fluttering, smiling, jilting throng !
Oh ! by my soul, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long !

Slow to be warmed and quick to rove
From folly kind, from cunning loth
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both.

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign,
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest !

Away, away,—your smile's a curse—
Oh ! blot me from the race of men,
Kind pitying Heaven ! by death or worse,
Before I love such things again !

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curled
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near ;
And I said, ' If there's peace to be found in the world,
A heart that was humble might hope for it here !'

It was noon, and on flowers that languished around,
 In silence reposed the voluptuous bee ;
 Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
 But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And ' Here in this lone little wood,' I exclaimed,
 ' With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
 Who would blush when I praised her, and weep if I blamed,
 How blest could I live, and how calm could I die !

' By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
 In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
 And to know that I sighed upon innocent lips,
 Which had never been sighed on by any but mine !

TO ———.

ΝΟΣΕΙ ΤΑ ΦΙΑΤΑΤΑ.—*Euripides.*

1803.

COME, take the harp—'tis vain to muse
 Upon the gathering ills we see ;
 Oh ! take the harp, and let me lose
 All thoughts of ill in hearing thee !

Sing to me, Love ! though death were near,
 Thy song could make my soul forget—
 Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
 All may be well, be happy yet !

Let me but see that snowy arm
 Once more upon the dear harp lie,
 And I will cease to dream of harm,
 Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh !

Give me that strain, of mournful touch,
 We used to love long, long ago,
 Before our hearts had known as much
 As now, alas ! they bled to know !

Sweet notes ! they tell of former peace,
 Of all that looked so rapturous then,
 Now withered, lost—oh ! pray thee, cease,
 I cannot bear those sounds again !

Art thou, too, wretched ? yes, thou art ;
 I see thy tears flow fast with mine—
 Come, come to this devoted heart,
 'Tis breaking, but it still is thine !

A VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
 The venerable man :¹ a virgin bloom
 Of softness mingled with the vigorous thought
 That towered upon his brow ; as when we see
 The gentle moon and the full radiant sun
 Shining in heaven together. When he spoke,
 'Twas language sweetened into song--such holy sounds
 As oft the spirit of the good man hears,
 Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
 When death is nigh !² and still, as he unclosed
 His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
 As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
 That blossom in Elysium, breathed around !
 With silent awe we listened while he told
 Of the dark veil which many an age had hung
 O'er Nature's form, till by the touch of Time
 The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
 And half the goddess beamed in glimpses through it !
 Of magic wonders, that were known and taught
 By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
 Who mused, amid the mighty cataclysm,
 O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore,³
 Nor let the living star of science⁴ sink
 Beneath the waters which engulfed the world !--
 Of visions by Calliope revealed
 To him⁵ who traced upon his typic lyre
 The diapason of man's mingled frame,
 And the grand Doric heptachord of Heaven !
 With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
 Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night

¹ In *Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles*, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them : the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs. Περὶ τὴν ἐρυθρὰν θάλασσαν εὖρον, ἀνθρώπου ἀνα πάντας ἀπαξ ἐντυγχάνοντα, τάλλα δὲ συν ταῖς νύμφαις, νομασί καὶ δαίμοσι, ὡς εἶπασκε. He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips a fragrance filled the place : φθεγγόμενον δὲ τὸν τόπον εὐωδία κατεῖχε, τοῦ στοματος ἡδίστου ἀπαινεύοντος. From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

² The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain of music in the air. See the poem of Heinsius, 'In harmoniam quam paulo ante obitum audiri sibi visus est Dousa.' Page 501.

³ Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very durable

substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity.—See the extracts made by Bayle in his article *Cham*. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus, or the impostor Amnius, and a few more such respectable testimonies. See *Naudé's Apologie pour les Grands Hommes*, etc., chap. 8, where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

⁴ Chamum à posteris hujus artis admirato. Zoroastrum, seu vivum astrum, propterea fuisse dictum of pro Deo habitum.—*Bochart. Geograph. Sacr.* lib. iv. cap. 1.

⁵ Orpheus.—Paulinus, in his *Hebdomades*, cap. 2, lib. iii., has endeavoured to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, made up of a diatesseron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body. Those frequent allusions to music, by which the ancient philosophers illustrated their sublime theories, must have tended very much to elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with associations of the grandest and most interesting nature.

Told to the young and bright-haired visitant
 Of Carmel's sacred mount!¹—Then, in a flow
 Of calmer converse, he beguiled us on
 Through many a maze of garden and of porch,
 Through many a system, where the scattered light
 Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam
 From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
 Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still,²
 And bright through every change!—he spoke of Him,
 The lone Eternal One, who dwells above,
 And of the soul's untraceable descent
 From that high fount of spirit, through the grades
 Of intellectual being, till it mix
 With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark;
 Nor even then, though sunk in earthly dross,
 Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch
 Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still!
 As some bright river, which has rolled along
 Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
 When poured at length into the dusky deep,
 Disdains to mingle with its briny taint,
 But keeps awhile the pure and golden tinge,
 The balmy freshness of the fields it left!³

And here the old man ceased—a winged train
 Of nymphs and genii led him from our eyes,
 The fair illusion fled! and, as I waked,
 I knew my visionary soul had been
 Among that people of aerial dreams
 Who live upon the burning galaxy!

T() ———

THE world had just begun to steal
 Each hope that led me lightly on,
 I felt not as I used to feel,
 And life grew dark and love was gone!

No eye to mingle sorrow's tear,
 No lip to mingle pleasure's breath,
 No tongue to call me kind and dear—
 'Twas gloomy, and I wished for death!

¹ Pythagoras is represented in Jamblichus as descending with great solemnity from Mount Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. This Moschus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phæacian, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses.

² Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that any one

who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian. 'Si extitisset aliquis, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusam colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto non dissentiret a nobis.'—*Iust. lib. vi. c. 7.*

³ This fine Platonic image I have taken from a passage in Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in *Picart's Cérém. Relig.* tom. iv.

But when I saw that gentle eye,
 Oh ! something seemed to tell me then
 That I was yet too young to die,
 And hope and bliss might bloom again ?

With every beamy smile that crossed
 Your kindling cheek, you lighted home
 Some feeling which my heart had lost,
 And Peace, which long had learned to roam !

'Twas then indeed so sweet to live,
 Hope looked so new, and love so kind,
 That, though I weep, I still forgive
 The ruin which they've left behind !

I could have loved you—oh, so well ;—
 The dream that wishing boyhood knows,
 Is but a bright beguiling spell,
 Which only lives while passion glows :

But, when this early flush declines,
 When the heart's vivid morning fleets,
 You know not then how close it twines
 Round the first kindred soul it meets !

Yes, yes, I could have loved, as one
 Who, while his youth's enchantments fall,
 Finds something dear to rest upon,
 Which pays him for the loss of all !

* * * * *

DREAMS.

TO ———.

In slumber, I prithee how is it,
 That souls are oft taking the air,
 And paying each other a visit,
 While bodies are—Heaven knows where ?

Last night, 'tis in vain to deny it,
 Your soul took a fancy to roam ;
 For I heard her, on tiptoe so quiet,
 Come ask, whether *mine* was at home.

And mine let her in with delight,
 And they talked and they kissed the time through
 For when souls come together at night,
 There is no knowing what they mayn't do !

And *your* little soul, Heaven bless her !
 Had much to complain and to say,
 Of how sadly you wrong and oppress *her*,
 By keeping her prisoned all day.

'If I happen,' said she, 'but to steal
For a peep now and then to her eye,
Or, to quiet the fever I feel,
Just venture abroad on a sigh ;

'In an instant, she frightens me in,
With some phantom of prudence or terror,
For fear I should stray into sin,
Or, what is still worse, into error !

'So, instead of displaying my graces,
Thro' look, and thro' words, and thro' mien,
I am shut up in corners and places,
Where truly I blush to be seen !

Upon hearing this piteous confession,
My soul, looking tenderly at her,
Declared, as for grace and discretion
He did not know much of the matter ;

'But, to-morrow, sweet spirit !' he said,
'Be at home after midnight, and then
I will come when your lady's in bed,
And we'll talk o'er the subject again.'

So she whispered a word in his ear,
I suppose to her door to direct him,
And—just after midnight, my dear,
Your polite little soul may expect him.

TO MRS. — — —.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee every day the same,
In pleasure's smile or sorrow's tear
The same benign consoling dear !
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came like sunshine every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chased.
Is now a lone and loveless waste.—
Where are the chords she used to touch ?
Where are the songs she loved so much ?
The songs are hushed, the chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of friendship soon be lulled to rest,
Which late I waked in Anna's breast !
Yet no--the simple notes I played,
On memory's tablet soon may fade ;
The songs which Anna loved to hear
May all be lost on Anna's ear ;

But friendship's sweet and fairy strain
 Shall ever in her heart remain ;
 Nor memory lose nor time impair
 The sympathies which tremble there !

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

WRITTEN ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.¹

Et renigem cantus hortatur.—Quintilian.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.²
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?
 There is not a breath the blue wave to curl !
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

Utawas' tide ! this trembling moon
 Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
 Saint of this green Isle ! hear our prayers,
 Oh ! grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
 The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past !

¹ I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us very frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins :

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
 Deux cavaliers très-bien montés ;

And the refrain to every verse was :

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
 A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings

that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling ; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me ; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grande Portage by the Otawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's *General History of the Fur Trade*, prefixed to his *Journal*.

² 'At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelary saint of voyagers.'—*Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade*.

EPISTLE IX.

TO THE LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

NOT many months have now been dreamed away
 Since yonder sun (beneath whose evening ray
 We rest our boat among these Indian isles)
 Saw me, where mazy Trent serenely smiles
 Through many an oak, as sacred as the groves
 Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
 And hears the soul of father or of chief,
 Or lovèd mistress, sigh in every leaf!¹
 There listening, Lady! while thy lip hath sung
 My own unpolished lays, how proud I've hung
 On every mellowed number! proud to feel
 That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
 As o'er thy hallowing lip they sighed along,
 Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
 Oh! I have wondered, like the peasant boy
 Who sings at eve his Sabbath strains of joy,
 And when he hears the rude, luxuriant note
 Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
 Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
 And thinks it all too sweet to be his own!
 I dreamed not then that, ere the rolling year
 Had filled its circle, I should wander here
 In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
 See all its store of inland waters hurled
 In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,²
 Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
 Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
 Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed! —
 Should trace the grand Cataract, and glide
 Down the white Rapids of his lordly tide
 Through massy woods, through islets flowering fair,
 Through shades of bloom, where the first sinful pair
 For consolation might have weeping trod,
 When banished from the garden of their God!
 Oh, Lady! these are miracles which man,
 Caged in the bounds of Europe's pigmy plan,

¹ 'Avendo essi per costume di avere in venerazione gli alberi grandi ed antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli di anime beate.'—*Pietro della Valle*, Part. Second. Lettera 18 de i giardini di Sciraz.

² When I arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, it was too late to think of visiting them that evening, and I lay awake all night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a kind of era in my life, and the first glimpse which I caught of those wonderful Falls gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever excite again.

To Colonel Brock, of the 40th, who commanded at the Fort, I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fortnight I remained at Niagara. Among many pleasant days which I passed with him and his brother officers, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting. They received us in all their ancient costume: the young men exhibited for our amusement, in the race, the bat-games, etc.; while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees, and the picture altogether was as beautiful as it was new to me.

Can scarcely dream of: which his eye must see,
 To know how beautiful this world can be!
 But soft!—the tinges of the west decline,
 And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
 Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
 Is rocked to rest, the wind's complaining note
 Dies, like a half-breathed whispering of flutes;
 Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
 And I can trace him, like a watery star,¹
 Down the steep current, till he fades afar
 Amid the foaming breaker's silvery light,
 Where yon rough Rapids sparkle through the night!
 Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
 And the smooth glass-snake,² gliding o'er my way,
 Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
 Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,
 Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze,
 Some Indian Spirit warble words like these:

From the clime of sacred doves,³
 Where the blessed Indian roves,
 Through the air on wing, as white
 As the spirit-stones of light,⁴
 Which the eye of morning counts
 On the Appalachian mounts!
 Hither oft my flight I take
 Over Huron's lucid lake,
 Where the wave, as clear as dew,
 Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
 Which, reflected, floating there,
 Looks as if it hung in air!⁵

Then, when I have strayed awhile
 Through the Manataulin isle,⁶
 Breathing all its holy bloom,
 Swift upon the purple plume
 Of my Wakon-Bird⁷ I fly
 Where, beneath a burning sky,

¹ Anburey, in his *Travels*, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the St. Lawrence.—Vol. i. p. 29.

² The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

³ 'The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove.'—Charlevoix, upon the *Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada*. See the curious *Fable of the American Orpheus* in Lafitau, tom. i. p. 402.

⁴ 'The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians "manetoe weeniah," or spirit-stones.'—*McKenzie's Journal*.

⁵ I was thinking here of what Carver says so beautifully in his description of one of these lakes: 'When it was calm, and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge

piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn: the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene.'

⁶ Manataulin signifies a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

⁷ 'The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the Bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit.'—*Moree*.

O'er the bed of Erie's lake,
Slumbers many a water-snake,
Basking in the web of leaves
Which the weeping lily weaves !¹

Then I chase the floweret-king
Through his bloomy wild of spring ;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink ;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip !

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread² loves to creep,
Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head,³
Till, with dreams of honey blessed,
Haunted in his downy nest
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dowry buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers !

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes ;
When the gray moose sheds his horns,
When the track at evening warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wigwam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird⁴ soft and fair
As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears !

¹ The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

² 'The gold-thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a

large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow.'—*Morse*.

³ 'L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes : il tire sa subsistance des fleurs comme les abeilles ; son nid est fait d'un coton très-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre.'—*Voyages aux Indes Occidentales*, par M. Bossu. Second part, lett. xx

⁴ *Emberiza hyemalis*.—See *Inlay's Kentucky*, p. 280.

There, amid the Island-sedge,
 Just upon the cataract's edge,
 Where the foot of living man
 Never trod since time began,
 Lone I sit, at close of day,
 While, beneath the golden ray,
 Icy columns gleam below,
 Feathered round with falling snow,
 And an arch of glory springs,
 Brilliant as the chain of rings
 Round the neck of virgins hung. —
 Virgins¹ who have wandered young
 O'er the waters of the west
 To the land where spirits rest !

Thus have I charmed, with visionary lay,
 The lonely moments of the night away ;
 And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams !
 Once more embarked upon the glittering streams,
 Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
 Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
 Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
 The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
 Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood,
 While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
 And, with his wings of living light unfurled,
 Coasted the dim shores of another world !

Yet oh ! believe me in this blooming maze
 Of lovely nature, where the fancy strays
 From charm to charm, where every floweret's hue
 Hath something strange, and every leaf is new !
 I never feel a bliss so pure and still,
 So heavenly calm, as when a stream or hill,
 Or veteran oak, like those remembered well,
 Or breeze or echo, or some wild-flower's smell
 (For, who can say what small and fairy ties
 The memory flings o'er pleasure as it flies ?)
 Reminds my heart of many a sylvan dream
 I once indulged by Trent's inspiring stream ;
 Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
 On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights !

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er,
 When I have seen thee cull the blooms of lore,
 With him, the polished warrior, by thy side,
 A sister's idol and a nation's pride !
 When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
 In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
 Turn to the living hero, while it read,
 For pure and brightening comments on the dead !

¹ Laftau wishes to believe, for the sake of his theory, that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians.

Or whether memory to my mind recalls
 The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
 When guests have met around the sparkling board,
 And welcome warmed the cup that luxury poured;
 When the bright future star of England's throne
 With magic smile hath o'er the banquet shone,
 Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
 But tempering greatness, like an evening sun
 Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
 Glorious but mild, all softness yet all fire!
 Whatever hue my recollections take,
 Even the regret, the very pain they wake
 Is dear and exquisite!—but oh! no more—
 Lady! adieu—my heart has lingered o'er
 These vanished times, till all that round me lies,
 Stream, banks, and bowers, have faded on my eyes!

 IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. —, OF MONTREAL.

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
 She crowded the impressions of many an hour:
 Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
 Which waked every feeling at once into flower!

Oh! could we have stolen but one rapturous day,
 To renew such impressions again and again,
 The things we could look, and imagine, and say,
 Would be worth all the life we had wasted till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
 We should find some more exquisite mode of revealing,
 And, between us, should feel just as much in a week,
 As others would take a millennium in feeling!

 WRITTEN ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND,¹

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE, LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER 1804.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
 Fast gliding along, a gloomy bark!
 Her sails are full, though the wind is still,
 And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

¹ This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, 'the flying Dutchman.'

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by

the very splendid hospitality with which my friends of the *Phaeton* and *Boston* had treated me, that I was but ill prepared to encounter the miseries of a Canadian ship. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

Oh ! what doth that vessel of darkness bear ?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung !

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador ;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tossed !

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck ;
And the dim blue fire that lights her deck
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew,
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew !

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast ;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world !

Oh ! hurry thee on—oh ! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark ! ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light !

TO THE BOSTON FRIGATE.¹

ON LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND, OCTOBER 1804.

ΝΟΥΤΟΥ ΠΡΟΦΑΣΙΣ ΊΑΥΚΕΡΟΥ.—*Pindar. Pyth. 4.*

With triumph this morning, oh *Boston* ! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail ;
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,
And that chill Nova Scotia's unpromising strand²
Is the last I shall tread of American land.
Well peace to the land ! may the people, at length,
Know that freedom is bliss, but that honour is strength ;
That though man have the wings of the fetterless wind,
Of the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet if health do not sweeten the blast with her bloom,
Nor virtue's aroma its pathway perfume,
Unblest is the freedom and dreary the flight,
That but wanders to ruin and wantons to blight !
Farewell to the few I have left with regret,
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,

¹ Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and at the same time do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him.

² Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the college which they have lately

established at Windsor, about forty miles from Halifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by the beauty and fertility of the country which opened upon us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by which Halifax is surrounded. I was told that, in travelling onwards, we should find the soil and the scenery improve, and it gave me much pleasure to know that the worthy Governor has by no means such an 'inamable regnum' as I was at first sight inclined to believe.

That communion of heart, and that parley of soul,
 Which has lengthened our nights and illumined our bowl,
 When they've asked me the manners, the mind, or the mien
 Of some bard I had known, or some chief I had seen,
 Whose glory, though distant, they long had adored,
 Whose name often hallowed the juice of their board !
 And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
 I told them each luminous trait that I knew,
 They have listened, and sighed that the powerful stream
 Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
 Without leaving one fragment of genius, to say
 How sublime was the tide which had vanished away !
 Farewell to the few—though we never may meet
 On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
 To think that, whenever my song or my name
 Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
 I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and blest
 Ere hope had deceived me or sorrow depressed !

But, Douglas ! while thus I endear to my mind
 The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
 I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
 As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
 That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our flight,
 And shall steal us away ere the falling of night.
 Dear Douglas, thou knowest, with thee by my side,
 With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to guide,
 There's not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
 Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to freeze
 Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
 That I could not with patience, with pleasure explore !
 Oh ! think then how happy I follow thee now,
 When hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
 And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing wind
 Takes me nearer the home where my heart is enshrined ;
 Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
 And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain ;
 Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my heart,
 And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part !—

But see !—the bent top-sails are ready to swell —
 To the boat—I am with thee—Columbia, farewell !

TO LADY H—.

ON AN OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

'Tunnebrige est à la même distance de Londres que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au temps des eaux. La compagnie,' etc. etc.—See Mémoires de Grammont, seconde part. chap. iii.

Tunbridge Wells, August, 1805.

WHEN Grammont graced these happy springs,
 And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
 The merriest wight of all the kings
 That ever ruled these gay gallant isles ;

Like us by day they rode, they walked,
 At eve they did as we may do,
 And Grammont just like Spencer talked,
 And lovely Stewart smiled like you !

The only different trait is this,
 That woman then, if man beset her,
 Was rather given to saying 'yes,'
 Because as yet she knew no better !

Each night they held a coterie,
 Where, every fear to slumber charmed,
 Lovers were all they ought to be,
 And husbands not the least alarmed !

• They called up all their school-day pranks,
 Nor thought it much their sense beneath,
 To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
 And lords showed wit, and ladies teeth.

As—'Why are husbands like the Mint ?'
 Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
 Is just to set the name and print
 That give a currency to beauty.

'Why is a garden's wildered maze
 Like a young widow, fresh and fair ?'
 Because it wants some hand to raise
 The weeds, which 'have no business there !'

And thus they missed, and thus they hit,
 And now they struck, and now they parried,
 And some lay-in of full-grown wit,
 While others of a pun miscarried.

• 'Twas one of those facetious nights
 That Grammont gave this forfeit ring,
 For breaking grave conundrum rites,
 Or punning ill, or—some such thing ;

From whence it can be fairly traced
 Through many a branch and many a bough,
 From twig to twig, until it graced
 The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then to you,
 Oh Tunbridge ! and your springs ironical.
 I swear by H—the—te's eye of blue,
 To dedicate the important chronicle.

• Long may your ancient inmates give
 Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
 And Charles' loves in H—the--te live,
 And Charles' bards revive in Rogers !

Let no pedantic fools be there,
 For ever be those fops abolished,
 With heads as wooden as thy ware,
 And, Heaven knows ! not half so polished.

But still receive the mild, the gay,
 The few, who know the rare delight
 Of reading Grammont every day,
 And acting Grammont every night !

TO ———.

NEVER mind how the pedagogic proses,
 You want not antiquity's stamp,
 The lip that's so scented by roses,
 Oh ! never must smell of the lamp.

Old Cloe, whose withering kisses
 Have long set the loves at defiance,
 Now, done with the science of blisses,
 May fly to the blisses of science !

Young Sappho, for want of employments,
 Alone o'er her Ovid may melt,
 Condemned but to read of enjoyments
 Which wiser Corinna had felt.

But for *you* to be buried in books—
 Oh, Fanny ! they're pitiful sages,
 Who could not in *one* of your looks
 Read more than in millions of pages !

Astronomy finds in your eye
 Better light than she studies above,
 And music must borrow your sigh
 As the melody dearest to love.

In Ethics— 'tis you that can check,
 In a minute, their doubts and their quarrels ;
 Oh ! show but that mole on your neck,
 And 'twill soon put an end to their morals

Your Arithmetic only can trip,
 When to kiss and to count you endeavour ;
 But eloquence glows on your lip
 When you swear that you'll love me for ever.

Thus you see what a brilliant alliance
 Of arts is assembled in you—
 A course of more exquisite science
 Man never need wish to go through !

And, oh !—if a fellow like me
 May confer a diploma of hearts,
 With my lip thus I seal your degree,
 My divine little Mistress of Arts !

IRISH MELODIES.

FROM 1807 TO 1828.

PREFATORY LETTER ON MUSIC.

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose¹ marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George II. that memorable exclamation, “Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!”

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, “*decantare loca dolentia*.” Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us for some of our melodies to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few of a civilized description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage ceannan², cries, &c.) which can claim quite

¹ There are some gratifying accounts of the gallantry of these Irish auxiliaries in *The Complete History of the Wars in Scotland under Montrose* (1660). Clarendon owns that the Marquis of Montrose was indebted for much of

his miraculous success to this small band of Irish heroes under Macdonnell.

² Of which some genuine specimens may be found at the end of Mr. Walker's work upon the Irish Bards. Mr. Bunting has discovered his

so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise¹—that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks²—or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the north of Ireland.³

By some of these archæologists it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with counterpoint,⁴ and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates with such elaborate praise upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything of the artifice of counterpoint. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited with much more plausibility to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts;⁵ yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit the 'light of song' through the variegating prism of harmony.

Indeed the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting)⁶ must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp⁷ were enlarged by

last splendid volume by too many of these barbarous rhapsodists.

¹ See Advertisement to the Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin.

² O'Halloran, vol. i. part i. chap. vi.

³ *Id. ib.*, chap. vii.

⁴ It is also supposed, but with as little proof, that they understood the diésis, or enharmonic interval. The Greeks seem to have formed their ears to this delicate gradation of sound; and, whatever difficulties or objections may lie in the way of its practical use, we must agree with Mercenne (*Études de l'Harmonie*, quest. 7), that the theory of music would be imperfect without it; and, even in practice, as Tosi, among others, very justly remarks (*Observations on Florid Song*, chap. i. § 16) there is no good performer on the violin who does not make a sensible difference between D sharp and E flat, though, from the imperfection of the instrument, they are the same notes upon the pianoforte. The effect of modulation by enharmonic transitions is also very striking and beautiful.

⁵ The words ποικιλία and ετεροφωνία, in a passage of Plato, and some expressions of Cicero, in fragment, lib. ii., *De Republ.*, induced the Abbé Fragner to maintain that the ancients had a knowledge of counterpoint. M. Borette, however, has answered him, I think satisfactorily ("Examen d'un Passage de Platon," in the third volume of *Histoire de l'Acad.*). M. Huët is of opinion (*Pensées Diverses*) that what Cicero says of the music of the spheres, in his dream of Scipio, is sufficient to prove an acquaintance with harmony; but one of the strongest passages which I recollect in favour of the supposition

occurs in the Treatise, attributed to Aristotle, *Περὶ Κόσμου*—Μουσική δὲ οὐκ ἀπὸ καὶ βαρεῖς, κ.τ.λ.

⁶ Another lawless peculiarity of our music is the frequency of what composers call consecutive fifths; but this is an irregularity which can hardly be avoided by persons not very conversant with the rules of composition; indeed, if I may venture to cite my own wild attempts in this way, it is a fault which I find myself continually committing, and which has sometimes appeared so pleasing to my ear that I have surrendered it to the critic with considerable reluctance. May there not be a little pedantry in adhering too rigidly to this rule? I have been told that there are instances in Haydn of an undisguised succession of fifths; and Mr. Shield, in his *Introduction to Harmony*, seems to intimate that Handel has been sometimes guilty of the same irregularity.

⁷ A singular oversight occurs in an Essay on the Irish Harp by Mr. Beauford, which is inserted in the Appendix to *Walker's Historical Memoirs*. 'The Irish,' says he, 'according to Bromton, in the reign of Henry II., had two kinds of harps, "Hibernici tamen in duobus musici generis instrumentis, quamvis præcipitem et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam," the one greatly bold and quick, the other soft and pleasing.' How a man of Mr. Beauford's learning could so mistake the meaning and mutilate the grammatical construction of this extract is unaccountable. The following is the passage as I find it entire in Bromton, and it requires but little Latin to perceive the injustice which has been done to the old chronicler:—"Et cum Scotia, hujus terræ,

additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale,¹ our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science. In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners so very dissimilar produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation,² and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerary musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet in most of them, 'auri per ramos *aura*, refulget,'³ the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various methods of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that it would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through

hla, utatur lyrâ, tympano et choro, ac Wallia cithara, tubis et chora Hibernici tamen in duobus musicæ generis instrumentis, quævis præcipit et velocem, suavem tamen et jucundam, crispatis modulis et intricatis notulis, efficiunt harmoniam" (*Hist. Angliæ Script.*, p. 1075). I should not have thought this error worth remarking, but that the compiler of the Dissertation on the Harp, prefixed to Mr. Hunting's last work, has adopted it implicitly.

¹ The Scotch lay claim to some of our best airs, but there are strong traits of difference between their melodies and ours. They had formerly the same passion for robbing us of our sin's, and the learned Dempster was, for this offence, called 'The Saut-stealer.'

² Among other false refinements of the art our music (with the exception, perhaps, of the air called 'Mamma, Mamma,' and one or two more of the same ludicrous description) has avoided that puerile mimicry of natural noises, motions, &c. which disgraces so often the works of even the great Handel himself. D'Alembert ought to have had better taste than to become the patron of this imitative affectation (*Discours Préliminaire de l'Encyclopédie*). The reader may find some good remarks on the subject in Avison upon Musical Expression; a work which, though under the name of Avison, was written, it is said, by Dr. Brown.

³ Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. 6, v. 204.

want of zeal or industry if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathizes with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous,¹ and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustine) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see in every effort for Ireland a system of hostility towards England—to those too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness, like that Demophon of old who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered!²—to such men I shall not deign to apologize for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many among the more wise and tolerant who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be now and then alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs, by the chromatic richness of the symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured³ and more curiously ornamented.

In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly dis-

¹ See Letters, under the signatures of 'Timonius,' &c., in the *Morning Post*, *Pilot*, and other papers.

² 'This emblem of modern bigots was head-

butler (*παρεσβουτος*) to Alexander the Great.—*Sext. Empir. Pyrrh. Hypoth.* lib. 1.

³ The word 'chromatic' might have been used here, without any violence to its meaning.

tinguished itself, and, though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns in a harmonized shape with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

T. M.

IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.

When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest,
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning.
Oh! thus remember me.

Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its lingering roses,
Once so loved by thee,
Think of her who wove them,
Her who made thee love them,
Oh! then remember me.
When, around thee dying,
Autumn leaves are lying,
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night, when gazing,
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh! still remember me.
Then, should music, stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let memory bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee,—
Oh! then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.¹

REMEMBER the glories of Brien the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er;
Though lost to Moura,² and cold in the grave,
He returns to Kinkora³ no more.

¹ Brien Borohme, the great monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

² Munster.

³ The palace of Brien.

That star of the field, which so often hath pour'd
 Its beam on the battle, is set ;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
 To light us to victory yet.

Mononia ! when Nature embellish'd the tint
 Of thy fields and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
 The footstep of slavery there ?
 No ! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
 That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to sleep but a moment in chains.

Forget not our wounded companions, who stood'
 In the day of distress by our side ;
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died.
 That sun which now blesses our arms with his light
 Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain ;—
 Oh ! let him not blush when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they fell there in vain.

ERIN ! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN ! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies !
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam
 Weep while they rise.

Erin ! thy silent tear shall never cease,
 Erin ! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form in Heaven's sight
 One arch of peace !

OH ! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

Oh ! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid ;
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

¹ This alludes to an interesting circumstance relating to the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. 'Let stakes,' they said, 'be stuck in the ground, and suffer each of us,

tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.' 'Between seven and eight hundred wounded men (adds O'Halloran), pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops ; never was such another sight exhibited.'—*History of Ireland*, book 12, chap. 1.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.

WHEN he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

THE harp that once through Tara's halls
 The soul of music shed,
 Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
 As if that soul were fled.
 So sleeps the pride of former days,
 So glory's thrill is o'er,
 And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
 Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
 The harp of Tara swells:
 The chord alone, that breaks at night,
 Its tale of ruin tells.
 Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
 The only throb she gives
 Is when some heart indignant breaks,
 To show that still she lives.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet; 'tis just the hour
 When pleasure, like the midnight flower
 That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And maids who love the moon.
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That beauty and the moon were made;
 'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
 Set the tides and goblets flowing.
 Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 Joy so seldom weaves a chain
 Like this to-night, that, oh! 'tis pain
 To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet; the fount that play'd
 In times of old through Ammon's shade,¹
 Though icy cold by day it ran,
 Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
 To burn when night was near,
 And thus should woman's heart and looks
 At noon be cold as winter brooks,
 Nor kindle till the night, returning,
 Brings their genial hour for burning.
 Oh! stay,—oh! stay,—
 When did morning ever break,
 And find such beaming eyes awake
 As those that sparkle here?

OH! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT.

OH! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang, as they seem to you now:
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
 No;—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns.
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile:—
 May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear!

The thread of our life would be dark, Heaven knows!
 If it were not with friendship and love interwined;
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.

¹ *Bolla Fons*, near the Temple of Ammon.

But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
 'Too often have wept o'er the dream they believed;
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship securest
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceived.
 But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN WITH SORROW I SEE.

THOUGH the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see,
 Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me;
 In exile thy bosom shall still be my home
 And thine eyes make my climate wherever we roam.

To the gloom of some desert or cold rocky shore,
 Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more;
 I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
 Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
 And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
 Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
 One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.¹

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.²

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
 But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
 Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

'Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
 So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
 Are Erin's sons so good or so cold,
 As not to be tempted by woman or gold?'

¹ In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII., an act was made respecting the habits, and dress in general, of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on their upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks) to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—*Walker's Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, page 234. Mr. Walker informs us also that, about

the same period, there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish minstrels.

² This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that as a proof of it we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her

'Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm :
For, though they love women and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honour and virtue more.'

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride.

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
Though the cold heart to ruin runs darkly the while.

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which joy has no balm and affliction no sting :

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray,
The beams of the warm sun play round it in vain,
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.¹

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet ;²
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green ;
'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

clothes or jewels.—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 10.

¹ 'The Meeting of the Waters' forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between

Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow, and these lines were suggested by a visit to this romantic spot in the summer of the year 1807.

² The rivers Avon and Avoca.

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.

ST. SENANUS.¹

'Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle,
 Unholy bark, ere morning smile;
 For on thy deck, though dark it be,
 A female form I see;
 And I have sworn this sainted sod
 Shall ne'er by woman's feet be trod.'

THE LADY.

'O Father! send not hence my bark,
 Through wintry winds and billows dark;
 I come with humble heart to share
 Thy morn and evening prayer:
 Nor mine the feet, O holy Saint!
 The brightness of thy sod to taint.'

The Lady's prayer Senanus spurn'd;
 The winds blew fresh, the bark return'd;
 But legends hint, that had the maid
 Till morning's light delayed,
 And given the saint one rosy smile,
 She ne'er had left his lonely isle.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the silent sea,
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 And memory breathes her vesper sigh to thee.

And, as I watch the line of light, that plays
 Along the smooth wave t'ward the burning west,
 I long to tread that golden path of rays,
 And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest

¹ In a metrical life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hibernie*, we are told of his flight to the island of Scatterry, and his resolution not to admit any woman of the party; he refused to receive even a sister saint, St. Cannara, whom an angel had taken to the island for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious answer of Senanus, according to his poetical biographer:—

Cui præsul, quid fœdalis
 Commune est cum monachis?
 Nec te nec ullam aliam
 Admittamus in insulam.

See the *Acta Sancti. Hib.* p. 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a personage than the river Shannon; but O'Connor and other antiquarians deny this metamorphose indignantly.

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.

TAKE back the virgin page,
 White and unwritten still;
 Some hand, more calm and sage,
 The leaf must fill.
 Thoughts come as pure as light,
 Pure as even you require;
 But oh! each word I write
 Love turns to fire.

Yet let me keep the book;
 Oft shall my heart renew,
 When on its leaves I look,
 Dear thoughts of you.
 Like you, 'tis fair and bright;
 Like you, too bright and fair
 To let wild passion write
 One wrong wish there.

Haply, when from those eyes
 Far, far away I roam,
 Should calmer thoughts arise
 Towards you and home;
 Fancy may trace some line
 Worthy those eyes to meet,
 Thoughts that not burn, but shine,
 Pure, calm, and sweet.

And as, o'er ocean far,
 Seamen their records keep,
 Led by some hidden star
 Through the cold deep;
 So may the words I write
 Tell through what storms I stray—
 You still the unseen light
 Guiding my way.

THE LEGACY.

WHEN in death I shall calm recline,
 Oh, bear my heart to my mistress dear!
 Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine
 Of the brightest hue, while it linger'd here.
 Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow,
 To sully a heart so brilliant and light;
 But balmy drops of the red grape borrow,
 To bathe the relic from morn till night.

When the light of my song is o'er,
 Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
 Hang it up at that friendly door,
 Where weary travellers love to call.¹
 Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
 Revive its soft note in passing along,
 Oh! let one thought of its master waken
 Your warmest smile for the child of song.

Keep this cup, which is now o'erflowing,
 To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
 Never, oh! never its balm bestowing
 On lips that beauty hath seldom bless'd.
 But when some warm devoted lover
 To her he adores shall bathe its brim,
 Then, then my spirit around shall hover,
 And hallow each drop that foams for him.

¹ 'In every house was one or two harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music.'—*O'Halloran*.

• HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

How oft has the Benshee cried !
 How oft has death untied
 Bright links that Glory wove,
 Sweet bonds entwined by Love !
 Peace to each manly soul that sleepeth ;
 Rest to each faithful eye that weepeth ;
 Long may the fair and brave
 Sigh o'er the hero's grave !

We're fallen upon gloomy days !
 Star after star decays,
 Every bright name that shed
 Light o'er the land is fled.

• Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
 Lost joy, or hope that ne'er returneth :
 But brightly flows the tear
 Wept o'er a hero's bier.

Quench'd are our beacon lights—
 Thou, of the Hundred Fights !²
 Thou, on whose burning tongue
 Truth, peace, and freedom hung !³
 Both mute,—but long as valour shineth,
 Or mercy's soul at war repineth,
 So long shall Erin's pride
 Tell how they lived and died.

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.

We may roam through this world, like a child at a feast,
 Who but sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest ;
 And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
 We may order our wings, and be off to the west ;
 But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
 Are the dearest gifts that Heaven supplies,
 We never need leave our own green isle,
 For sensitive hearts, and for sun-bright eyes.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

¹ I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this work, to allude to the sad and onjinous fatality by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

² This designation, which has been applied to

Lord Nelson before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish hero in a poem by O'Grave, the bard of O'Neill, which is quoted in the 'Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland,' page 433:—'Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories !'

³ Fox, "ultimus Romanorum."

In England, the garden of Beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery, placed within call ;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
 Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briery fence
 Which round the flowers of Erin dwells ;
 Which warms the touch, while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.
 Then remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

In France, when the heart of a woman sets sail
 On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
 Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
 But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye.
 While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
 Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
 Through billows of wee and beams of joy,
 The same as he look'd when he left the shore.
 Then, remember, wherever your goblet is crown'd,
 Through this world, whether eastward or westward you roam,
 When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
 Oh ! remember the smile that adorns her at home.

EVELEEN'S BOWER.

Oh ! weep for the hour
 When to Eveleen's bower
 The Lord of the Valley with false vows came :
 The moon hid her light
 From the heavens that night,
 And wept behind the clouds o'er the maiden's shame.

The clouds pass'd soon
 From the chaste cold moon,
 And heaven smiled again with her vestal flame ;
 But none will see the day
 When the clouds shall pass away,
 Which that dark hour left on Eveleen's fame.

The white snow lay
 On the narrow pathway
 When the Lord of the Valley cross'd over the moor ;
 And many a deep print
 On the white snow's tint
 Show'd the track of his footsteps to Eveleen's door.

The next sun's ray
 Soon melted away
 Every trace on the path where the false Lord came

But there's a light above,
Which alone can remove
That stain upon the snow of fair Eveleen's name.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,¹
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;²
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.³

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.⁴

SILENT, O Moyle, be the roar of thy water,
Break not, ye breezes, your chain of repose,
While, murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter
Tells to the night-star her tale of woes.

¹ 'This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the monarch of Ireland in the tenth century) and the Dames, in which Malachi defeated two of their champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a collar of gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the sword of the other, as trophies of his victory.'—*Warner's History of Ireland*, vol. i. book 9.

² Military orders of knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of Christ, we find an hereditary order of chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the palace of the Ulster kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch: and contiguous to which was a large hospital, founded for the sick knights and soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier.—*O'Halloran's Introduction*, &c., part i. chap. 5.

³ It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like

the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water. 'Piscatores aque illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patrie arctæ sunt et altæ, neonon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste, sereno tempore conspiciunt et extraneis trans-euntibus, reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt.'—*Topogr. Hib.*, dist. ii. c. 9.

⁴ To make this story intelligible in a song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers in Ireland till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the mass-bell was to be the signal of her release. I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

IRISH MELODIES.

When shall the swan, her death-note singing,
 Sleep, with wings in darkness furl'd ?
 When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit from this stormy world ?
 Sadly, O Moyle, to thy winter-wave weeping,
 Fate bids me languish long ages away ;
 Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
 Still doth the pure light its dawning delay.
 When will that day-star, mildly springing,
 Warm our isle with peace and love ?
 When will heaven, its sweet bells ringing,
 Call my spirit to the fields above ?

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of belief,
 To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools ;
 This moment's a flower too fair and brief,
 To be wither'd and stained by the dust of the schools.
 Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
 But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
 The fool, that would quarrel for difference of hue,
 Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.
 Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side
 In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
 If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?
 From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
 To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss ?
 No, perish the hearts, and the laws that try
 Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this ?

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the moment when Spaniards awoke
 Into life and revenge from the conqueror's chain.
 O Liberty ! let not this spirit have rest,
 Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west ;
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh, be the Shamrock of Erin forgot,
 While you add to your garland the Olive of Spain !
 If the fame of our fathers, bequeathed with their rights,
 Give to country its charm, and to home its delights,
 If deceit be a wound, and suspicion a stain,
 Then, ye men of Iberia, our cause is the same.
 And oh ! may his tomb want a tear and a name,
 Who would ask for a nobler, a holier death,
 Than to turn his last sigh into victory's breath,
 For the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

Ye Blakes and O'Donnells, whose fathers resign'd
 The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which at home they had sigh'd for in vain,
 Join, join in our hope that the flame which you light
 May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright,
 And forgive even Albion while blushing she draws,
 Like a truant, her sword, in the long-sighted cause
 Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain !

God prosper the cause !—oh, it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain.
 Then, how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die !
 The finger of Glory shall point where they lie ;
 While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
 The young spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
 Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain !

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
 Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
 Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
 Like fairy-gifts fading away,
 Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
 Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
 And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
 Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
 And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
 That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
 To which time will but make thee more dear ;
 No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
 The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

ERIN, O ERIN !

LIKE the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,¹
 And burn'd through long ages of darkness and storm,
 Is the heart that sorrows have frown'd on in vain,
 Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.

¹ The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions:—"Apud Kildarium occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigide, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit sed quod tam solcite moniales et sanctæ

mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovant et nutriant ut a tempore virginis per tot annorum curricula semper mansit inextinctus."—*Girald. Camb. de Mirabil. Hibern.* dist ii c. 34.

Erin, O Erin ! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears.

The nations have fallen, and thou still art young,
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set ;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full moon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin, O Erin ! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade.

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwoke by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through winter's cold hour,
Till Spring's light touch her fetters unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.¹
Thus Erin, O Erin ! thy winter is past,
And the hope that lived through it shall blossom at last.

DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.
Oh ! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone ;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.
Then here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, ' which might pass ?'
She answer'd, ' he who could.'
With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do :

While Wit a diamond brought,
Which cut his bright way through
So here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

'The love that seeks a home
Where wealth and grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy ghoul
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh ! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere ;
Its native home's above,
Though woman keeps it here.
Then drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

OH ! BLAME NOT THE BARD.²

OH ! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Famine,
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame ;

¹ Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite lines on the lily, has applied this image to a still more important subject.

² We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering bards whom Spenser so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his Bate of Ireland, and whose poems, he tells us,

'Were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them, the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue.'

The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;¹
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart.

But, alas for his country!—her pride has gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires.

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal;
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored,
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.²

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, lov'd Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour, when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

WHILE gazing on the moon's light,
A moment from her smile I turn'd,
To look at orbs, that, more bright,
In lone and distant glory burn'd.
But, too far
Each proud star,
For me to feel its warming flame;
Much more dear
That mild sphere,
Which near our planet smiling came;³

¹ It is conjectured by Wormius, that the name of Ireland is derived from *Er*, the Runic for a bow, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—'So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of concord.'—*Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. the Lord Grandison.

² See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, *Εν μυστοῖς κλαδί το ξίφος φέρηται*—I will carry my sword,

hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton, &c.

³ 'Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together.'—*Histon's Theory*, &c.

In the *Entretien d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, 'Non mille quod absens.'

IRISH MELODIES.

Thus, Mary, be but thou my own;
 While brighter eyes unheeded play,
 I'll love those moonlight looks alone,
 That bless my home and guide my way.

The day had sunk in dim showers,
 But midnight now, with lustre meek,
 Illumined all the pale flowers,
 Like hope upon a mourner's cheek.
 I said (while
 The moon's smile
 Play'd o'er a stream, in dimpling bliss),
 'The moon looks
 On many brooks,
 The brook can see no moon but this ;'¹
 And thus, I thought, our fortunes run,
 For many a lover looks to thee,
 While oh ! I feel there is but *one*,
One Mary in the world for me.

ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow
 And stars in the heavens still lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow.
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
 For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
 And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

As she look'd in the glass which a woman ne'er misses,
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
 A butterfly,² fresh from the night flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror and shaded her view.
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise—
 'Ah ! such,' said the girl, 'is the pride of our faces,
 For which the soul's innocence too often dies.'

While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew ;
 And a rose further on look'd so tempting and glowing,
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too.
 But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
 Her zone flew in two and the heart's-ease was lost :
 'Ah ! this means,' said the girl (and she sighed at its meaning)
 'That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost !'

¹ This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works:—'The moon looks upon many night flowers, the night flowers see but one moon.'

² An emblem of the soul.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

By the hope within us springing,
Herald of to-morrow's strife;
By that sun, whose light is bringing
Chains or freedom, death or life—
Oh ! remember life can be
No charm for him who lives not free !
Like the day-star in the wave,
Sinks a hero in his grave,
'Midst the dew-fall of a nation's tears.

Happy is he o'er whose decline
The smiles of home may soothing shine,
And light him down the steep of years—
But oh ! how bless'd they sink to rest,
Who close their eyes on victory's breast !

O'er his watch-fire's fading embers
Now the foeman's cheek turns white,
When his heart that field remembers,
Where we tamed his tyrant might !

Never let him bind again
A chain, like that we broke from then.
Hark ! the horn of combat calls—
Ere the golden evening falls,
May we pledge that horn in triumph round !¹

Many a heart that now beats high,
In slumber cold at night shall lie,
Nor waken even at victory's sound—
But oh ! how bless'd that hero's sleep,
O'er whom a wondering world shall weep !

AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightnings show'd the distant hill,
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still !
The soldier's hope, the patriot's zeal,
For ever dimm'd, for ever cross'd—
Oh ! who shall say what heroes feel,
When all but life and honour's lost ?

The last sad hour of freedom's dream,
And valour's task, moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise and give them light to die.

¹ 'The Irish Corna was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages, our ancestors quaffed Meadh out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage at this day.'—*Walker*.

There's yet a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

'Tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that, when we're far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near!
The heart, like a tendril, accusom'd to cling,
Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
But will lean to the nearest and loveliest thing
It can twine in itself, and make closely its own.
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
To make light of the rest, if the rose isn't there;
And the world's so rich in resplendent eyes,
'Twere a pity to limit one's love to a pair.
Love's wing and the peacock's are nearly alike,
They are both of them bright, but they're changeable too,
And wherever a new beam of beauty can strike,
It will tincture Love's plume with a different hue!
Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
To be sure to find something still that is dear,
And to know, when far from the lips we love,
We've but to make love to the lips we are near.

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.*

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my way,
Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd;
Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd;
Yes, slave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
And bless'd even the sorrows that made me more dear to thee.

Thy rival was honour'd, whilst thou wert wrong'd and scur'd,
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;

* I believe it is Marmontel who says, 'Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.' There are so many matter-of-fact people who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter of fact as

themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black; nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.

* Meaning allegorically the ancient church of Ireland.

She woo'd me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
 Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth, at thy feet, I would rather be,
 Than wed what I love not, or turn one thought from thee.

They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale,
 They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains;
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains—
 Oh! foul is the slander—no chain could that soul subdue—
 Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too!¹

ON MUSIC.

• WHEN through life unblest we rove,
 Losing all that made life dear,
 Should some notes we used to love
 In days of boyhood, meet our ear,
 Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
 Wakening thoughts that long have slept!
 Kindling former smiles again
 In faded eyes that long have wept.

Like the gale that sighs along
 Beds of oriental flowers,
 Is the grateful breath of song
 That once was heard in happier hours;
 • Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
 Though the flowers have sunk in death;
 So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
 Its memory lives in Music's breath.

Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
 Language fades before thy spell!
 Why should Feeling ever speak,
 When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
 Friendship's balmy words may feign,
 Love's are even more false than they;
 Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
 Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.²

It is not the tear at this moment shed,
 When the cold turf has just been laid o'er him,
 That can tell how beloved was the friend that's fled,
 Or how deep in our hearts we deplore him.

¹ 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'—St. Paul, *2 Corinthians*, iii. 17.

² These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

IRISH MELODIES.

'Tis the tear, through many a long day wept,
 'Tis life's whole path o'ershaded;
 'Tis the one remembrance, fondly kept,
 When all lighter griefs have faded.

Thus his memory, like some holy light,
 Kept alive in our hearts, will improve them,
 For worth shall look fairer and truth more bright,
 When we think how he lived but to love them.
 And, as fresher flowers the sod perfume
 Where buried saints are lying,
 So our hearts shall borrow a sweetening bloom
 From the image he left there in dying!

THE ORIGIN OF THE HARP.

'Tis believed that this Harp, which I wake now for thee,
 Was a Siren of old, who sung under the sea;
 And who often, at eve, through the bright waters roved,
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears, all the night, her gold tresses to steep,
 Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
 And changed to this soft Harp the sea-maiden's form.

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheeks smiled the same—
 While her sea-beauties gracefully form'd the light frame;
 And her hair, as, let loose, o'er her white arm it fell,
 Was changed to bright chords, uttering melody's spell.

Hence it came, that this soft Harp so long hath been known
 To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
 Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay,
 To speak love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
 My heart's chain wove;
 When my dream of life from morn till night
 Was love, still love.
 New hope may bloom,
 And days may come
 Of milder, calmer beam,
 But there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream:
 No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
 As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
 When wild youth's past;
 Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
 To smile at last;
 He'll never meet
 A joy so sweet,
 In all his noon of fame,
 As when first he sung to woman's ear
 His soul-felt flame,
 And, at every close, she blush'd to hear
 The one loved name.

No—that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot
 Which first love traced;
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
 On memory's waste.
 'Twas odour fled
 As soon as shed;
 'Twas morning's wing'd dream;
 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream:
 Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
 On life's dull stream.

THE PRINCE'S DAY.¹

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
 And smile through our tears, like a sunbeam in showers;
 There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
 More form'd to be grateful and blest than ours.
 But just when the chain
 Has ceased to pain,
 And hope has enwreathed it round with flowers,
 There comes a new link
 Our spirits to sink—
 Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles,
 Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
 But, though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
 We must light it up now, on our Prince's Day.

Contempt on the minion who calls you disloyal!
 Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
 And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
 Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
 While cowards, who blight
 Your fame, your right,
 Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array,
 The standard of Green
 In front would be seen—

¹ This song was written for a fête in honour of the Prince of Wales's birthday, given by my friend Major Bryan, at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

Oh ! my life on your faith ! were you summon'd this minute,
 You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
 And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
 When roused by the foe, on her Prince's Day.

He loves the Green Isle, and his love is recorded
 In hearts which have suffered too much to forget :
 And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
 And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet.
 The gem may be broke
 By many a stroke,
 But nothing can cloud its native ray,
 Each fragment will cast
 A light to the last, —
 And thus Erin, my country, though broken thou art,
 There's a lustre within thee that ne'er will decay ;
 A spirit which beams through each suffering part,
 And now smiles at all pain on the Prince's Day !

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

WEEP on, weep on, your hour is past ;
 Your dreams of pride are o'er ;
 The fatal chain is round you cast,
 And you are men no more.
 In vain the hero's heart hath bled ;
 The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain ;—
 O Freedom ! once thy flame hath fled,
 It never lights again !

Weep on—perhaps in after days,
 They'll learn to love your name ;
 When many a deed may wake in praise
 That long hath slept in blame.
 And when they tread the ruin'd aisle
 Where rest at length the lord and slave,
 They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
 Could conquer hearts so brave ?

'Twas fate,' they'll say, 'a wayward fate,
 Your web of discord wove ;
 And, while your tyrants join'd in hate,
 You never join'd in love.
 But hearts fell off that ought to twine,
 And man profaned what God had given,
 Till some were heard to curse the shrine
 Where others knelt to Heaven.'

LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth;
 Right and left its arrows fly,
 But what they aim at no one dreameth.
 Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
 My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
 Few its looks, but every one,
 Like unexpected light, surprises.
 O my Nora Creina, dear,
 My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
 Beauty lies
 In many eyes,
 But love in yours, my Nora Creina!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
 But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
 Not a charm of beauty's mould
 Presumes to stay where Nature placed it.
 Oh, my Nora's gown for me,
 That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
 Leaving every beauty free
 To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
 Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
 My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
 Nature's dress
 Is loveliness—
 The dress you wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell if they're design'd
 To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
 Pillow'd on my Nora's heart
 In safer slumber Love reposes—
 Bed of peace! whose roughest part
 Is but the crumpling of the roses.
 O my Nora Creina, dear,
 My mild, my artless Nora Creina,
 Wit, though bright,
 Hath no such light
 As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
 Nor thought that pale decay
 Would steal before the steps of Time,
 And waste its bloom away, Mary!

IRISH MELODIES.

Yet still thy features wore that light,
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes
Seem'd worthless in thine own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!

BY THAT LAKE WHOSE GLOOMY SHORE.²

By that Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,³
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
'Here, at least,' he calmly said,
'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.'
Ah! the good Saint little knew
What that wily sex can do.

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew, —
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had loved him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or west, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.

But nor earth nor heaven is free
From her power, if fond she be:
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had track'd his feet
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And, when morning met his view,
Her mild glances met it too.
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And, with rude, repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough! thy gloomy wave
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, 'Heaven rest her soul!'
Round the Lake light music stole;
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling, o'er the fatal tide!

¹ I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of Shenstone's, 'Hec quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!'

² This ballad is founded upon one of the many stories related of St. Kevin, whose bed in the

rock is to be seen at Glendalough, a most gloomy and romantic spot in the county of Wicklow.

³ There are many other curious traditions concerning this lake, which may be found in Giraldus, Colgan, &c.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND.

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her sighing ;
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking ;—
 Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him ;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
 When they promise a glorious morrow ;
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
 From her own loved island of sorrow.

NAY, TELL ME NOT.

NAY, tell me not, dear, that the goblet drowns
 One charm of feeling, one fond regret ;
 Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
 Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.

Ne'er hath a beam
 Been lost in the stream
 That ever was shed from thy form or soul ;
 The spell of those eyes,
 The balm of thy sighs,
 Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl.
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

They tell us that Love, in his fairy bower,
 Had two blush-roses, of birth divine ;
 He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
 But bathed the other with mantling wine.

Soon did the buds
 That drank of the floods
 Distill'd by the rainbow decline and fade ;
 While those which the tide
 Of ruby had dyed

All blush'd into beauty, like thee, sweet maid !
 Then fancy not, dearest, that wine can steal
 One blissful dream of the heart from me ;
 Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
 The bowl but brightens my love for thee.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

AVENGING and bright falls the swift sword of Erin¹
 On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd—
 For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in,
 A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,²
 When Ulad's³ three champions lay sleeping in gore—
 By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
 Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
 The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
 Our hall shall be mute and our fields shall lie wasted,
 Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
 Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
 Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
 Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWERET.

He.—WHAT the bee is to the floweret,
 When he looks for honey-dew,
 Through the leaves that close embower it,
 That, my love, I'll be to you.

She.—What the bank, with verdure glowing,
 Is to waves that wander near,
 Whispering kisses, while they're going,
 That I'll be to you, my dear.

She.—But, they say, the bee's a rover,
 Who will fly when sweets are gone;
 And, when once the kiss is over,
 Faithless brooks will wander on.

¹ The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called 'Deirdri; or, the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach,' which has been translated literally from the Gaelic by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. i. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the 'Darthuis' of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Emain. 'This story,' says Mr. O'Flanagan, 'has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are "The Death of the Children of Touran," "The Death of the Children of Lear,"

(both regarding Tuatha de Danann), and this "The Death of the Children of Usnach," which is a Milesian story.' At p. 206 of these Melodies will also be found a ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear, or Lir; 'Silent, O Moyle!' &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.

² 'O Nas! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Emain green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red.'—Deirdri's Song.

³ Ulster,

He.—Nay, if flowers will lose their looks,
 If sunny banks will wear away,
 'Tis but right that bees and brooks
 Should sip and kiss them while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

'*HERE* we dwell in holiest bowers,
 Where angels of light o'er our orisons band;
 Where sighs of devotion and breathings of flowers
 To heaven in mingled odour ascend.
 Do not disturb our calm, O Love!
 So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
 It well might deceive such hearts as ours.'

Love stood near the Novice and listen'd,
 And Love is no novice in taking a hint;
 His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd;
 His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
 'Who would have thought,' the urchin cries,
 'That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
 His wandering wings and wounding eyes?'

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
 Young Novice, to him all thy orisons rise.
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censer's flame with his sighs.
 Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast,
 And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
 If he came to them clothed in Piety's vest.

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUER'D WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
 That chase one another like waves of the deep—
 Each brightly or darkly, as onward it flows,
 Reflecting our eyes, as they sparkle or weep.
 So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
 That the laugh is awak'd ere the tear can be dried;
 And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
 The goose-plumage of Folly can turn it aside.
 But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy,
 With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
 Be ours the light Sorrow, half-sister to Joy,
 And the light brilliant Folly that flashes and dies.

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
 Through fields full of light, and with heart full of play,

Light rambl'd the boy, over meadow and mount,
 And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.¹
 Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
 The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
 Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted
 And left their light urns all as empty as mine.
 But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
 These flowerets together, should Wisdom but see
 One bright drop or two that has fallen on the leaves
 From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me.

O THE SHAMROCK !

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
 To sport awhile,
 As Love and Valour wander'd,
 With Wit, the sprite,
 Whose quiver bright
 A thousand arrows squander'd ;
 Where'er they pass,
 A triple grass²
 Shoots up, with dew-drops streaming,
 As softly green
 As emerald seen
 Through purest crystal gleaming.
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !
 Says Valour, ' See,
 They spring for me,
 Those leafy genis of morning !'
 Says Love, ' No, no,
 For me they grow,
 My fragrant path adorning.'
 But Wit perceives
 The triple leaves,
 And cries, ' Oh ! do not sever
 A type that blends
 Three godlike friends,
 Love, Valour, Wit, for ever !'
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

¹ Propositis florem prestitit officio.—*Propert.*
 lib. i. eleg. 20.

² Saint Patrick is said to have made use of
 that species of trefoil to which in Ireland we give
 the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine
 of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know

if there be any other reason for our adoption of
 this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among
 the ancients, was sometimes represented as a
 beautiful child, 'standing upon tip-toes, and a
 trefoil, or three-coloured grass, in her hand.'

So firmly fond
 May last the bond
 They wove that morn together,
 And ne'er may fall
 One drop of gall
 On Wit's celestial feather !
 May Love, as twine
 His flowers divine,
 Of thorny falsehood weed 'em !
 May Valour ne'er
 His standard rear
 Against the cause of Freedom !
 O the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock !
 Chosen leaf
 Of Bard and Chief,
 Old Erin's native Shamrock !

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
 To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye ;
 And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air,
 To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
 And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky !
 Then I sing the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear,
 When our voices, commingling, breathed, like one, on the ear ;
 And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
 I think, O my love ! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls,¹
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

ONE bumper at parting !—though many
 Have circled the board since we met,
 The fullest, the saddest of any
 Remains to be crown'd by us yet.
 The sweetness that pleasure hath in it
 Is always so slow to come forth,
 That seldom, alas, till the minute
 It dies, do we know half its worth.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

¹ 'There are countries,' says Montaigne, 'where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty in delightful fields; and that it is those souls, repeating the words we utter which we call Echo.'

IRISH MELODIES.

As onward we journey, how pleasant
 To pause and inhabit awhile
 Those few sunny spots, like the present,
 That 'mid the dull wilderness smile !
 But Time, like a pitiless master,
 Cries, 'Onward !' and spurs the gay hours—
 Ah, never doth time travel faster,
 Than when his way lies among flowers.
 But come—may our life's happy measure
 Be all of such moments made up ;
 They're born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 They die 'midst the tears of the cup.

We saw how the sun look'd in sinking,
 The waters beneath him how bright,
 And now let our farewell of drinking
 Resemble that farewell of light.
 You saw how he finish'd, by darting
 His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
 So, fill up, let's shine at our parting,
 In full, liquid glory, like him.
 And oh ! may our life's happy measure
 Of moments like this be made up ;
 'Twas born on the bosom of Pleasure,
 It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 To give sigh for sigh.
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.
 No soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away !
 When true hearts lie wither'd
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone !

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

The young May moon is beaming, love,
 The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love,
 How sweet to rove
 Through Morna's grove,¹
 When the drowsy world is dreaming, love !

¹ 'Stenla silently to Morna's Grove.'—See a translation from the Irish, in Mr. Bunting's collection, by John Brown, one of my earliest college companions and friends, whose death was as singularly melancholy and unfortunate as his life had been amiable, honourable, and exemplary.

Then awakes!—the heavens look bright, my dear,
 'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
 And the best of all ways
 To lengthen our days
 Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.
 Now all the world is sleeping, love;
 But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love,
 And I whose star,
 More glorious far,
 Is the eye from that casement peeping, love.
 Then awake! till rise of sun, my dear,
 The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
 He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

The Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—
 'Land of song!' said the warrior-hard,
 'Though all the world betrays thee,
 One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
 One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under;
 The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
 For he tore its chords asunder;
 And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
 Thou soul of love and bravery!
 Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
 They shall never sound in slavery!'

THE SONG OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.¹

The valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me
 That sadden'd the joy of my mind.

¹ These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions and subduing us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran:—'The

king of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the king of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed

IRISH MELODIES.

I look'd for the lamp which, she told me,
Should shine when her pilgrim return'd;
But, though darkness began to enfold me,
No lamp from the battlements burn'd.

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the loved tenant lay dead;—
Ah, would it were death, and death only!
But no, the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had waked it so often
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women!
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to wrong thee *in thought*!
While now—O degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame!
And through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain.
But onward!—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE OF OUR OWN

Oh! had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bowers,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers;
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns. The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Mur-

chad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

'Such,' adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), 'is the variable and fickle nature of women, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy.'

There with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
 We should love as they loved in the first golden time;
 The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
 Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there.

With affection as free

From decline as the bowers,

And with Hope, like the Bee,

Living always on flowers,

Our life should resemble a long day of light,

And our death come on holy and calm as the night.

FAREWELL !—BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

FAREWELL !—but whenever you welcome the hour
 That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
 Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
 And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
 His griefs may return, not a hope may remain
 Of the few that have brighten'd his pathway of pain,
 But he ne'er will forget the short vision that threw
 Its enchantment around him, while lingering with you.

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
 To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
 Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
 My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
 Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
 And return to me beaming all o'er with your smiles—
 Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer,
 Some kind voice had murmur'd, 'I wish he were here !'

Let Fate do her worst ; there are relics of joy,
 Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy ;
 Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
 And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
 Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd !
 Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
 You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

OH ! DOUBT ME NOT.

OH ! doubt me not—the season
 Is o'er, when Folly made me rove,
 And now the vestal, Reason,
 Shall watch the fire awaked by Love
 Although this heart was early blown,
 And fairest hands disturb'd the tree,
 They only shook some blossoms down,
 Its fruit has all been kept for thee.

IRISH MELODIES.

Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when Folly made me rove,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall watch the fire awaked by Love.

And though my lute no longer
May sing of Passion's ardent spell,
Yet, trust me, all the stronger
I feel the bliss I do not tell.
The bee through many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er,
But, when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there, and hums no more.
Then doubt me not—the season
Is o'er when folly kept me free,
And now the vestal, Reason,
Shall guard the flame awaked by thee.

YOU REMEMBER ELLEN.¹

You remember Ellen, our hamlet's pride,
How meekly she bless'd her humble lot,
When the stranger, William, had made her his bride,
And love was the light of their lowly cot.
Together they toil'd through winds and rains,
Till William at length in sadness said,
'We must seek our fortune on other plains;'—
Then, sighing, she left her lowly shed.

They roam'd a long and a weary way,
Nor much was the maiden's heart at ease,
When now, at the close of one stormy day,
They see a proud castle among the trees.
'To-night,' said the youth, 'we'll shelter there;
The wind blows cold, and the hour is late.'
So he blew the horn with a chieftain's air,
And the porter bow'd as they pass'd the gate.

'Now, welcome, lady,' exclaim'd the youth,
'This castle is thine, and these dark woods all!'
She believed him crazed, but his words were truth,
For Ellen is Lady of Rosna Hall!
And dearly the Lord of Rosna loves
What William the stranger woo'd and wed;
And the light of bliss, in these lordly groves,
Shines pure as it did in the lowly shed.

¹ This ballad was suggested by a well-known and interesting story, told of a certain noble family in England.

I'D MOURN THE HOPES.

I'd mourn the hopes that leave me,
 If thy smiles had left me too ;
 I'd weep when friends deceive me,
 If thou wert, like them, untrue.
 But while I've thee before me,
 With heart so warm and eyes so
 bright,
 No clouds can linger o'er me,
 That smile turns them all to light.

'Tis not in fate to harm me,
 While fate leaves thy love to me ;
 'Tis not in joy to charm me,
 Unless joy be shared with thee,
 One minute's dream about thee,
 Were worth a long, an endless year
 Of waking bliss without thee,
 My own love, my only dear !

And though the hope be gone, love,
 That long sparkled o'er our way,
 Oh ! we shall journey on, love,
 More safely without its ray.
 Far better lights shall win me
 Along the path I've yet to roam—
 The mind that burns within me,
 And pure smiles from thee at home.

Thus, when the lamp that lighted
 The traveller at first goes out,
 He feels awhile benighted,
 And looks around in fear and doubt.
 But soon, the prospect clearing,
 By cloudless starlight on he treads,
 And thinks no lamp so cheering
 As that light which Heaven sheds.

COME O'ER THE SEA.

COME o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and
 snows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.
 Let fate frown on, so we love and part
 not ;
 'Tis life where *thou* art, 'tis death where
 thou art not.
 Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Come wherever the wild wind
 blows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

Was not the sea
 Made for the Free,
 Land for courts and chains alone !
 Here we are slaves,
 But, on the waves,
 Love and liberty's all our own.
 No eye to watch, and no tongue to
 wound us,
 All earth forgot, and all heaven around
 us—

Then come o'er the sea,
 Maiden, with me,
 Mine through sunshine, storm, and
 snows ;
 Seasons may roll,
 But the true soul
 Burns the same, where'er it goes.

HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED.

HAS sorrow thy young days shaded,
 As clouds o'er the morning fleet ?
 Too fast have those young days faded,
 That, even in sorrow, were sweet ?

Does Time with his cold wing wither
 Each feeling that once was dear ?—
 Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

Has love to that soul, so tender,
 Been like our Lagenian mine,¹
 Where sparkles of golden splendour
 All over the surface shine ?
 But, if in pursuit we go deeper,
 Allured by the gleam that shone,
 Ah ! false as the dream of the sleeper,
 Like Love, the bright ore is gone.

Has Hope, like the bird in the story,²
 That flitted from tree to tree
 With the talisman's glittering glory—
 Has hope been that bird to thee ?

On branch after branch alighting,
 The gem did she still display,
 And, when nearest and most inviting,
 Then waft the fair gem away ?

If thus the young hours have fled,
 When sorrow itself looked bright ;
 If thus the fair hope hath cheated,
 That led thee along so light ;
 If thus the cold world now wither
 Each feeling that once was dear :
 Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
 I'll weep with thee, tear for tear.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

No, not more welcome the fairy numbers
 Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
 When, half awaking from fearful slumbers,
 He thinks the full quire of heaven is near—
 Than came that voice, when, all forsaken,
 This heart long had sleeping lain,
 Nor thought its cold pulse would ever waken
 To such benign blessed sounds again.

Sweet voice of comfort ! 'twas like the stealing
 Of summer wind through some wreathed shell—
 Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
 Of all my soul echoed to its spell !—
 'Twas whisper'd balm—'twas sunshine spoken !—
 I'd live years of grief and pain
 To have my long sleep of sorrow broken
 By such benign, blessed sounds again.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

WHEN first I met thee, warm and young,
 There shone such truth about thee,
 And on thy lip such promise hung,
 I did not dare to doubt thee.
 I saw thee change, yet still relied,
 Still clung with hope the fonder.
 And thought, though false to all beside,
 From me thou couldst not wander.

¹ Our Wicklow gold-mines, to which this verse alludes, deserve, I fear, the character here given of them.

² 'The bird, having got its prize, settled not far off, with the talisman in his mouth. The

prince drew near it, hoping it would drop it ; but as he approached, the bird took wing, and settled again,' &c.—Arabian Nights, Story of Kummir al Zummaun and the Princess of China.

But go, deceiver ! go,—
 The heart, whose hopes could make it
 Trust one so false, so low,
 Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
 I fled the unwelcome story ;
 Or found, in even the faults they blamed,
 Some gleams of future glory.
 I still was true, when nearer friends
 Conspired to wrong, to slight thee ;
 The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
 Would then have bled to right thee.
 But go, deceiver ! go,—
 Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
 From pleasure's dream to know
 The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, though youth its bloom has shed.
 No lights of age adorn thee :
 The few, who loved thee once have fled,
 And they who flatter scorn thee.
 Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
 No genial ties enwreath it,
 The smiling there, like light on graves,
 Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
 Go—go—though worlds were thine,
 I would not now surrender
 One taintless tear of mine
 For all thy guilty splendour !

And days may come, thou false one ! yet
 When even those ties shall sever ;
 When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
 On her thou 'st lost for ever ;
 On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
 With smiles had still received thee,
 And gladly died to prove thee all
 Her fancy first believed thee.
 Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
 'Tis weakness to upbraid thee ;
 Hate cannot wish thee worse
 Than guilt and shame have made thee.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
 Of all that the dark hand of Destiny weaves,
 Beside her the Genius of Erin stood weeping,
 For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.

But oh ! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
 When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
 She saw History write,
 With a pencil of light
 That illum'd the whole volume, her Wellington's name!

'Hail, Star of my Isle !' said the Spirit, all sparkling
 With beams such as break from her own dewy skies—
 'Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
 I've watch'd for some glory like thine to arise.
 For though Heroes I've number'd, unblest was their lot,
 And unhallow'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—
 But oh ! there is not
 One dishonouring blot
 On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name !

'Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The grandest, the purest, even *thou* hast yet known ;
 Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
 Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
 At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
 Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
 And, bright o'er the flood
 Of her tears and her blood,
 Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name !

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

THE time I've lost in wooing,
 In watching and pursuing
 The light that lies
 In woman's eyes,
 Has been my heart's undoing.
 Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
 I scorn'd the lore she brought me,
 My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.

 Her smile when Beauty granted,
 I hung with gaze enchanted,
 Like him the Sprite¹
 Whom maids by night
 Oft meet in glen that's haunted.

Like him, too, Beauty won me,
 But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
 Oh ! winds could not outrun me.

 And are those follies going ?
 And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold or wise
 For brilliant eyes
 Again to set it glowing ?
 No—vain, alas ! th' endeavour
 From bonds so sweet to sever ;—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
 Is now as weak as ever.

¹ This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk. As long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement), he vanishes. I had

thought that this was the sprite which we called the Leprechaun, but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady Morgan (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, 'O'Donnell'), has given a very different account of that goblin.

OH, WHERE'S THE SLAVE.

Oh, where's the slave so lowly
 Condemned to chains unholy,
 Who, could he burst
 His bonds at first,
 Would pine beneath them slowly ?
 What soul, whose wrongs degrade it,
 Would wait till time decay'd it,
 When thus its wing
 At once may spring
 To the throne of Him who made it ?
 Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall.

Less dear the laurel growing
 Alive, untouch'd, and blowing,
 Than that whose braid
 Is pluck'd to shade
 The brows with victory glowing.
 We tread the land that bore us,
 Her green flag glitters o'er us,
 The friends we've tried
 Are by our side,
 And the foe we hate before us.
 Farewell, Erin,—farewell, all,
 Who live to weep our fall.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
 Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here :
 Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh ! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
 Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame ?
 I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
 I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast call'd me thy Angel in moments of bliss,
 And thy Angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,
 Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too.

'TIS GONE, AND FOR EVER.

'Tis gone, and for ever, the light we saw breaking,
 Like Heaven's first dawn o'er the sleep of the dead—
 When Man, from the slumber of ages awaking,
 Look'd upward, and bless'd the pure ray, ere it fled.
 'Tis gone, and the gleams it has left of its burning
 But deepen the long night of bondage and mourning,
 That dark o'er the kingdoms of earth is returning,
 And darkest of all, hapless Erin, o'er thee,

For high was thy hope, when those glories were darting
 Around thee through all the gross clouds of the world,
 When Truth, from her fetters indignantly starting,
 At once, like a Sun-burst¹ her banner unfurl'd.

¹ 'The Sun-Burst' was the fanciful name given by the ancient Irish to the royal banner.

Oh ! never shall earth see a moment so splendid—
 Then, then—had one Hymn of Deliverance blended
 The tongues of all nations—how sweet had ascended
 The first note of Liberty, Erin, from thee !

But shame on those tyrants who envied the blessing !
 And shame on the light race unworthy its good,
 Who, at Death's reeking altar, like furies caressing
 The young hope of Freedom, baptized it in blood !
 Then vanish'd for ever that fair, sunny vision,
 Which, spite of the slavish, the cold heart's derision,
 Shall long be remember'd, pure, bright, and elysian,
 As first it arose, my lost Erin, on thee.

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
 A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on ;
 I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
 The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
 So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
 Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
 And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
 The close of our day, the calm eve of our night :—
 Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of Morning,
 Her clouds and her tears are worth Evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
 When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
 And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
 Gave out all its sweets to love's exquisite-flame !

FILL THE BUMPER FAIR.

FILL the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.
 Wit's electric flame
 Ne'er so swiftly passes,
 As when through the frame
 It shoots from brimming glasses
 Fill the bumper fair !
 Every drop we sprinkle
 O'er the brow of Care
 Smooths away a wrinkle.
 Sages can, they say,
 Grasp the lightning's pinions,

And bring down its ray
 From the starr'd dominions :—
 So we, Sages, sit
 And 'mid bumpers brightening
 From the heaven of Wit
 Draw down all its lightning.
 Wouldst thou know what first
 Made our souls inherit
 This ennobling thirst
 For wine's celestial spirit ?
 It chanced upon that day,
 When, as bards inform us,
 Prometheus stole away
 The living fires that warm us,

The careless Youth, when up
To Glory's fount aspiring,
Took nor urn nor cup
To hide the pilfer'd fire in.—
But oh, his joy ! when, round
The halls of heaven spying,
Among the stars he found
A bowl of Bacchus lying.

Some drops were in that bowl,
Remains of last night's pleasure,

With which the Sparks of Soul
Mix'd their burning treasure.

Hence the goblet's shower
Hath such spells to win us ;
Hence its mighty power
O'er that flame within us.
Fill the bumper fair !
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of Care
Smooths away a wrinkle.

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Harp of my Country ! in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,¹
When proudly, my own Island Harp, I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song !
The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill ;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my Country ! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine.
Go, sleep with the sunshine of Fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine :
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone ;
It was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

MY GENTLE HARP.

My gentle Harp ! once more I waken
The sweetness of thy slumbering strain ;
In tears our last farewell was taken,
And now in tears we meet again.
No light of joy hath o'er thee broken,
But—like those harps whose heavenly skill
Of slavery, dark as thine, hath spoken—
Thou hang'st upon the willows still.

¹ In that rebellious but beautiful song, 'When Erin first rose,' there is, if I recollect right, the following line:—

'The dark chain of silence was thrown o'er the deep.'

The Chain of Silence was a sort of practical figure of rhetoric among the ancient Irish.

Walker tells us of a 'celebrated contention for precedence between Finn and Gaul, near Finn's palace at Almhalm, where the attending bards, anxious, if possible, to produce a cessation of hostilities, shook the Chain of Silence, and flung themselves among the ranks.'—See also the Ode to Gaul, the son of Morai, in Miss Brooke's *Reliques of Irish Poetry*.

And yet, since last thy chord resounded,
 An hour of peace and triumph came,
 And many an ardent bosom bounded
 With hopes—that now are turned to shame.
 Yet even then, while Peace was singing
 Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,
 Though joy and hope to others bringing,
 She only brought new tears to thee.

Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
 My drooping harp ! from chords like thine ?
 Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
 As ill would suit the swan's decline !
 Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
 Invoke thy breath for freedom's strains,
 When even the wreaths in which I dress thee
 Are sadly mixed—half flowers, half chains !

But come—if yet thy frame can borrow
 One breath of joy—oh, breathe for me,
 And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
 How sweet thy music still can be ;
 How gaily, even 'mid gloom surrounding,
 Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill—
 Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
 'Mid desolation, tuneful still !

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track
 Against the wind was cleaving,
 Her trembling pennant still looked
 back

To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
 So loth we part from all we love,
 From all the links that bind us ;
 So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
 To those we've left behind us !

When round the bowl of vanished years
 We talk, with joyous seeming,—
 With smiles, that might as well be
 tears,

So faint, so sad their beaming,
 While memory brings us back again
 Each early tie that twined us,
 Oh, sweet's the cup that circles then
 To those we've left behind us !

And when, in other climes, we meet
 Some isle or vale enchanting,
 Where all looks flowery, wild, and
 sweet,

And nought but love is wanting,
 We think how great had been our bliss
 If Heaven had but assigned us
 To live and die in scenes like this,
 With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back, at eve,
 When eastward darkly going,
 To gaze upon that light they leave
 Still faint behind them glowing,—
 So, when the close of pleasure's day
 To gloom hath near consigned us,
 We turn to catch one fading ray
 Of joy that's left behind us.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE.

In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
 And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
 When we live in a bright-beaming world of our own,
 And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
 Oh, it is not, believe me, in that happy time
 We can love as in hours of less transport we may:—
 Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
 But affection is warmest when these fade away.

When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
 Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
 When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
 First tastes of the *other*, the dark flowing urn;
 Then, then is the moment affection can sway
 With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
 Love nursed among pleasures is faithless as they,
 But the Love born of sorrow, like sorrow, is true!

In climes full of sunshine, though splendid their dyes,
 Yet faint is the odour the flowers shed about;
 'Tis the clouds and the mists of our own weeping skies
 That call the full spirit of fragrancy out.
 So the wild glow of passion may kindle from mirth,
 But 'tis only in grief true affection appears;—
 And even though to smiles it may first owe its birth,
 All the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears.

 WHEN COLD IN THE EARTH.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then;
 Or if from their slumber the veil be removed,
 Weep o'er them in silence, and close it again.
 And, oh! if 'tis pain to remember how far
 From the pathways of light he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness and guided him home.

From thee and thy innocent beauty first came
 The revealings that taught him true Love to adore,
 To feel the bright presence, and turn him with shame
 From the idols he blindly had knelt to before.
 O'er the waves of a life, long benighted and wild,
 Thou camest, like a soft golden calm o'er the sea;
 And if happiness purely and glowingly smiled
 On his evening horizon, the light was from thee.

And though sometimes the shade of past folly would rise,
 And though Falshood again would allure him to stray,
 He but turned to the glory that dwelt in those eyes,
 And the folly, the falsehood, soon vanished away.
 As the Priests of the Sun, when their altar grew dim,
 At the day-beam alone could its lustre repair,
 So, if virtue a moment grew languid in him,
 He but flew to that smile, and rekindled it there.

REMEMBER THEE!

REMEMBER thee! yes, while there's life in this heart,
 It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art;
 More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom, and thy showers,
 Than the rest of the world in their sunniest hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee,—great, glorious, and free—
 First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,—
 I might hail thee with prouder, with happier brow,
 But, oh! could I love thee more deeply than now?

No, thy chains as they rankle, thy blood as it runs,
 But make thee more painfully dear to thy sons—
 Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-bird's nest,
 Drink love in each life-drop that flows from thy breast!

WREATHE THE BOWL.

WREATHE the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!
 Should Love amid
 The wreaths be hid
 That Joy, the enchanter, brings us,
 No danger fear
 While wine is near,
 We'll drown him if he stings us.
 Then wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul,
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us.

'Twas nectar fed
 Of old, 'tis said,
 Their Junos, Joves, Apollos;
 And man may brew
 His nectar too,
 The rich receipt's as follows:
 Take wine like this,
 Let looks of bliss
 Around it well be blended;
 Then bring wit's beam
 To warm the stream,
 And there's your nectar, splendid!
 So, wreathe the bowl
 With flowers of soul
 The brightest wit can find us;
 We'll take a flight
 Towards heaven to-night,
 And leave dull earth behind us!

Say, why did Time
His glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine, he knew,
Runs brisker through,
And sparkles far more brightly ?
Oh, lend it us,
And, smiling thus,
The glass in two we'll sever,

Make pleasure glide
In double tide,
And fill both ends for ever !
Then wreath the bowl
With flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us ;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us.

WHENE'ER I SEE THOSE SMILING EYES.

WHENE'ER I see those smiling eyes,
All filled with hope, and joy, and light,
As if no cloud could ever rise
To dim a heaven so purely bright—
I sigh to think how soon that brow
In grief may lose its every ray,
And that light heart so joyous now,
Almost forget it once was gay.

For Time will come with all his blights,
The ruined hope—the friend unkind—
The love that leaves, where'er it lights,
A chilled or burning heart behind !
While youth, that now like snow appears,
Ere sullied by the darkening rain,
When once 'tis touched by sorrow's tears,
Will never shine so bright again.

IF THOU'LT BE MINE.

If thou'lt be mine, the treasures of air,
Of earth and sea, shall lie at thy feet ;
Whatever in Fancy's eye looks fair,
Or in Hope's sweet music is *most* sweet,
Shall be ours, if thou wilt be mine, love !

Bright flowers shall bloom wherever we rove,
A voice divine shall talk in each stream,
The stars shall look like worlds of love,
And this earth be all one beautiful dream
In our eyes, if thou wilt be mine, love !

And thoughts, whose source is hidden and high,
Like streams that come from heavenward hills,

Shall keep our hearts—like meads, that lie
 To be bathed by those eternal rills—
 Ever green, if thou wilt be mine, love !

All this and more the Spirit of Love
 Can breathe o'er them who feel his spells ;
 That heaven, which forms his home above,
 He can make on earth, wherever he dwells,
 And he *will*—if thou wilt be mine, love !

TO LADIES' EYES.

To ladies' eyes a round, boy,
 We can't refuse, we can't refuse ;
 Though bright eyes so abound, boy,
 'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
 For thick as stars that lighten
 Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
 The countless eyes that brighten
 This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

Some looks there are so holy,
 They seem but given, they seem but given,
 As splendid beacons solely,
 To light to heaven, to light to heaven.
 While some—oh ! ne'er believe them—
 With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
 Would lead us (God forgive them !)
 The other way, the other way.
 But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

In some, as in a mirror,
 Love seems portrayed, Love seems portrayed ;
 But shun the flattering error,
 'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
 Himself has fixed his dwelling
 In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
 And hps—but this is telling,
 So here they go ! so here they go !
 Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
 Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
 We're sure to find Love there, boy,
 So drink them all ! so drink them all !

FORGET NOT THE FIELD.

FORGET not the field where they perished,
The truest, the last of the brave,
All gone—and the bright hope they cherished
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave.

Oh ! could we from death but recover
Those hearts, as they bounded before,
In the face of high Heaven to fight over
That combat for freedom once more ;—

Could the chain for an instant be riven
Which Tyranny flung round us then,
Oh ! 'tis not in Man nor in Heaven
To let Tyranny bind it again !

But 'tis past—and though blazoned in story
The name of our Victor may be,
Accursed is the march of that glory
Which treads o'er the hearts of the free.

Far dearer the grave or the prison,
Illumed by one patriot name,
Than the trophies of all who have risen
On liberty's ruins to fame !

THEY MAY RAIL AT THIS LIFE.

THEY may rail at this life—from the hour I began it,
I've found it a life full of kindness and bliss ;
And until they can show me some happier planet,
More social and bright, I'll content me with this.
As long as the world has such eloquent eyes,
As before me this moment enraptured I see,
They may say what they will of their orbs in the skies,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In Mercury's star, where each minute can bring them
New sunshine and wit from the fountain on high,
Though the nymphs may have livelier poets to sing them,
They've none, even there, more enamoured than I.
And as long as this harp can be wakened to love,
And that eye its divine inspiration shall be,
They may talk as they will of their Edens above,
But this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

In that star of the west, by whose shadowy splendour
 At twilight so often we've roamed through the dew,
 There are maidens, perhaps, who have bosoms as tender,
 And look, in their twilights, as lovely as you.
 But though they were even more bright than the queen
 Of that isle they inhabit in heaven's blue sea,
 As I never those fair young celestials have seen,
 Why,—this earth is the planet for you, love, and me.

As for those chilly orbs on the verge of creation,
 Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare,
 Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,
 Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.
 Oh! think what a world we should have of it here,
 If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
 Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

OH FOR THE SWORDS OF FORMER TIME!

Oh for the swords of former time!	Oh for the kings who flourished then!
Oh for the men who bore them,	Oh for the pomp that crowned them,
When, armed for Right, they stood	When hearts and hands of freeborn
sublime,	men
And tyrants crouched before them!	Were all the ramparts round them!
When pure yet, ere courts began	When, safe built on bosoms true,
With honours to enslave him,	The throne was but the centre
The best honours worn by Man	Round which Love a circle drew,
Were those which Virtue gave him	That Treason durst not enter.
Oh for the swords of former time!	Oh for the kings who flourished then!
Oh for the men who bore them,	Oh for the pomp that crowned them,
When, armed for Right, they stood	When hearts and hands of freeborn
sublime,	men
And tyrants crouched before them!	Were all the ramparts round them!

NE'ER ASK THE HOUR.

NE'ER ask the hour—what is it to us	But moments of joy are, like Lesbia's
How Time deals out his treasures?	kisses,
The golden moments lent us thus	Too quick and sweet to be reckoned.
Are not <i>his</i> coin, but Pleasure's.	Then fill the cup—what is it to us
If counting them over could add to	How Time his circle measures?
their blisses,	The fairy hours we call up thus
I'd number each glorious second;	Obeys no wand but Pleasure's!

<p>Young Joy ne'er thought of counting hours, Till Care, one summer's morning, Set up among his smiling flowers A dial, by way of warning. But Joy loved better to gaze on the sun, As long as its light was glowing,</p>	<p>Than to watch with old Care how the shadow stole on, And how fast that light was going So fill the cup—what is it to us How Time his circle measures? The fairy hours we call up thus Obey, no wand but Pleasure's.</p>
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SAIL ON, SAIL ON.

SAIL on, sail on, thou fearless bark—
Wherever blows the welcome wind,
It cannot lead to scenes more dark,
More sad, than those we leave behind.
Each wave that passes seems to say,
'Though death beneath our smile may be,
Less cold we are, less false than they
Whose smiling wrecked thy hopes and thee.'

Sail on, sail on—through endless space—
Through calm—through tempest—stop no more;
The stormiest sea's a resting-place
To him who leaves such hearts on shore.
Or—if some desert land we meet,
Where never yet false-hearted men
Profaned a world that else were sweet—
Then rest thee, bark, but not till then.

THE PARALLEL.

• Yes, sad one of Sion,¹—if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy withered-up heart—
If drinking, deep, deep, of the same 'cup of trembling'
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation be conquered and broken,
And fallen from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, Desolation hath spoken,
And 'while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down.'

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that bless'd them of old!

¹ These verses were written after the perusal of a treatise by Mr. Hamilton, professing to prove that the Irish were originally Jews,

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, 'the Forsaken,'
 Her boldest are vanquished, her proudest are slaves;
 And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
 Have breathings as sad as the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow,
 That shines out at last on the longest dark night,
 When the sceptre that smote thee with slavery and sorrow
 Was shivered at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud Golden City
 Had brimmed full of bitterness, drenched her own lips,
 And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
 The howl in her halls and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
 Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
 And—a ruin, at last, for the earth-worm to cover—
 The Lady of Kingdoms lay low in the dust.

DRINK OF THIS CUP.

DRINK of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
 Would you forget the dark world we are in,
 Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top of it;
 But would you rise above earth, till akin
 To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop of it.
 Send round the cup—for oh! there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Never was philtre formed with such power
 To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing!
 Its magic began, when, in Autumn's rich hour,
 As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
 There having by Nature's enchantment been filled
 With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
 This wonderful juice from its core was distilled,
 To enliven such hearts as are here brought together!
 Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
 Like cauldrons the witch brews at midnight so awful,
 In secret this philtre was first taught to flow on,
 Yet—'tisn't less potent for being unlawful.

What though it may taste of the smoke of that flame
 Which in silence extracted its virtue forbidden?
 Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
 Which may work to its charm, though now lawless and hidden.
 So drink of the cup—for oh! there's a spell in
 Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
 Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
 Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

Down in the valley come meet me to-night,
 And I'll tell you your fortune truly
 As ever 'twas told, by the new moon's light,
 To young maidens shining as newly.

But, for the world, let no one be nigh,
 Lest haply the stars should deceive me;
 These secrets between you and me and the sky
 Should never go farther, believe me.

If at that hour the heavens be not dim,
 My science shall call up before you
 A male apparition—the image of him
 Whose destiny 'tis to adore you.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
 And round you so fondly he'll hover;
 You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
 'Twixt him and a true living lover.

Down at your feet, in the pale moonlight,
 He'll kneel with a warmth of emotion—
 An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
 You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
 As in Destiny's book I've not seen them,
 Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
 To settle ere morning between them.

OH, YE DEAD!

Oh, ye dead! oh, ye dead! whom we know by the light you give
 From your cold gleaming eyes, though you move like men who live,
 Why leave you thus your graves.
 In far-off fields and waves.

Where the worm and the sea-bird only know your bed,
 To haunt this spot, where all
 Those eyes that wept your fall,
 And the hearts that bewailed you, like your own, lie dead !

It is true—it is true—we are shadows cold and wan ;
 It is true—it is true—all the friends we loved are gone.
 But, oh ! thus even in death,
 So sweet is still the breath
 Of the fields and the flowers in our youth we wandered o'er
 That, ere condemned we go
 To freeze 'mid Hecla's¹ snow,
 We would taste it awhile, and dream we live once more !

O'DONOGHUE'S MISTRESS.²

Of all the fair months, that round the sun
 In light-linked dance their circles run,
 Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me !
 For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
 That youth who beneath the blue lake lies,
 Sweet May, sweet May, returns to me.

Of all the smooth lakes, where daylight leaves
 His lingering smile on golden eves,
 Fair lake, fair lake, thou'rt dear to me ;
 For when the last April sun grows dim,
 Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
 Who dwells, who dwells, bright lake, in thee.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
 Young plumed chiefs on sea or shore,
 White steed, white steed, most joy to thee,
 Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
 From under that glorious lake dost bring,
 Proud steed, proud steed, my love to me.

While white as the sail some bark unfurls,
 When newly launched, thy long mane³ curls,
 Fair steed, fair steed, as white and free ;

¹ Paul Zeland mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.

² The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donoghue and his white horse may be found in *Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney*, or more fully detailed in *Derriek's Letters*. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen on the morning of May-day gliding over the lake on his favourite

white horse, to the sound of sweet, unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring flowers in his path.

Among other stories connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning threw herself into the lake.

³ The boatmen of Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, 'O'Donoghue's white horses.'

And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair steed, around my love and thee :

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold ways lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which under the next May-evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I'll die for thee.

ECHO.

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repent.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then,—
The sigh, that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again !

OH ! BANQUET NOT.

OH ! banquet not in those shining bowers
Where youth resorts, but come to me ;
For mine's a garden of faded flowers,
More fit for sorrow, for age, and thee.
And there we shall have our feast of tears
And many a cup in silence pour—
Our guests, the shades of former years—
Our toasts, to lips that bloom no more.

There, while the myrtle's withering boughs
Their lifeless leaves around us shed,
We'll brim the bowl to broken vows,
To friends long lost, the changed, the dead.

IRISH MELODIES.

Or, as some blighted laurel waves
 Its branches o'er the dreary spot,
 We'll drink to those neglected graves
 Where valour sleeps, unnamed, forgot!

THEE, THEE, ONLY THEE.

THE dawning of morn, the day-light's sinking,
 The night's long hours still find me thinking
 Of thee, thee, only thee.
 When friends are met, and goblets crowned,
 And smiles are near that once enchanted,
 Unreached by all that sunshine round,
 My soul, like some dark spot, is haunted
 By thee, thee, only thee

Whatever in fame's high path could waken
 My spirit, once, is now forsaken
 For thee, thee, only thee.
 Like shores, by which some headlong bark
 To the ocean hurries—resting never—
 Life's scenes go by me, bright or dark,
 I know not, heed not, hastening ever
 To thee, thee, only thee.

I have not a joy but of thy bringing,
 And pain itself seems sweet, when springing
 From thee, thee, only thee.
 Like spells that nought on earth can break,
 Till lips that know the charm have spoken,
 This heart, howe'er the world may wake
 Its grief, its scorn, can but be broken
 By thee, thee, only thee.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

SHALL the harp then be silent when he, who first gave
 To our country a name, is withdrawn from all eyes?
 Shall a minstrel of Erin stand mute by the grave,
 Where the first, where the last of her patriots lies?¹

No—faint though the death-song may fall from his lips,
 Though his harp, like his soul, may with shadows be crossed,
 Yet, yet shall it sound, 'mid a nation's eclipse,
 And proclaim to the world what a star hath been lost?²

¹ The celebrated Irish orator and patriot, Grattan.

² It is only these two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung.

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellished, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit, whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind !

Oh, who that loves Erin, or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time !—

That *one* lucid interval snatched from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, filled with his soul,
A nation o'erleaped the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for *one* sacred instant, touched liberty's goal !

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drank at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring, the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit, are shown ;

An eloquence, rich—wheresoever its wave
Wandered free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through
As clear as the brook's 'stone of lustre,' and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too ;—

Who, that ever approached him, when, free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had giv'n, and which bowed,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head, —

That home, where—like him who, as fable hath told,
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear :—

Is there one who has thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him, through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same ?

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt, only portrays.—

Oh no—not a heart that e'er knew him but mourns,
Deep, deep, o'er the grave where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind !

OH, THE SIGHT ENTRANCING.

Oh, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files arrayed
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing !
 When hearts are all high beating,
 And the trumpet's voice repeating
 That song whose breath
 May lead to death,
 But never to retreating !
 Oh, the sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files arrayed
 With helm and blade,
 And plumes in the gay wind dancing !
 Yet 'tis not helm or feather—
 For ask yon despot whether

His plumed hands
 Could bring such hands
 And hearts as ours together.
 Leave pomps to those who need 'em—
 Adorn but Man with Freedom,
 And proud he braves
 The gaudiest slaves
 That crawl where monarchs lead 'em.
 The sword may pierce the beaver,
 Stone walls in time may sever ;
 'Tis heart alone,
 Worth steel and stone,
 That keeps men free for ever !
 Oh, that sight entrancing,
 When morning's beam is glancing
 O'er files arrayed
 With helm and blade,
 And in freedom's cause advancing !

SWEET INNISFALLEN.

SWEET Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 May calm and sunshine long be thine !
 How fair thou art let others tell,
 While but to *feel* how fair is mine !
 Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
 And long may light around thee
 smile,
 As soft as on that evening fell
 When first I saw thy fairy isle !
 Thou wert *too* lovely then for one
 Who had to turn to paths of care—
 Who had through vulgar crowds to run,
 And leave thee bright and silent
 there :
 No more along thy shores to come,
 But on the world's dim ocean tost,
 Dream of thee sometimes as a home
 Of sunshine he had seen and lost !
 Far better in thy weeping hours
 To part from thee as I do now,
 When mist is o'er thy blooming bowers,
 Like Sorrow's veil on Beauty's brow.

For though unrivalled still thy grace,
 Thou dost not look, as then, *too*
 blest,
 But in thy shadows seem'st a place
 Where weary man might hope to
 rest—
 Might hope to rest, and find in thee
 A gloom like Eden's, on the day
 He left its shade, when every tree,
 Like thine, hung weeping o'er his
 way :
 Weeping or smiling, lovely isle !
 And still the lovelier for thy tears—
 For though but rare thy sunny smile
 'Tis heaven's own glance when it
 appears.
 Like feeling hearts, whose joys are
 few,
 But, when *indeed* they come, divine—
 The steadiest light the sun e'er threw
 Is lifeless to one gleam of thine ?

'T WAS ONE OF THOSE DREAMS.

'T WAS one of those dreams that by music are brought,
Like a light summer haze, o'er the poet's warm thought,
When, lost in the future, his soul wanders on,
And all of this life but its sweetness is gone

The wild notes he heard o'er the water were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the breath of the bugle now wafted them o'er
From Denis' green isle to Glenà's wooded shore

He listened—while high o'er the eagle's rude nest
The lingering sounds on their way loved to rest;
And the echoes sung back from their full mountain quire,
As if leth to let song so enchanting expire.

It seemed as if every sweet note that died here
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain,
That had ceased upon earth, was awaking again

Oh forgive, if, while listening to music whose breath
Seemed to circle his name with a charm against death,
He should feel a proud spirit within him proclaim—
'Even so shalt thou live in the echoes of Fame:

'Even so, though thy memory should now die away,
'Twill be caught up again in some happier day,
And the hearts and the voices of Erin prolong,
Through the answering future, thy name and thy song !

FAIREST ! PUT ON AWHILE.

FAIREST ! put on awhile
These pinions of light I bring thee,
And o'er thy own green isle
In fancy let me wing thee.
Never did Ariel's plume,
At golden sunset hover
O'er such scenes of bloom
As I shall waft thee over.
Fields, where the Spring delays,
And fearlessly meets the ardour
Of the warm Summer's gaze,
With but her tears to guard her.

Rocks, through myrtle boughs,
In grace majestic frowning—
Like some warrior's brows
That Love hath just been crowning.
Islets so freshly fair
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But, from his course through air,
Hath been won downward by them¹—
Types, sweet maid, of thee,
Whose look, whose blush inviting,
Never did Love yet see
From heaven, without alighting.

¹ In describing the Skelligs (islands of the barony of Forth) Dr. Keating says: 'There is a certain attractive virtue in the soil, which draws down all the birds that attempt to fly over it, and obliges them to light upon the rock.'

Lakes where the pearl lies hid,¹
 And caves where the diamond's
 sleeping
 Bright as the gems that lid
 Of thine lets fall in weeping.
 Glens, where Ocean comes,
 To 'scape the wild wind's rancour,
 And harbours, worthiest homes
 Where Freedom's sails could anchor.

Then if, while scenes so grand,
 So beautiful, shine before thee,
 Pride for thine own dear land
 Should haply be stealing o'er thee,
 Oh, let grief come first,
 O'er pride itself victorious—
 To think how man hath curst
 What Heaven had made so glorious !

QUICK ! WE HAVE BUT A SECOND.

QUICK ! we have but a second,
 Fill round the cup while you may ;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
 And we must away, away !
 Grasp the pleasure that's flying,
 For oh ! not Orpheus' strain
 Could keep sweet hours from dying,
 Or charm them to life again.
 Then quick ! we have but a second,
 Fill round, fill round, while you
 may ;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
 And we must away, away !

See the glass, how it flushes,
 Like some young Hebe's lip,
 And half meets thine, and blushes
 That thou shouldst delay to sip.
 Shame, oh shame unto thee,
 If ever thou seest the day
 When a cup or a lip shall woo thee,
 And turn untouched away !
 Then quick ! we have but a second,
 Fill round, fill round while you
 may ;
 For Time, the churl, hath beckoned,
 And we must away, away !

AND DOTH NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS.

AND doth not a meeting like this make amends
 For all the long years I've been wandering away ?
 To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
 As smiling and kind as in that happy day !
 Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
 The snow-fall of Time may be stealing—what then ?
 Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
 We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come o'er the heart,
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long !
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.

¹ 'Nennius, a British writer of the ninth century, mentions the abundance of pearls in Ireland. Their princes, he says, hung them behind their ears. and this we find confirmed by a

present made, A.D. 1004, by Gilbert Bishop of Limerick to Anselm Archbishop of Canterbury, of a considerable quantity of Irish pearls.—*O'Halloran.*

As letters some hand hath invisibly tracéd,
 When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,
 So many a feeling, that long seemed effaced
 The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light.

And thus, as in Memory's bark we shall glide
 To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew—
 Though oft we may see, looking down on the tide,
 The wreck of full many a hope shining through—
 Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers,
 That once made a garden of all the gay shore,
 Deceived for a moment, we'll think them still ours,
 And breathe the fresh air of Life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,
 Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;
 And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,
 For want of some heart, that could echo it near.
 Ah, well may we hope, when this short life is gone,
 To meet in some world of more permanent bliss;
 For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hastening on,
 Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But come—the more rare such delights to the heart,
 The more we should welcome, and bless them the more:
 They're ours when we meet—they are lost when we part,
 Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er.
 Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,
 Let sympathy pledge us, through pleasure, through pain,
 That fast as a feeling but touches one link,
 Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRITE.

In yonder valley there dwelt, alone,
 A youth, whose life all had calmly flown,
 Till spells came o'er him, and, day and night,
 He was haunted and watched by a Mountain Sprite.

As he, by moonlight, went wandering o'er
 The golden sands of that island shore,
 A footprint sparkled before his sight,
 'Twas the fairy foot of the Mountain Sprite.

Beside a fountain, one sunny day,
 As, looking down on the stream, he lay,
 Behind him stole two eyes of light,
 And he saw in the clear wave the Mountain Sprite.

He turned—but lo, like a startled bird,
 The Spirit fled—and he only heard

IRISH MELODIES.

Sweet music, such as marks the flight
Of a journeying star, from the Mountain Sprite.

One night, pursued by that dazzling look,
The youth, bewildered, his pencil took
And, guided only by memory's light,
Drew the fairy form of the Mountain Sprite.

Oh thou, who lovest the shadow,' cried
A gentle voice, whispering by his side,
'Now turn and see,'—here the youth's delight
Sealed the rosy lips of the Mountain Sprite.

'Of all the Spirits of land and sea,
Exclaimed he then, 'there is none like thee;
And oft, oh oft, may thy shape alight
In this lonely arbour, sweet Mountain Sprite.'

AS VANQUISHED ERIN.

As vanquished Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord, in the tide,
Had dropped his loaded quiver.
'Lie hid,' she cried, 'ye venomed
darts,
Where mortal eye may shun you;
Lie hid—for oh! the stain of hearts
That bled for me is on you.'

But vain her wish, her weeping vain—
As Time too well hath taught her:
Each year the fiend returns again,
And dives into that water:

And brings triumphant, from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, winged with worse
than death,
Throughout her maddening nation.
Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Even now beside that river—
Unwearied still the fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
'When will this end? ye Powers of
Good!
She weeping asks for ever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The demon answer, 'Never!'

DESMOND'S SONG.¹

By the Feal's wave benighted,
Not a star in the skies,
To thy door by Love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.

Some voice whispered o'er me,
As the threshold I crused,
There was ruin before me:
If I loved, I was lost.

¹ Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependants, called Mac Cormac. Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by

this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose brutal pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family.—*Leland*, vol. ii.

² This air has been already so successfully supplied with words by Mr. Bayly, that I should have left it untouched if we could have spared so interesting a melody out of our collection.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train ;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twould be welcome again.
Were misery's full measure
Poured out to me now,
I would drain it with pleasure,
So the Hebe were thou.

You who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.

Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth ?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth ?

No—Man, for his glory,
To history flies ;
While Woman's bright story
Is told in her eyes.
While the monarch but traces
Through mortals his line,
Beauty, born of the Graces,
Ranks next to divine !

THEY KNOW NOT MY HEART.

THEY know not my heart, who believe there can be
One stain of this earth in its feelings for thee ;
Who think, while I see thee in beauty's young hour,
As pure as the morning's first dew on the flower,
I could harm what I love—as the sun's wanton ray
But smiles on the dewdrop to waste it away !

No—beaming with light as those young features are,
There's a light round thy heart which is lovelier far :
It is not that cheek—'tis the soul dawning clear
Through its innocent blush makes thy beauty so dear—
As the sky we look up to, though glorious and fair,
Is looked up to the more, because heaven is there !

I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

I WISH I was by that dim lake,¹
Where sinful souls their farewells take
Of this vain world, and half-way lie
In Death's cold shadow, ere they die.
There, there, far from thee,
Deceitful world, my home should be—

¹ These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition called Patrick's Purgatory. In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donnegall (says Dr. Campbell) lay a lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands ; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which during the dark ages attracted the notice

of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims from almost every country in Europe.

'It was,' as the same writer tells us, 'one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such

Where, come what might of gloom and pain
False hope should ne'er deceive again !

The lifeless sky, the mournful sound
Of unseen waters, falling round—
The dry leaves quivering o'er my head,
Like man,* unquiet even when dead—
These—ay—these should wean
My soul from Life's deluding scene,
And turn each thought, each wish I have,
Like willows, downward towards the grave.

As they who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes that keep this breast
Awake, be quenched, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
Unchanged by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that's thrown
Within their current turns to stone

SHE SANG OF LOVE.

SHE sang of love—while o'er her lyre
The rosy rays of evening fell,
As if to feed with their soft fire
The soul within that trembling shell.
The same rich light hung o'er her cheek,
And played around those lips that sung
And spoke, as flowers would sing and speak,
If love could lend their leaves a tongue.

But soon the west no longer burned,
Each rosy ray from heaven withdrew ;
And when to gaze again I turned,
The minstrel's form seemed fading too.
As if her light and heaven's were one,
The glory all had left that frame ;
And from her glimmering lips the tone,
As from a parting spirit, came.¹

Who ever loved, but had the thought
That he and all he loved must part ?

fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is from strange association wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes.'—*Structures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*

¹ The thought here was suggested by some beautiful lines in Mr. Rogers's Poem of *Human Life*, beginning,

'Now in the glimmering dying light she grows
Less and less earthly.'

I would quote the entire passage, but that I fear to put my own humble imitation of it out of countenance.

Filled with this fear, I flew and caught
 That fading image to my heart—
 And cried, 'Oh Love! is this thy doom!
 Oh light of youth's resplendent day!
 Must ye then lose your golden bloom,
 And thus like sunshine die away?'
 —————

SING—SING—MUSIC WAS GIVEN.

SING—sing—Music was given
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.
 Beauty may boast of her eyes and her cheeks,
 But love from the lips his true archery wings;
 And she who but feathers the dart when she speaks,
 At once sends it home to the heart when she sings,
 Then sing—sing—Music was given
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in heaven,
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

When Love, rocked by his mother,
 Lay sleeping as calm as slumber could make him,
 'Hush, hush,' said Venus, 'no other
 Sweet voice but his own is worthy to wake him.'
 Dreaming of music he slumbered the while,
 Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke,
 And Venus, enchanted, looked on with a smile,
 While Love to his own sweet singing awoke!
 Then sing—sing—music was given
 To brighten the gay, and kindle the loving;
 Souls here, like planets in heaven
 By harmony's laws alone are kept moving.

CORRUPTION, AND INTOLERANCE.

TWO POEMS:

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.

1808.

PREFACE.

THE practice which has been lately introduced into literature, of writing very long notes upon very indifferent verses, appears to me rather a happy invention; as it supplies us with a mode of turning dull poetry to account, and as horses too heavy for the saddle may yet serve well enough to draw lumber, so poems of this kind make excellent beasts of burden, and will bear notes, though they may not bear reading. Besides, the comments in such cases are so little under the necessity of paying any servile deference to the text, that they may even adopt that Socratic dogma, '*Quod supra nos nihil ad nos.*'

In the first of the two following Poems, I have ventured to speak of the Revolution of 1688 in language which has sometimes been employed by Tory writers, and which is therefore neither very new nor popular. But however an Englishman might be reproached with ingratitude, for depreciating the merits and results of a measure, which he is taught to regard as the source of his liberties—however ungrateful it might appear in Alderman B—rch to question for a moment the purity of that glorious era, to which he is indebted for the seasoning of so many orations—yet an Irishman, who has none of these obligations to acknowledge; to whose country the Revolution brought nothing but injury and insult, and who recollects that the book of *Molyneux* was burned, by order of William's Whig Parliament, for daring to extend to unfortunate Ireland those principles on which the Revolution was professedly founded—an Irishman *may* be allowed to criticise freely the measures of that period, without exposing himself either to the imputation of ingratitude, or to the suspicion of being influenced by any Popish remains of Jacobitism. No nation, it is true, was ever blessed with a more golden opportunity of establishing and securing its liberties for ever than the conjuncture of Eighty-eight presented to the people of Great Britain. But the disgraceful reigns of Charles and James had weakened and degraded the national character. The bold notions of popular right, which had arisen out of the struggles between Charles the First and his Parliament, were gradually supplanted by those slavish doctrines for which Lord H—kesb—ry eulogizes the churchmen of that period; and as the Reformation had happened too soon for the purity of religion, so the Revolution came too late for the spirit of liberty. Its advantages accordingly were for the most part specious and transitory, while the evils which it entailed are still felt and still increasing. By rendering unnecessary the frequent exercise of Prerogative,

—that unwieldy power which cannot move a step without alarm,—it diminished the only interference of the Crown, which is singly and independently exposed before the people, and whose abuses therefore are obvious to their senses and capacities; like the myrtle over a celebrated statue in Minerva's temple at Athens, it skilfully veiled from the public eye the only obtrusive feature of royalty. At the same time, however, that the Revolution abridged this unpopular attribute, it amply compensated by the substitution of a new power, as much more potent in its effect as it is more secret in its operations. In the disposal of an immense revenue and the extensive patronage annexed to it, the first foundations of this power of the Crown were laid; the innovation of a standing army at once increased and strengthened it, and the few slight barriers which the Act of Settlement opposed to its progress have all been gradually removed during the Whiggish reigns that succeeded; till at length this spirit of influence has become the vital principle of the State,—an agency, subtle and unseen, which pervades every part of the Constitution, lurks under all its forms, and regulates all its movements and, like the invisible sylph or grace which presides over the motions of beauty,

*Illam, quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia fleclit,
Conjunctum furim subsequiturque.*

The cause of Liberty and the Revolution are so habitually associated in the minds of Englishmen, that probably in objecting to the latter, I may be thought hostile or indifferent to the former; but assuredly nothing could be more unjust than such a suspicion. The very object, indeed, which my humble animadversions would attain is, that in the crisis to which I think England is now hastening, and between which and foreign subjugation she may soon be compelled to choose, the errors and omissions of 1688 may be remedied; and, as it was then her fate to experience a Revolution without Reform, she may now seek a Reform without Revolution.

In speaking of the parties which have so long agitated England, it will be observed that I lean as little to the Whigs as to their adversaries. Both factions have been equally cruel to Ireland, and perhaps equally insincere in their efforts for the liberties of England. There is one name, indeed, connected with Whiggism, of which I can never think but with veneration and tenderness. As justly, however, might the light of the sun be claimed by any particular nation, as the sanction of that name be monopolized by any party whatever. Mr. Fox belonged to mankind, and they have lost in him their ablest friend.

With respect to the few lines upon Intolerance, which I have subjoined, they are but the imperfect beginning of a long series of Essays, with which I here menace my readers, upon the same important subject. I shall look to no higher merit in the task than that of giving a new form to claims and remonstrances, which have often been much more eloquently urged, and which would long ere now have produced their effect, but that the minds of some of our statesmen, like the pupil of the human eye, contract themselves the more the stronger light there is shed upon them.

CORRUPTION.

AN EPISTLE.

Νυν δ' ἅπαντες ὡς περ ἐξ αγοράς εκπέπραται ταῦτα ἀρτευσήκεται δὲ ἐντὶ τούτων, ὅθ' ὡν ἀπολαύει καὶ νεύσκειν ἡ Ἑλλάς. Ταῦτα δ' ἐστὶ τι; Σχολοί, εἰ τίς εἰλήθε· τί; μέλως ἢ ὁμολογῇ συγγενῶν αὐτοῦ ἐλεγχόμενος· μίσος, ἀν' τούτοις τις ἐπιτίμια· τὰλλα πάντα, ὅσα ἐκ τοῦ δωροδοκεῖν προῆλθα. — *Demosthenes, Philipp. iii.*

BOAST on, my friend—though stripp'd of all beside,
Thy struggling nation still retains her pride :¹
That pride, which once in genuine glory woke
When Marlborough fought, and brilliant St. John spoke
That pride which still, by time and shame unstrung,
Outlives e'en Wh—tel—cke's sword and H—wk—sb'ry's tongue !
Boast on, my friend, while in this humbled isle²
Where Honour mourns and Freedom fears to smile,
Where the bright light of England's fame is known
But by the baleful shadow she has thrown
On all our fate³—where, doom'd to wrongs and slights,
We hear you talk of Britain's glorious rights,
As wretched slaves, that under hatches lie,
Hear those on deck extol the sun and sky !
Boast on, while wandering through my native haunts,
I coldly listen to thy patriot vaunts ;
And feel, though close our wedded countries twine,
More sorrow for my own than pride from thine.

Yet pause a moment—and if truths severe
Can find an inlet to that courtly ear,
Which loves no politics in rhyme but Pyc's,
And hears no news but W—rd's gazetted lies,—
If aught can please thee but the good old saws
Of 'Church and State,' and 'William's matchless laws,'
And 'Acts and Rights of glorious Eighty-eight,'—
Things, which though now a century out of date,
Still serve to ballast, with convenient words,
A few crank arguments for speeching lords,⁴

¹ 'Angli suos ac sua omnia impense mirantur : ceteras nationes despectui habent.' — *Barclay* (as quoted in one of Dryden's prefaces)

² England began very early to feel the effects of cruelty towards her dependencies. 'The severity of her government (says Macpherson) contributed more to deprive her of the continental dominions of the family of Plantagenet than the arms of France.'—See his *History*, vol. I.

³ By the total reduction of the kingdom of Ireland in 1691 (says Burke), the ruin of the native Irish, and in a great measure too, of the first races of the English, was completely accomplished. The new English interest was settled with as solid a stability as anything in human

affairs can look for. All the penal laws of that unparalleled code of oppression, which were made after the last event, were manifestly the effects of national hatred and scorn towards a conquered people, whom the victors delighted to trample upon, and were not at all afraid to provoke.

⁴ It never seems to occur to those orators and addressers who round off so many sentences and paragraphs with the Bill of Rights, the Act of Settlement, &c., that most of the provisions which these Acts contained for the preservation of parliamentary independence have been long laid aside as romantic and troublesome. So that, I confess, I never hear a politician who quotes

Turn, while I tell how England's freedom found,
Where most she look'd for life, her deadliest wound ;
How brave she struggled, while her foe was seen,
How faint since Influence lent that foe a screen ;
How strong o'er James and Popery she prevail'd,
How weakly fell, when Whigs and gold assail'd.¹

While kings were poor, and all those schemes unknown
Which drain the people, to enrich the throne ;
Ere yet a yielding Commons had supplied
Those chains of gold by which themselves are tied ;
Then proud Prerogative, untaught to creep
With bribery's silent foot on Freedom's sleep,
Frankly avow'd his bold enslaving plan,
And claim'd a right from God to trample man !
But Luther's schism had too much roused mankind
For Hampden's truths to linger long behind ;
Nor then, when king-like popes had fallen so low,
Could pope-like kings² escape the levelling blow.
That ponderous sceptre (in whose place we bow
To the light talisman of influence now),
Too gross, too visible to work the spell
Which modern power performs, in fragments fell :
In fragments lay, till, patch'd and painted o'er
With fleur-de-lys, it shone and scourged once more.

'Twas then, my friend, thy kneeling nation quaff'd
Long, long and deep, the churchman's opiate draught
Of tame obedience—till her sense of right
And pulse of glory seem'd extinguish'd quite,
And Britons slept so sluggish in their chain,
That wakening Freedom call'd almost in vain.
O England ! England ! what a chance was thine,
When the last tyrant of that ill-starr'd line
Fled from his sullied crown, and left thee free
To found thy own eternal liberty !
How bright, how glorious, in that sunshine hour
Might patriot hands have raised the triple tower³

seriously the Declaration of Rights, &c., to prove the actual existence of English liberty, that I do not think of that Marquis, whom Montesquieu mentions, who set about looking for mines in the Pyrenees, on the strength of authorities which he had read in some ancient authors. The poor Marquis toiled and searched in vain. He quoted his authorities to the last, but found no mines after all.

¹ The chief, perhaps the only advantage which has resulted from the system of influence, is that tranquil course of uninterrupted action which it has given to the administration of government.

² The drivelling correspondence between James I. and his 'dog Steenie' (the Duke of Buckingham), which we find among the Hardwicke Papers, sufficiently shows, if we wanted any such

illustration, into what dotting, idiotic brains the plan of arbitrary power may enter.

³ Tacitus has expressed his opinion, in a passage very frequently quoted, that such a distribution of power as the theory of the British constitution exhibits is merely a subject of bright speculation, 'a system more easily praised than practised, and which, even could it happen to exist, would certainly not prove permanent ;' and, in truth, a review of England's annals would dispose us to agree with the great historian's remark. For we find that at no period whatever has this balance of the three estates existed ; that the nobles predominated till the policy of Henry VII. and his successor reduced their weight by breaking up the feudal system of property ; that the power of the Crown became then supreme and absolute, till the bold en-

Of British freedom, on a rock divine
Which neither force could storm nor treachery mine !
But, no—the luminous, the lofty plan,
Like mighty Babel, seem'd too bold for man ;
The curse of jarring tongues again was given
To thwart a work that raised men nearer heaven.
While Tories marr'd what Whigs had scarce begun,¹
While Whigs undid what Whigs themselves had done,²
The time was lost, and William, with a smile,
Saw Freedom weeping o'er the unfinish'd pile !

Hence all the ills you suffer,—hence remain
Such galling fragments of that feudal chain,³

encroachments of the Commons subverted the fabric altogether; that the alternate ascendancy of prerogative and privilege distracted the period which followed the Restoration; and that, lastly, the Acts of 1683, by laying the foundation of an unbounded court-influence, have secured a preponderance to the Throne, whichever succeeding year increases. So that the vaunted British constitution has never perhaps existed but in mere theory.

¹ "Those two thieves," says Ralph, "between whom the nation was crucified."—*Use and Abuse of Parliament*.

² The monarchs of Great Britain can never be sufficiently grateful for that accommodating spirit which led the Revolutionary Whigs to give away the crown, without imposing any of those restraints or stipulations which other men might have taken advantage of so favourable a moment to enforce, and in the framing of which they had so good a model to follow as the limitations proposed by the Lords Essex and Halifax, in the debate upon the Exclusion Bill. They not only condescended, however, to accept of places, but took care that these dignities should be no impediment to their 'voice potential' in affairs of legislation; and although an Act was after many years suffered to pass, which by one of its articles disqualified placemen from serving as members of the House of Commons, it was yet not allowed to interfere with the influence of the reigning monarch, nor with that of his successor Anne. The purifying clause, indeed, was not to take effect till after the decease of the latter Sovereign, and she very considerably repealed it altogether. So that, as representation has continued ever since, if the king were simple enough to send to foreign courts ambassadors who were most of them in the pay of those courts, he would be just as honestly and faithfully represented as are his people.

It would be endless to enumerate all the favours which were conferred upon William by those 'apostate Whigs.' They complimented him with the first suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act which had been hazarded since the confirmation of that privilege; and this example of our deliverer's reign has not been lost upon any of his successors. They promoted the establishment of a standing army, and circu-

lated in its defence the celebrated 'Balancing Letter,' in which it is insinuated that England, even then, in her boasted hour of regeneration, was arrived at such a pitch of faction and corruption that nothing could keep her in order but a Whig ministry and a standing army. They refused as long as they could, to shorten the duration of Parliaments; and though the Declaration of Rights acknowledged the necessity of such a reform, they were able, by arts not unknown to modern ministers, to brand those as traitors and republicans who urged it. But the grand and distinguishing trait of their measures was the power which they gave to the Crown of annihilating the freedom of elections, of muddying for ever that stream of representation which had, even in the most agitated times, reflected some features of the people, but which then for the first time became the Pactolus of the Court, and grew so darkened with sands of gold that it served for the people's mirror no longer. We need but consult the writings of that time to understand the astonishment then excited by measures which the practice of a century has rendered not only familiar, but necessary. See a pamphlet called 'The Danger of Mercenary Parliaments,' 1698; 'State Traits,' Will. III. vol. ii. p. 638; and see also 'Some Paradoxes presented as a New Year's Gift.'—(*State Poems*, vol. iii. p. 327)

³ The last great wound given to the feudal system was the Act of the 12th of Charles II., which abolished the tenure of knight's service *in capite*, and which Blackstone compares, for its salutary influence upon property, to the boasted provisions of Magna Charta itself. Yet even in this Act we see the effects of that counteracting spirit which has contrived to weaken every effort of the English nation towards liberty. The exclusion of copyholders from their share of elective rights was permitted to remain as a brand of feudal servitude, and as an obstacle to the rise of that strong counterbalance which an equal representation of property would oppose to the weight of the Crown. If the managers of the Revolution had been sincere in their wishes for reform, they would not only have taken this fetter off the rights of election, but would have renewed the mode adopted in Cromwell's time, of in-

Whose links around you by the Norman flung,
 Though loosed and broke so often, still have clung.
 Hence aly Prerogative, like Jove of old,
 Has turn'd his thunder into showers of gold,
 Whose silent courtship wins securer joys,¹
 Taints by degrees, and ruins without noise.
 While parliaments, no more those sacred things
 Which make and rule the destiny of kings,
 Like loaded dice by ministers are thrown,
 And each new set of sharpers cog their own.
 Hence the rich oil, that from the Treasury steals,
 And drips o'er all the Constitution's wheels,
 Giving the old machine such pliant play,²
 That Court and Commons jog one joltless way,
 While Wisdom trembles for the crazy car,
 So gilt, so rotten, carrying fools so far;
 And the duped people, hourly doom'd to pay
 The sums that bribe their liberties away.³—

creasing the number of knights of the shire, to the exclusion of those rotten insignificant boroughs, which have tainted the whole mass of the constitution. Lord Clarendon calls this measure of Cromwell's 'an alteration fit to be more warrantable made, and in a better time.' It formed part of Mr. Pitt's plan in 1783; but Pitt's plan of reform was a kind of announced dramatic piece, about as likely to be ever acted as Mr. Sheridan's 'Foresters.'

¹ — fore enim tutum iter et patens

Converso in pretium Deo.

Aurum per medios ire satellites, &c.—*Horat.*

It would be amusing to trace the history of Prerogative from the date of its strength under the Tudor princes, when Henry VII. and his successors taught the people (as Nathaniel Bacon says) to dance to the tune of Allegiance; to the period of the Revolution, when the Throne, in its attacks upon liberty, began to exchange the noisy explosions of Prerogative for the silent and effectual air-gun of Influence. In following its course, too, since that memorable era, we shall find that, while the royal power has been abridged in branches where it might be made conducive to the interests of the people, it has been left in full and unshackled vigour against almost every point where the integrity of the constitution is vulnerable. For instance, the power of chartering boroughs, to whose capricious abuse in the hands of the Stuarts we are indebted for most of the present anomalies of representation, might, if suffered to remain, have in some degree atoned for its mischief, by restoring the old unchartered boroughs to their rights, and widening more equally the basis of the legislature. But, by the Act of Union with Scotland, this part of the prerogative was removed lest Freedom should have a chance of being healed, even by the rust of the spear which had formerly wounded her. The dangerous power, however, of creating peers, which has been so often exercised for the government against

the constitution, is still left in free and unqualified activity, notwithstanding the example of that celebrated Bill for the limitation of this ever-budding branch of prerogative, which was proposed in the reign of George I. under the peculiar sanction and recommendation of the Crown, but which the Whigs thought right to reject, with all that characteristic delicacy, which, in general, prevents them, when enjoying the sweets of office themselves, from taking any uncourtly advantage of the Throne. It will be recollected, however, that the creation of the twelve peers by the Tories in Anne's reign (a measure which Swift, like a true party man, defends) gave these upright Whigs all possible alarm for their liberties.

With regard to this generous fit about his prerogative which seized so unroyally the good King George I., historians have hinted that the paroxysm originated far more in hatred to his son than in love to the constitution; but no loyal person, acquainted with the annals of the three Georges, could possibly suspect any one of those gracious monarchs either of ill-will to his heir, or indifference for the constitution.

² They drove so fast (says Welwood of the ministers of Charles I.), that it was no wonder that the wheels and chariot broke. (*Memoirs*, p. 35).—But this fatal accident, if we may judge from experience, is to be imputed far less to the folly and impetuosity of the drivers, than to the want of that suppling oil from the Treasury which has been found so necessary to make a government like that of England run smoothly. Had Charles been as well provided with this article as his successors have been since the happy Revolution, his Commons would never have merited from him the harsh appellation of 'seditious vipers,' but would have been (as they now are, and I trust always will be) 'dutiful Commons,' 'loyal Commons,' &c., &c., and would have given him ship-money, or any other sort of money he might take a fancy to.

³ During the reigns of Charles and James, 'No

Like a young eagle, who has lent his plume
 To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,
 See their own feathers pluck'd, to-wing the dart
 Which rank corruption destines for their heart!
 But soft! my friend, I hear thee proudly say
 'What! shall I listen to the impious lay,
 That dares, with Tory licence, to profane
 The bright bequests of William's glorious reign?
 Shall the great wisdom of our patriot sires,
 Whom H—wks—b—y quotes and savoury B—rch admires,
 Be slander'd thus? Shall honest St—le agree
 With virtuous R—se to call us pure and free,
 Yet fail to prove it? Shall our patent pair
 Of wise state-poets waste their words in air,
 And Pye unheeded breathe his prosperous strain,
 And C—nn—g take the people's sense in vain?'¹

The people!—ah, that Freedom's form should stay
 Where Freedom's spirit long hath pass'd away!
 That a false smile should play around the dead,
 And flush the features where the soul hath fled!²
 When Rome had lost her virtue with her rights,
 When her foul tyrant sat on Capree's heights³
 Amid his ruffian spies, and doom'd to death
 Each noble name they blasted with their breath,—
 E'en then (in mockery of that golden time,
 When the Republic rose revered, sublime,
 And her free sons, diffused from zone to zone,
 Gave kings to every country but their own),—
 E'en then the senate and the tribunes stood,
 Insulting marks, to show how Freedom's flood

Popery' was the watch-word of freedom, and served to keep the public spirit awake against the invasions of bigotry and prerogative. The Revolution, however, by removing this object of jealousy, has produced a reliance on the orthodoxy of the Throne, of which the Throne has not failed to take advantage; and the cry of 'No Popery' having thus lost its power of alarming the people against the inroads of the Crown, has served ever since the very different purpose of strengthening the Crown against the pretensions and struggles of the people. The danger of the Church from Papists and Pretenders was the chief pretext for the repeal of the Triennial Bill, for the adoption of a standing army, for the numerous suspensions of the Habeas Corpus Act, and, in short, for all those spirited infractions of the constitution by which the reigns of the last century were so eminently distinguished. We have seen very lately, too, how the Throne has been enabled by the same scarecrow sort of alarm, to select its ministers from among men whose servility is their only claim to elevation, and who are pledged (if such an alternative could arise) to take part with the scruples of the King against the salvation of the empire.

¹ Somebody has said 'Quand tous les poëtes seraient noyés, ce ne serait pas grand dommage.'

but I am aware that this is not fit language to be held at a time when our birthday odes and state-papers are written by such pretty poets as Mr. P—e and Mr. C—nn—ng. All I wish is, that the latter gentleman would change places with his brother P—e, by which means we should have somewhat less prose in our odes, and certainly less poetry in our politics.

² 'It is a scandal (said Sir Charles Sedley, in William's reign) that a government so sick at heart as ours is should look so well in the face;' and Edmund Burke has said, in the present reign, 'When the people conceive that laws and tribunals, and even popular assemblies, are perverted from the ends of their institution, they find in these names of degenerated establishments only new motives to discontent. Those bodies which, when full of life and beauty, lay in their arms and were their joy and comfort, when dead and putrid, become more loathsome from remembrance of former endearments.'—*Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, 1770.

³ We are told by Tacitus of a certain race of men, who made themselves particularly useful to the Roman emperors, and were therefore called, 'instrumenta regni,' or 'court-tools.' From this it appears, that my Lords M—, C—, &c., &c., are by no means things of modern invention.

Had dared to flow, in glory's radiant day,
And how it ebb'd,—for ever ebb'd away !¹

Oh, look around—though yet a tyrant's sword
Nor haunts our sleep nor trembles o'er our board,
Though blood be better drawn by modern quacks,
With Treasury leeches than with sword or axe ;
Yet say, could e'en a prostrate tribune's power,
Or a mock senate, in Rome's servile hour,
Insult so much the claims, the rights of man,
As doth that fetter'd mob, that free divan,
Of noble tools and honourable knaves,
Of pension'd patriots and privileged slaves !
That party-colour'd mass, which nought can warm
But quick corruption's heat—whose ready swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die ;—
That greedy vampire, which from Freedom's tomb
Comes forth with all the mimicry of bloom
Upon its lifeless cheek, and sucks and drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins !

Heavens, what a picture ! yes, my friend, 'tis dark ;
' But can no light be found, no genuine spark
Of former fire to warm us ? Is there none,
To act a Marvell's part ?²—I fear not one.
To place and power all public spirit tends,
In place and power all public spirit ends ;³
Like hardy plants, that love the air and sky,
When out, 'twill thrive—but taken in, 'twill die !

Not bolder truths of sacred Freedom hung
From Sidney's pen or burn'd on Fox's tongue,
Than upstart Whigs produce each market night,
While yet their conscience, as their purse, is light ;
While debts at home excite their care for those
Which, dire to tell, their much-loved country owes,
And loud and upright, till their price be known,
They thwart the King's supplies to raise their own.

¹ There is something very touching in what Tacitus tells us of the hopes that revived in a few patriot bosoms, when the death of Augustus was near approaching, and the fond expectation with which they already began, 'bona libertatis incassum disserere.

Ferguson says that Cæsar's interference with the rights of election 'made the subversion of the republic more felt than any of the former acts of his power.'—*Roman Republic*, book v. chap. i.

² Andrew Marvell, the honest opposer of the Court during the reign of Charles the Second, and the last member of parliament who, according to the ancient mode, took wages from his constituents. The Commons have, since then, much changed their paymasters.—See the *State Poems* for some rude but spirited effusions of Andrew Marvell.

³ The following artless speech of Sir Francis Winnington, in the reign of Charles the Second, will amuse those who are fully aware of the perfection we have since attained in that system of government whose humble beginnings so much astonished the worthy baronet. 'I did observe (says he) that all those who had pensions, and most of those who had offices, voted all of a side, as they were directed by some great officer, exactly as if their business in this House had been to preserve their pensions and offices, and not to make laws for the good of them who sent them here.' He alludes to that parliament which was called, *par excellence*, the Pensionary Parliament—a distinction, however, which it has long lost, and which we merely give it from old custom, just as we say 'the Irish Rebellion.'

But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their hum—
 So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb.
 And though I feel as if indignant Heaven
 Must think that wretch too foul to be forgiven
 Who basely hangs the bright protecting shade
 Of Freedom's ensign o'er Corruption's trade,
 And makes the sacred flag he dares to show
 His passport to the market of her foe,
 Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
 Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,
 That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung,
 And reverence Scripture e'en from Satan's tongue.
 Nay, when the constitution has expired,
 I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hired
 To sing old 'Habeas Corpus' by its side,
 And ask, in purchased ditties, why it died?

See that smooth lord, whom nature's plastic pains
 Seem to have destined for those Eastern reigns
 When eunuchs flourish'd, and when nerveless things
 That men rejected were the chosen of Kings;¹—
 E'en he, forsooth (oh, mockery accurst!)
 Dared to assume the patriot's name at first—
 Thus Pitt began, and thus begin his apes;
 Thus devils, when *first* raised, take pleasing shapes.
 But oh, poor Ireland! if revenge be sweet
 For centuries of wrong, for dark deceit
 And withering insult—for the Union thrown
 Into thy bitter cup,² when that alone
 Of slavery's draught was wanting³—if for this
 Revenge be sweet, thou *hast* that demon's bliss;
 For, oh! 'tis more than hell's revenge to see
 That England trusts the men who've ruin'd thee;—
 That, in these awful days, when every hour
 Creates some new or blasts some ancient power,

¹ According to Xenophon, the chief circumstance which recommended these creatures to the service of Eastern princes was the ignominious station they held in society, and the probability of their being, upon this account, more devoted to the will and caprices of a master, from whose notice alone they derived consideration, and in whose favour they might seek refuge from the general contempt of mankind.

² And in the cup an *Union* shall be thrown.—*Hamlet*.

³ Among the many measures which, since the Revolution, have contributed to increase the influence of the throne, and to feed up this 'Aaron's Serpent' of the constitution to its present health and respectable magnitude, there have been few more nutritive than the Scotch and Irish Unions. Sir John Packer said, in a debate upon the former question, that 'he would submit it to the House, whether men who had basely betrayed their trust, by giving up their independent constitution, were

fit to be admitted into the English House of Commons.' But Sir John would have known, if he had not been out of place at the time, that the pliancy of such materials was not among the least of their recommendations. Indeed, the promoters of the Scotch Union were by no means disappointed in the leading object of their measure, for the triumphant majorities of the court-party in parliament may be dated from the admission of the 45 and the 16. Once or twice, upon the alteration of their law of treason and the imposition of the malt-tax (measures which were in direct violation of the Act of Union), these worthy North Britons arrayed themselves in opposition to the Court; but finding this effort for their country unavailing, they prudently determined to think thenceforward of themselves, and few men have ever kept to a laudable resolution more firmly. The effect of Irish representation on the liberties of England will be no less perceptible and permanent.

When proud Napoleon, like the burning shield¹
 Whose light compell'd each wondering foe to yield,
 With baleful lustre blinds the brave and free,
 And dazzles Europe into slavery,
 That, in this hour, when patriot zeal should guide,
 When Mind should rule, and—Fox should *not* have died,
 All that devoted England can oppose.
 To enemies made fiends, and friends made foes,
 Is the rank refuse, the despised remains
 Of that un pitying power, whose whips and chains
 Made Ireland first, in wild, adulterous trance,
 Turn false to England's bed, and whore with France.
 Those hack'd and tainted tools, so foully fit
 For the grand artizan of mischief, P—tt,
 So useless ever, but in vile employ;
 So weak to save, so vigorous to destroy!
 Such are the men that guard thy threaten'd shore,
 O England! sinking England!² boast no more.

INTOLERANCE.

A SATIRE.

¹ This clamour, which pretends to be raised for the safety of religion, has almost worn out the very appearance of it, and rendered us not only the most divided but the most immoral people upon the face of the earth.—*Addison, Freeholder, No. 37.*

START not, my friend, nor think the muse will stain
 Her classic fingers with the dust profane
 Of Bulls, Decrees, and all those thundering scrolls,
 That took such freedom once with royal souls,³

¹ The magician's shield in *Ariosto*.

² *E tolto per virtù dello splendore
 La libertate a loro.*—Canto 2.

We are told that Cæsar's code of morality was contained in the following lines of *Euripides*, which that great man frequently repeated:—

Επερ γαρ αδικειν χρη τυραννιδος περι
 Καλλιστον αδικειν: τάλλα δ' ευσεβειν χρεων.

This is also, as it appears, the moral code of Napoleon.

³ The following prophetic remarks occur in a letter written by Sir Robert Talbot, who attended the Duke of Bedford to Paris in 1762. Talking of States which have grown powerful in commerce, he says, 'According to the nature and common course of things, there is a confederacy against them, and consequently, in the same proportion as they increase in riches, they approach to destruction. The address of our King William, in making all Europe take the alarm at France, has brought that country before us near that inevitable period. We must necessarily have our turn, and Great Britain will attain it as soon

as France shall have a declaimer with organs as proper for that political purpose as were those of our William the Third. . . . Without doubt, my Lord, Great Britain must lower her flight. Europe will remind us of the balance of commerce, as she has reminded France of the balance of power. The address of our statesmen will immortalize them by contriving for us a descent which shall not be a fall, by making us rather resemble Holland than Carthage and Venice.—*Letters on the French Nation.*

⁴ The king-deposing doctrine, notwithstanding its many mischievous absurdities, was of no little service to the cause of political liberty, by inculcating the right of resistance to tyrants, and asserting the will of the people to be the only true fountain of power. Bellarmine, the most violent of the advocates for papal authority, was one of the first to maintain (*De Pontif.*, lib. 1. cap. 7) 'that kings have not their authority or office immediately from God nor his law, but only from the law of nations;' and in King James's 'Defence of the Rights of Kings against Cardinal Perron,' we find his Majesty expressing strong indignation against the Cardinal for having as-

When heaven was yet the pope's exclusive trade,
 And kings were *damn'd* as fast as now they're *mad'd*.
 No, no—let D—gen—n search the papal chair¹
 For fragrant treasures long forgotten there :
 And, as the witch of sunless Lapland thinks
 That little swarthy gnomes delight in stinks,
 Let sallow P—re—v—I snuff up the gale
 Which wizard D—gen—n's gather'd sweets exhale.
 Enough for me, whose heart has learn'd to scorn
 Bigots alike in Rome or England born,
 Who loathe the venom, whencesoe'er it springs,
 From popes or lawyers,² pastry-cooks or kings,—
 Enough for me to laugh and weep by turns,
 As mirth provokes, or indignation burns,
 As C—nn—ng vapours, or as France succeeds,
 As H—wk—sb'ry proses, or as Ireland bleeds !

And thou, my friend, if, in these headlong days,
 When bigot zeal her drunken antics plays
 So near a precipice, that men the while
 Look breathless on and shudder while they smile—
 If, in such fearful days, thou'lt dare to look
 To hapless Ireland, to this rankling nook
 Which Heaven hath freed from poisonous things in vain,
 While G—ff—rd's tongue and M—sgr—ve's pen remain—
 If thou hast yet no golden blinkers got
 To shade thine eyes from this devoted spot,
 Whose wrongs, though blazon'd o'er the world they be,
 Placemen alone are privileged *not* to see—
 Oh ! turn awhile, and, though the shamrock wreathes
 My homely harp, yet shall the song it breathes
 Of Ireland's slavery, and of Ireland's woes,
 Live, when the memory of her tyrant foes
 Shall but exist, all future knaves to warn,
 Embalm'd in hate and canonized by scorn.
 When C—stl—r—gh, in sleep still more profound
 Than his own opiate tongue now deals around,
 Shall wait th' impeachment of that awful day
 Which even *his* practised hand can't bribe away.

And oh ! my friend, wert thou but near me now,
 To see the spring diffuse o'er Erin's brow
 Smiles that shine out, unconquerably fair,
 E'en through the blood-marks left by C—md—n³ there,—

sented 'that to the deposing of a king the consent of the people must be obtained'—'for by these words (says James) the people are exalted above the king, and made the judges of the king's deposing' (p. 424).

¹ The 'Sella *Stercoraria*' of the popes.—The Right Honourable and learned Doctor will find an engraving of this chair in Spanheim's 'Disquisitio Historica de Papâ Fœminâ' (p. 118); and I recommend it as a model for the fashion of that seat which the Doctor is about to take in the privy-council of Ireland.

² When Innocent X. was entreated to decide the controversy between the Jesuits and the Jansenists, he answered, that 'he had been bred' lawyer, and had therefore nothing to do with divinity.—It were to be wished that some of our English pettifoggers knew their own fit element as well as Pope Innocent X.

³ Not the C—md—n who speaks thus of Ireland:—

'To wind up all, whether we regard the fruitfulness of the soil, the advantage of the sea, with so many commodious havens, or the native

Couldst thou but see what verdure paints the sod
 Which none but tyrants and their slaves have trod,
 And didst thou know the spirit, kind and brave,
 That warms the soul of each insulted slave,
 Who, tired with struggling, sinks beneath his lot,
 And seems by all but watchful France forgot!—
 Thy heart would burn—yes, e'en thy Pittite heart
 Would burn, to think that such a blooming part
 Of the world's garden, rich in nature's charms,
 And fill'd with social souls and vigorous arms,
 Should be the victim of that canting crew,
 So smooth, so godly,—yet so devilish too;
 Who, arm'd at once with prayer-books and with whips,¹
 Blood on their hands and Scripture on their lips,
 Tyrants by creed, and torturers by text,
 Make *this* life hell, in honour of the *next*!
 You! R—desd—les, P—re—v—ls,—O gracious Heaven,
 If I'm presumptuous, be my tongue forgiven,
 When here I swear, by my soul's hope of rest,
 I'd rather have been born ere man was blest
 With the pure dawn of Revelation's light,
 Yes,—rather plunge me back in Pagan night,²

themselves, who are warlike, ingenious, handsome and well-complexioned, soft-skinned and very nimble, by reason of the plianthood of their muscles, this island is in many respects so happy, that Giraldus might very well say, 'Nature had regarded with more favourable eyes than ordinary this Kingdom of Zephyr.'

¹ The example of toleration, which Bonaparte has held forth, will, I fear, produce no other effect than that of determining the British Government to persist, from the very spirit of opposition, in their own old system of intolerance and injustice; just as the Siamese blacken their teeth, 'because,' as they say, 'the devil has white ones.'

² One of the unhappy results of the controversy between Protestants and Catholics, is the mutual exposure which their criminations and recriminations have produced. In vain do the Protestants charge the Papists with closing the door of salvation upon others, while many of their own writings and articles breathe the same uncharitable spirit. No canon of Constance or Lateran ever damned heretics more effectually than the eighth of the Thirty-nine Articles consigns to perdition every single member of the Greek Church; and I doubt whether a more sweeping clause of damnation was ever proposed in the most bigoted council, than that which the Calvinistic theory of predestination in the seventeenth of these Articles exhibits. It is true that no liberal Protestant avows such exclusive opinions; that every honest clergyman must feel a pang while he subscribes to them; that some even assert the Athanasian Creed to be the forgery of one Vigilius Tapensis, in the beginning of the sixth century, and that eminent divines, like Jortin, have not hesitated to say, 'There are

propositions contained in our Liturgy and Articles, which no man of common sense amongst us believes.' But while all this is freely conceded to Protestants, while nobody doubts their sincerity, when they declare that their articles are not essentials of faith, but a collection of opinions which have been promulgated by fallible men, and from many of which they feel themselves justified in dissenting,—while so much liberty of retraction is allowed to Protestants upon their own declared and subscribed articles of religion, is it not strange that a similar indulgence should be so obstinately refused to the Catholics, upon tenets which their Church has uniformly resisted and condemned, in every country where it has independently flourished? When the Catholics say, 'The decrees of the Council of Lateran, which you object to us, has no claim whatever upon either our faith or our reason; it did not even profess to contain any doctrinal decision, but was merely a judicial proceeding of that assembly; and it would be as fair for us to impute a *wife-killing* doctrine to the Protestants, because their first pope, Henry VIII., was sanctioned in an indulgence of that propensity, as for you to conclude that we have inherited a king-deposing taste from the acts of the Council of Lateran, or the secular pretensions of our Popes.'

³ In a singular work, written by one Francisus Collius, 'Upon the Souls of the Pagans,' the author discusses, with much coolness and erudition, all the probable chances of salvation upon which a heathen philosopher might calculate. Consigning to perdition, without much difficulty, Plato, Socrates, &c., the only sage at whose fate he seems to hesitate is Pythagoras, in consideration of his golden thigh, and the many miracles which he performed. But, having balanced a little his

And take my chance with Socrates for bliss,
 Than be the Christian of a faith like this,
 Which builds on heavenly cant its earthly sway,
 And in a convert mourns to lose a prey ;
 Which, binding policy in spiritual chains,
 And tainting piety with temporal stains,¹
 Corrupts both state and church, and makes an oath
 The knave and atheist's passport into both ;
 Which, while it dooms dissenting souls to know
 Nor bliss above nor liberty below,
 Adds the slave's suffering to the sinner's fear,
 And, lest he 'scape hereafter, racks him here !²
 But no—far other faith, far milder beams
 Of heavenly justice warm the Christian's dreams ;
 His creed is writ on Mercy's page above,
 By the pure hands of all-atoning Love ;
 He weeps to see his soul's religion twine
 The tyrant's sceptre with her wreath divine,
 And he, while round him sects and nations raise
 To the one God their varying notes of praise,
 Blesses each voice, whate'er its tone may be,
 That serves to swell the general harmony.³

claims, and finding reason to father all these miracles on the devil, he at length, in the twenty-fifth chapter, decides upon danning him also. (De Animabus Paganorum, lib. iv. cap. 20 and 25.) The poet Dante compromises the matter with the Pagans, and gives them a neutral territory or limbo of their own, where their employment, it must be owned, is not very enviable—'Senza speme vivemoin deslo.'—Canto iv. Among the numerous errors imputed to Origen, he is accused of having denied the eternity of future punishment; and, if he never advanced a more irrational doctrine, we may venture, I think, to forgive him. He went so far, however, as to include the devil himself in the general hell-delivery which he supposed would one day or other take place, and in this St. Augustin thinks him rather too merciful—'Misericordior profecto fuit Origenes, qui et ipsum diabolum,' &c. (De Civitat. Dei, lib. xxi. cap. 17.) St. Jerom says that, according to Origen, 'the devil, after a certain time, will be as well off as the angel Gabriel,'—'Id ipsum fore Gabrielem quod diabolum.' (See his 'Epistle to Pammachius,') But Hallois, in his 'Defence of Origen,' denies that he had any of this misplaced tenderness for the devil.—I take the liberty of recommending these notices upon damnation to the particular attention of the learned Chancellor of the Exchequer.

¹ Mr. Fox, in his speech on the repeal of the Test Act (1790), thus condemns the intermixture of religion with the political constitution of a State:—'What purpose,' he asks, 'can it serve, except the baleful purpose of communicating and receiving contamination? Under such an alliance corruption must alight upon the one, and slavery overwhelm the other.' Locke, too, says of the connexion between Church and

State: 'The boundaries on both sides are fixed and immovable. He jumbles heaven and earth together, the things most remote and opposite, who mixes these two societies, which are in their original, end, business, and in everything, perfectly distinct and infinitely different from each other.'—*First Letter on Toleration.*

The corruptions introduced into Christianity may be dated from the period of its establishment under Constantine, nor could all the splendour which it then acquired atone for the peace and purity which it lost.

² There has been, after all, quite as much intolerance among Protestants as among Papists. According to the hackneyed quotation—

'Illiacos intra muros pectatque extra.'

Even the great champion of the Reformation, Melancthon, whom Jortin calls 'a divine of much mildness and good nature,' thus expresses his approbation of the burning of Servetus: 'Legi,' he says to Bullinger, 'quæ de Serveti blasphemias respondentis, et pietatem ac judicia vestra probo. Judicio etiam senatum Genevensem rectè fecisse, quod hominem pertinacem et non omittendum blasphemias sustulit; ac miratus sum esse qui severitatem illam improbant.' I have much pleasure in contrasting with these 'mild and good-natured' sentiments the following words of the Papist Baluze, in addressing his friend Conringius:—'Interim amemus, mi Conringi, et tametsi diversas opiniones tuemur in causâ religionis, moribus tamen diversi non sumus, qui eadem literarum studia sectamur.'—*Herman. Conring. Epistol. par. secundâ, p. 56.*

³ 'La tolérance est la chose du monde la plus propre à ramener le siècle d'or, et à faire un concert et une harmonie de plusieurs voix et instruments de différents tons et notes, aussi assés-

Such was the spirit, grandly, gently bright,
 That fill'd, O Fox ! thy peaceful soul with light.
 While blandly spreading like that orb of air
 Which folds our planet in its circling care,
 The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind
 Embraced the world, and breathed for all mankind.
 Last of the great, farewell !—yet *not* the last—
 Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be past
 Ierne still one gleam of glory gives,
 And feels but half thy loss while Grattan lives.

APPENDIX.

THE following is part of a Preface which was intended by a friend and countryman of mine for a collection of Irish airs, to which he has adapted English words. As it has never been published, and is not inapplicable to my subject, I shall take the liberty of subjoining it here.

Our history, for many centuries past, is creditable neither to our neighbours nor ourselves, and ought not to be read by any Irishman who wishes either to love England or to feel proud of Ireland. The loss of independence very early debased our character; and our feuds and rebellions, though frequent and ferocious, but seldom displayed that generous spirit of enterprise with which the pride of an independent monarchy so long dignified the struggles of Scotland. It is true this island has given birth to heroes who, under more favourable circumstances, might have left in the hearts of their countrymen recollections as dear as those of a Bruce or a Wallace; but success was wanting to consecrate resistance, their cause was branded with the disheartening name of treason, and their oppressed country was such a blank among nations, that, like the adventures of those woods which Rinaldo wished to explore, the fame of their actions was lost in the obscurity of the place where they achieved them.

— Errando in quelli boschi
 Trovar potria strane avventure e molto,
 Ma come i luoghi i fatti ancor son foschi,
 Che non se n' ha notizia le più volte.¹

Hence is it that the annals of Ireland, through a lapse of six hundred years, exhibit not one of those shining names, not one of those themes of national pride, from which poetry borrows her noblest inspiration; and that history, which ought to be the richest garden of the Muse, yields nothing to her but weeds and cypress. In truth, the poet who would embellish his songs with allusions to Irish names and events, must be contented to seek them in those early periods when our character was yet unalloyed and original, before the impolitic craft of our conquerors had divided, weakened, and disgraced us; and the only traits of heroism, indeed, which he can venture at this day to commemorate, with safety to himself, or perhaps with honour to his country, are to be looked for in those times when the native monarchs of Ireland dis-

able pour le moins que l'uniformité d'une seule voix.—*Bayle, Commentaire Philosophique, &c.*, part ii. chap. vi. Both Bayle and Locke would have treated the subject of Toleration in a man-

ner much more worthy of themselves and of the cause, if they had written in an age less distracted by religious prejudices.

¹ *Arconte*, canto iv.

played and fostered virtues worthy of a better age; when our Malachies wore collars of gold which they had won in single combat from the invader,¹ and our Briens deserved the blessings of a people by all the most estimable qualities of a king. It may be said, indeed, that the magic of tradition has shed a charm over this remote period, to which it is in reality but little entitled, and that most of the pictures, which we dwell on so fondly, of days when this island was distinguished amidst the gloom of Europe, by the sanctity of her morals, the spirit of her knighthood, and the polish of her schools, are little more than the inventions of national partiality,—that bright but spurious offspring which vanity engenders upon ignorance, and with which the first records of every people abound. But the sceptic is scarcely to be envied who would pause for stronger proofs than we already possess of the early glories of Ireland; and were even the veracity of all these proofs surrendered, yet who would not fly to such flattering fictions from the sad degrading truths which the history of later times presents to us?

The language of sorrow, however, is, in general, best suited to our Music, and with themes of this nature the poet may be amply supplied. There is not a page of our annals which cannot afford him a subject, and while the national Muse of other countries adorns her temple with trophies of the past, in Ireland her altar, like the shrine of Pity at Athens, is to be known only by the tears that are shed upon it; '*lacrymis altaria sudant.*'²

There is a well-known story, related of the Antiochians under the reign of Theodosius, which is not only honourable to the powers of music in general, but which applies so peculiarly to the mournful melodies of Ireland, that I cannot resist the temptation of introducing it here.—The piety of Theodosius would have been admirable, if it had not been stained with intolerance; but his reign, I believe, affords the first example of a disqualifying penal code enacted by Christians against Christians.³ Whether his interference with the religion of the Antiochians had any share in the alienation of their loyalty is not expressly ascertained by historians; but severe edicts, heavy taxation, and the rapacity and insolence of the men whom he sent to govern them, sufficiently account for the discontents of a warm and susceptible people. Repentance soon followed the crimes into which their impatience had hurried them; but the vengeance of the Emperor was implacable, and punishments of the most dreadful nature hung over the city of Antioch, whose devoted inhabitants, totally resigned to despondence, wandered through the streets and public assemblies, giving utterance to their grief in dirges of the most touching lamentation. At length, Flavianus, their bishop, whom they had sent to intercede with Theodosius, finding all his entreaties coldly rejected, adopted the expedient of teaching these songs of sorrow which he had heard from the lips of his unfortunate countrymen to the minstrels who performed for the Emperor at table. The heart of Theodosius could not resist this appeal; tears fell fast into his cup while he listened, and the Antiochians were forgiven.—Surely, if music ever spoke the misfortunes of a people, or could ever conciliate forgiveness for their errors, the music of Ireland ought to possess those powers.

¹ See 'Warner's History of Ireland,' vol. i. book ix.

² 'Statius, Thebaid,' lib. xii.

³ 'A sort of civil excommunication,' says Gibbon, 'which separated them from their fellow-citizens by a peculiar brand of infamy; and this declaration of the supreme magistrate tended to justify, or at least to excuse, the insults of a

fanatic populace. The sectaries were gradually disqualified for the possession of honourable or lucrative employments, and Theodosius was satisfied with his own justice when he decreed, that, as the Eunomians distinguished the nature of the Son from that of the Father, they should be incapable of making their wills, or of receiving any advantage from testamentary donations.'

THE SCEPTIC:

A PHILOSOPHICAL SATIRE.

1808.

NOMON HANTON BASILAEA.—*Pindar, ap. Herodot. lib. 3.*

P R E F A C E.

THE sceptical philosophy of the ancients has been as much misrepresented as the Epicurean. Pyrrho, perhaps, may have carried it to an irrational excess (though we must not believe, with Beattie, all the absurdities imputed to this philosopher); but it appears to me that the doctrines of the school, as stated by Sextus Empiricus, are much more suited to the frailty of human reason, and more conducive to the mild virtues of humility and patience, than any of those systems which preceded the introduction of Christianity. The Sceptics held a middle path between the Dogmatists and Academicians, the former of whom boasted that they had attained the truth, while the latter denied that any attainable truth existed. The Sceptics, however, without asserting or denying its existence, professed to be modestly and anxiously in search of it; as St. Augustine expresses it, in his liberal tract against the Manicheans, 'nemo nostrum dicat jam se invenisse veritatem; sic eam queramus quasi ab utrisque nesciatur.' From this habit of impartial investigation, and the necessity which they imposed upon themselves of studying, not only every system of philosophy, but every art and science which pretended to lay its basis in truth, they necessarily took a wider range of erudition, and were more travelled in the regions of philosophy than those whom conviction or bigotry had domesticated in any particular system. It required all the learning of dogmatism to overthrow the dogmatism of learning; and the Sceptics, in this respect, resembled that ancient incendiary, who stole from the altar the fire with which he destroyed the temple. This advantage over all the other sects is allowed to them even by Lipsius, whose treatise on the miracles of the Virgo Hallensis will sufficiently save him from all suspicion of scepticism. 'Labore, ingenio, memoria supra omnes pene philosophos fuisse.—Quid nonne omnia aliorum secta tenere debuerunt et inquirere, si poterunt refellere? res dicit. Nonne orationes varias, raras, subtiles inveniri ad tam receptas, claras, certas (ut videbatur) sententias evertendas?' etc. etc.—*Manuduct. ad Philosoph. Stoic. Diss. 4.*

The difference between the scepticism of the ancients and the moderns is, that the former doubted for the purpose of investigating, as may be exemplified by the third book of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*, while the latter investigate for the purpose of doubting, as may be seen through most of the philosophical works of Hume. Indeed, the Pyrrhonism of latter days is not only more subtle than that of antiquity, but, it must be confessed, more dangerous in its tendency. The happiness of a Christian depends so much upon his belief, that it is natural he should feel alarm at the progress of doubt, lest it steal by degrees into the region from which he is most interested in excluding it, and

poison at last the very spring of his consolation and hope. Still, however, the abuses of doubting ought not to deter a philosophical mind from indulging mildly and rationally in its use; and there is nothing, I think, more consistent with the humble spirit of Christianity, than the scepticism of him who professes not to extend his distrust beyond the circle of human pursuits and the pretensions of human knowledge. A philosopher of this kind is among the readiest to admit the claims of Heaven upon his faith and adoration: it is only to the wisdom of this weak world that he refuses, or at least delays, his assent; it is only in passing through the shadow of earth that his mind undergoes the eclipse of scepticism. No follower of Pyrrho has ever spoken more strongly against the dogmatists than St. Paul himself, in the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and there are passages in Ecclesiastes and other parts of Scripture which justify our utmost diffidence in all that human reason originates. Even the sceptics of antiquity refrained from the mysteries of theology, and, in entering the temples of religion, laid aside their philosophy at the porch. Sextus Empiricus thus declares the acquiescence of his sect in the general belief of a superintending Providence: Τῷ μὲν βίῳ κατακολουθούντες ἀδοξαστῶς φάμεν εἶναι θεοὺς καὶ σεβόμεν θεοὺς καὶ προσοίειν αὐτοὺς φάμεν.—Lib. iii. cap. 1. In short, it appears to me that this rational and well-regulated scepticism is the only daughter of the schools that can be selected as a handmaid for piety: he who distrusts the light of reason will be the first to follow a more luminous guide; and if, with an ardent love for truth, he has sought her in vain through the ways of this life, he will turn with the more hope to that better world, where all is simple, true, and everlasting: for there is no parallax at the zenith—it is only near our troubled horizon that objects deceive us into vague and erroneous calculations.

THE SCEPTIC.

As the gay tint that decks the vernal rose,¹
 Not in the flower, but in our vision glows;
 As the ripe flavour of Falernian tides,
 Not in the wine, but in our taste resides;
 So when, with heartfelt tribute, we declare
 That Marco's honest and that Susan's fair,
 'Tis in our minds, and not in Susan's eyes
 Or Marco's life, the worth or beauty lies?
 For she, in flat-nosed China, would appear
 As plain a thing as Lady Anne is here;

¹ The particular bulk, number, figure, and motion of the parts of fire or snow are really in them, whether any one perceive them or not, and therefore they may be called real qualities, because they really exist in those bodies; but light, heat, whiteness, or coldness, are no more really in them than sickness or pain is in manna. Take away the sensation of them; let not the eye see light or colours, nor the ear hear sounds, let the palate not taste, nor the nose smell, and all colours, tastes, odours, and sounds, as they are such particular ideas, vanish and cease.—*Locke*, book ii. chap. viii.

Bishop Berkeley, it is well known, extended this doctrine even to primary qualities, and supposed that matter itself has but an ideal existence. How shall we apply the bishop's theory to that period which preceded the formation of man, when our system of sensible things was produced, and the sun shone, and the waters flowed, without any sentient being to witness them? The spectator, whom Whiston supplies, will scarcely solve the difficulty: 'To speak my mind freely,' says he, 'I believe that the Messiah was there actually present.'—See *Whiston*, *Of the Mosaic Creation*.

And one light joke at rich Loretto's dome
Would rank good Marco with the damned at Rome.

There's no deformity so vile, so base,
That 'tis not somewhere thought a charm, a grace;
No foul reproach that may not steal a beam
From other suns, to bleach it to esteem!
Ask, who is wise?—you'll find the self-same man
A sage in France, a madman in Japan;
And *here* some head beneath a mitre swells,
Which *there* had tingled to a cap and bells:
Nay, there may yet some monstrous region be,
Unknown to Cook, and from Napoleon free,
Where C—stl—r—gh would for a patriot pass,
And mouthing M—lgr—ve scarce be deemed an ass!

'List not to reason,' Epicurus cries,
But trust the senses, *there* conviction lies:¹²—
Alas! *they* judge not by a purer light,
Nor keep their fountains more untinted and bright
Habit so mars them that the Russian swain
Will sigh for train-oil while he sips champagne
And health so rules them, that a fever's heat
Would make even Sh—r—d—n think water sweet!

Just as the mind the erring sense believes,
The erring mind, in turn, the sense deceives;
And cold disgust can find but wrinkles there,
Where passion fancies all that's smooth and fair,
—, who sees, upon his pillow laid,
A face for which ten thousand pounds were paid,
Can tell, how quick before a jury flies
The spell that mocked the warm seducer's eyes!

Self is the medium least refined of all
Through which opinion's searching beam can fall;
And, passing there, the clearest, steadiest ray
Will tinge its light and turn its line astray.
The Ephesian smith a holier charm espied
In Dian's toe, than all his heaven beside;

¹ This was also the creed of those modern Epicureans whom Ninon de l'Enclos collected around her in the Rue des Tournelles, and whose object seems to have been to decry the faculty of reason, as tending only to embarrass our use of pleasures, without enabling us in any degree to avoid their abuse. Madame des Houlières, the fair pupil of Des Barreaux in the arts of poetry and voluptuousness, has devoted most of her verses to this laudable purpose, and is such a determined foe to reason, that in one of her pastorals she congratulates her sheep on the want of it. St. Evremont speaks thus upon the subject:

* Un mélange incertain d'esprit et de matière
Nous fait vivre avec trop on trop peu de lumière.

* * * * *
Nature, élève-nous à la clarté des anges,
Ou nous abaisse au sens des simples animaux.*

Which sentiments I have thus ventured to paraphrase:

Had man been made, at nature's birth,
Of only flame or only earth,
Had he been formed a perfect whole
Of purely *that*, or grossly *this*,
Then sense would ne'er have clouded soul,
Nor soul restrained the sense's bliss.
Oh happy! had his light been strong,
Or had he never shared a light,
Which burns enough to show he's wrong,
Yet not enough to lead him right!

And true religion shines not half so true,
 On *one* good living as it shines on *two*,
 Had W—lc—t first been pensioned by the Throne,
 Kings would have suffered by his praise alone;
 And P—ine perhaps, for something snug per ann.,
 Had laughed, like W—ll—ely, at all Rights of Man!

But 'tis not only individual minds
 That habit tinctures, or that interest blinds;
 Whole nations, fooled by falsehood, fear, or pride,
 Their ostrich-heads in self-illusion hide;
 Thus England, hot from Denmark's smoking meads,
 Turns up her eyes at Gallia's guilty deeds;
 Thus, selfish still, the same dishonouring chain
 She binds in Ireland, she would break in Spain;
 While praised at distance, but at home forbid,
 Rebels in Cork are patriots at Madrid!
 Oh! trust me, Self can cloud the brightest cause,
 Or gild the worst; and then, for nations' laws!
 Go, good civilian, shut thy useless book,
 In force alone for laws of nations look.
 Let shipless Danes and whining Yankees dwell
 On naval rights, with Grotius and Vattel,
 While C—bb—t's¹ pirate code alone appears
 Sound moral sense to England and Algiers!

Woe to the Sceptic, in these party days,
 Who burns on neither shrine the balm of praise!
 For him no pension pours its annual fruits,
 No fertile sinecure spontaneous shoots;
 Not *his* the meed that crowned Don H—kh—m's rhyme,
 Nor sees he e'er, in dreams of future time,
 Those shadowy forms of sleek reversions rise,
 So dear to Scotchmen's second-sighted eyes!
 Yet who, that looks to time's accusing leaf,
 Where Whig and Tory, thief opposed to thief,
 On either side in lofty shame are seen,
 While Freedom's form hangs crucified between—
 Who, B—rd—tt, who such rival rogues can see,
 But flies from *both* to honesty and thee?

If, giddy with the world's bewildering maze,²
 Hopeless of finding, through its weedy ways,
 One flower of truth, the busy crowd we shun,
 And to the shades of tranquil learning run

¹ With most of this writer's latter politics I confess I feel a most hearty concurrence, and perhaps, if I were an Englishman, my pride might lead me to acquiesce in that system of lawless, unlimited sovereignty which he claims so boldly for his country at sea; but viewing the question somewhat more disinterestedly, and as a friend to the common rights of mankind, I cannot help thinking that the doctrines which he maintained upon the Copenhagen expedition and

the differences with America, would establish a species of maritime tyranny, as discreditable to the character of England as it would be galling and unjust to the other nations of the world.

² The agitation of the ship is one of the chief difficulties which impede the discovery of the longitude at sea; and the tumult and hurry of life are equally unfavourable to that calm level of mind which is necessary to an inquirer after truth.

How many a doubt pursues ! how oft we sigh,
 When histories charm, to think that histories lie !
 That all are grave romances at the best,
 And M—sgr—ve's but more clumsy than the rest !
 By Tory Hume's seductive page beguiled,
 We fancy Charles was just and Strafford mild ;
 And Fox himself, with party pencil, draws
 Monmouth a hero ' for the good old cause !'¹

Then, rights are wrongs, and victories are defeats,
 As French or English pride the tale repeats ;
 And when they tell Corunna's story o'er,
 They'll disagree in all but honouring Moore !
 Nay, future pens, to flatter future courts,
 May cite, perhaps, the Park-guns' gay reports,
 To prove that England triumphed on the morn
 Which found her Junot's jest and Europe's scorn !

In science too—how many a system, raised
 Like Neva's icy domes, awhile hath blazed
 With lights of fancy and with forms of pride,
 Then, melting, mingled with the oblivious tide !
 Now Earth usurps the centre of the sky,
 Now Newton puts the paltry planet by ;
 Now whims revive beneath Descartes' pen,
 Which now, assailed by Locke's, expire again :
 And when, perhaps, in pride of chemic powers,
 We think the keys of Nature's kingdom ours,
 Some Davy's magic touch the dream unsettles,
 And turns at once our alkalis to metals !

Or, should we roam, in metaphysic maze,
 Through fair-built theories of former days,
 Some D—mm—d from the north, more ably skilled,
 Like other Goths, to ruin than to build,
 • Tramples triumphant through our fanes o'erthrown,
 Nor leaves one grace, one glory of his own !

Oh, Learning ! Learning ! whatsoe'er thy boast,
 Unlettered minds have taught and charmed us most :
 The rude, unread Columbus was our guide
 To worlds which learned Lactantius had denied,

¹ That flexibility of temper and opinion which the habits of scepticism are so calculated to produce are thus pleaded for by Mr. Fox, in the very sketch of Monmouth to which I allude ; and this part of the picture the historian may be thought to have drawn for himself. ' One of the most conspicuous features in his character seems to have been a remarkable, and, as some think, a culpable degree of flexibility. That such a disposition is preferable to its opposite extreme will be admitted by all who think that modesty, even in excess, is more nearly allied to wisdom than conceit and self-sufficiency. He who has attentively considered the political, or indeed the

general, concerns of life, may possibly go still further, and may rank a willingness to be convinced, or in some cases even without conviction, to concede our own opinion to that of other men, among the principal ingredients in the composition of practical wisdom.' The sceptic's readiness of concession, however, arises more from uncertainty than conviction, more from a suspicion that his own opinion may be wrong than from any persuasion that the opinion of his adversary is right. ' It may be so,' was the courteous and sceptical formula which the Dutch were accustomed to reply to the statements of ambassadors.—See *Lloyd's State Worthies*, art. Sir Thomas Wiat.

And one wild Shakspeare, following Nature's lights,
Is worth whole planets filled with Stagyrtes !

See grave Theology, when once she strays
From Revelation's path, what tricks she plays !
How many various heavens hath Fancy's wing
Explored or touched from Papias down to King !¹
And hell itself, in India nought but smoke,²
In Spain's a furnace, and in France—a joke

Hail, modest ignorance ! thou goal and prize,
Thou last, best knowledge of the humbly wise !
Hail, sceptic ease ! when error's waves are past,
How sweet to reach thy tranquil port at last,
And, gently rocked in undulating doubt,
Smile at the sturdy winds which war without !
There gentle Charity, who knows how frail
The bark of virtue, even in summer's gale,
Sits by the nightly fire, whose beacon glows
For all who wander, whether friends or foes !
There Faith retires, and keeps her white sail furled,
Till called to spread it for a purer world ;
While Patience lingers o'er the weedy shore,
And, mutely waiting till the storm be o'er,
Turns to young Hope, who still directs his eye
To some blue spot, just breaking in the sky !

These are the mild, the blest associates given
To him who doubts, and trusts in nought but Heaven !

¹ King, in his 'Morsels of Criticism,' vol. i., supposes the sun to be the receptacle of blessed spirits.

² The Indians call hell 'the House of Smoke.' See Picart upon the 'Religion of the Banians.'

The reader who is curious about infernal matters may be edified by consulting 'Rucan de Inferno,' particularly lib. ii. cap. 7, 8, where he will find the precise sort of fire ascertained in which wicked spirits are to be burned hereafter.

A SELECTION FROM THE SONGS IN
M.P.; OR, THE BLUE-STOCKING:

A COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

1811.

BOAT GLEE

THE song that lightens the languid way,
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray;
The beams that flash on the oar a while,
As we row along through the waves
so clear,
Illume its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er sorrow's tear.

Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that feeling gave;—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way;
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

'Tis sweet to behold when the billows
are sleeping,
Some gay-coloured bark moving
gracefully by;
No damp on her deck but the even-
tide's weeping,
No breath in her sails but the sum-
mer wind's sigh.

Yet who would not turn with a fonder
emotion,
To gaze on the life-boat, though
rugged and worn,
Which often hath wafted o'er hills of
the ocean
The lost light of hope to the seaman
forlorn!

Oh! grant that of those who in life's
sunny slumber
Around us like summer-barks idly
have played.
When storms are abroad we may find
in the number
One friend, like the life-boat, to fly
to our aid.

WHEN Lelia touched the lute,
Not *then* alone 'twas felt,
But when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales
Her lute so sweetly told ?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute ! we see thee glisten,
But, alas ! no more we listen !

YOUNG Love lived once in an humble
shed,
Where roses breathing
And woodbines wreathing
Around the latticetheir tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
His garden flourished,
For young Hope nourished
The infant buds with beams and
showers ;
But lips, though blooming, must still
be fed,
And not even Love can live on
flowers.

Alas ! that Poverty's evil eye
Should e'er come hither,
Such sweets to wither !
The flowers laid down their heads to
die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew
nigh.
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And raised the latch, where the
young god lay ;
' Oh ho ! ' said Love — ' is it you ? good-
bye ;'
So he oped the window, and flew
away !

SPIRIT of Joy, thy altar lies
In youthful hearts that hope like
mine ;
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to sorrow known ;
But breathe so soft, and drop so clear,
That bliss may claim them for her
own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens
woe

And teaches even our tears to keep
The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek,
Are lost when touched, and turned
to pain ;
The flush they kindle leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, etc. etc.

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why ;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by ;
To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none ;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won ;
This is love, careless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchilled, unmoved,
To love in wintry age the same
As first in youth we loved ;
To feel that we adore
To such refined excess,
That though the heart would break with
more,
We could not live with *less* ;
This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.

DEAR aunt, in the olden time of love,
When women like slaves were
spurned,
A maid gave her heart, as she would
her glove,
To be teased by a fop, and returned !
But women grow wiser as men improve,
And, though beaux, like monkeys, amuse
us,
Oh ! think not we'd give such a deli-
cate gem

As the heart, to be played with or
sullied by them;
No, dearest aunt, excuse us.

We may know by the head on Cupid's
seal

What impression the heart will take;
If shallow the head, oh! soon we feel
What a poor impression 'twill make!
Though plagued, Heaven knows! by
the foolish zeal

Of the fondling fop who pursues me,
Oh, think not I'd follow their desperate
rule,

Who get rid of the folly, by wedding
the fool;

No, dearest aunt! excuse me.

WHEN Charles was deceived by the
maid he loved,

We saw no cloud his brow o'er-
casting,

But proudly he smiled, as if gay and
unmoved,

Though the wound in his heart was
deep and lasting.

And oft at night, when the tempest
rolled,

He sung as he paced the dark deck
over—

'Blow, wind, blow! thou art not so cold
As the heart of a maid that deceives
her lover.'

Yet he lived with the happy, and
seemed to be gay,

Though the wound but sunk more
deep for concealing;

And Fortune threw many a thorn in his
way,

Which, true to one anguish, he trod
without feeling!

And still, by the frowning of Fate un-
subdued,

He sung, as if sorrow had placed him
above her—

'Frown, Fate, frown! thou art not so
rude

As the heart of a maid that deceives
her lover.

At length his career found a close in
death.

The close he long wished to his cheer-
less roving,

For Victory shone on his latest breath,
And he died in a cause of his heart's
approving.

But still he remembered his sorrow,—
and still

He sung till the vision of life was
over—

'Come, death, come! thou art not so
chill

As the heart of a maid that deceives
her lover.'

WHEN life looks lone and dreary,

What light can dispel the gloom?

When Time's swift wing grows weary,

What charm can refresh his plume?

'Tis woman, whose sweetness beameth

O'er all that we feel or see;

And if man of heaven e'er dreameth,

'Tis when he thinks purely of thee,
O woman!

Let conquerors fight for glory,

Too dearly the meed they gain;

Let patriots live in story—

Too often they die in vain;

Give kingdoms to those who choose 'em,

This world can offer to me

No throne like Beauty's bosom,

No freedom like serving thee,

O woman!

CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A LOTTERY, a Lottery,

In Cupid's court there used to be;

Two roguish eyes

The highest prize

In Cupid's scheming Lottery;

And kisses, too,

As good as new,

Which weren't very hard to win,

For he who won

The eyes of fun

Was sure to have the kisses in

A Lottery, a Lottery, etc.

This Lottery, this Lottery,

In Cupid's court went merrily,

And Cupid played

A Jewish trade

In this his scheming Lottery;
 For hearts, we're told,
 In *shares* he sold
 To many a fond believing drone,
 And out the hearts
 In sixteen parts
 So well, each thought the whole his
 own.

Chor.—A Lottery, a Lottery, etc.

THOUGH sacred the tie that our country
 entwineth,

And dear to the heart her remem-
 brance remains,

Yet dark are the ties where no liberty
 shineth,

And sad the remembrance that
 slavery stains.

Thou who wert born in the cot of the
 peasant,

But diest in languor in luxury's dome,

Our vision, when absent - our glory,
 when present—

Where thou art, O Liberty! there is
 my home.

Farewell to the land where in child-
 hood I've wandered!

In vain is she mighty, in vain is she
 brave!

Unblessed is the blood that for tyrants
 is squandered,

And fame has no wreaths for the
 brow of the slave.

But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st
 the commotion

Of Europe as calm as thy cliffs meet
 the foam!

With no bonds but the law, and no
 slave but the ocean,

Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art
 my home.

Oh think, when a hero is sighing,
 What danger in such an adorer!

What woman can dream of denying
 The hand that lays laurels before her?

No heart is so guarded around,
 But the snile of a victor will take
 it;

No bosom can slumber so sound,
 But the trumpet of glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
 And woe to the heart that allows him;
 For oh, neither smiling nor weeping
 Has power at those moments to
 rouse him.

But though he was sleeping so fast,
 That the life almost seemed to for-
 sake him,

Believe me, one soul-thrilling blast
 From the trumpet of glory would
 wake him.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in
 his voice

The one squeaking thus, and the
 other down so!

In each sentence he uttered he gave
 you your choice,

For one was B alt, and the rest G
 below.

Oh! oh, Orator Puff!

One voice for one orator's surely
 enough.

But he still talked away spite of coughs
 and of frowns,

So distracting all ears with his ups and
 his downs,

That a wag once, on hearing the orator
 say,

'My voice is for war,' asked him,
 'Which of them, pray?'

Oh! oh! etc

Reeling homewards one evening, top-
 heavy with gin,

And rehearsing his speech on the
 weight of the crown,

He tripped near a sawpit, and tumbled
 right in,

'Sinking Fund,' the last words as his
 noddle came down

Oh! oh! etc.

'Help! help!' he exclaimed, in his he
 and she tones,

'Help me out! help me out—I have
 broken my bones!'

'Help you out?' said a Paddy who
 passed, 'what a bother!

Why, there's two of you there, can't
 you help one another?

Oh! oh! etc.

THE TWOPENNY POST BAG

*E lapsæ manibus cecidère tabellæ.*¹ *Ovia.*

DEDICATION.

1814.

TO ST——N W——LR——E, Esq.

MY DEAR W——E,—It is now about seven years since I promised (and I grieve to think it is almost as long since we met) to dedicate to you the very first book, of whatever size or kind, I should publish. Who could have thought that so many years would elapse without my giving the least signs of life upon the subject of this important promise? Who could have imagined that a volume of doggerel, after all, would be the first offering that Gratitude would lay upon the shrine of Friendship?

If, however, you are as interested about me and my pursuits as formerly, you will be happy to hear that doggerel is not my only occupation; but that I am preparing to throw my name to the Swans of the Temple of Immortality,¹ leaving it, of course, to the said Swans to determine whether they ever will take the trouble of picking it from the stream.

In the meantime, my dear W——e, like a pious Lutheran, you must judge of me rather by my *faith* than my *works*; and however trifling the tribute which I offer, never doubt the fidelity with which I am, and always shall be,

Your sincere and attached friend,

THE AUTHOR.

March 4, 1813.

PREFACE.

THE Bag from which the following Letters are selected was dropped by a Twopenny Postman about two months since, and picked up by an emissary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, who, supposing it might materially assist the private researches of that institution, immediately took it to his employers, and was rewarded handsomely for his trouble. Such a treasury of secrets was worth a whole host of informers; and accordingly, like the Cupids of the post (I may use so profane a simile), who 'fell at odds about the sweet-bag of a
1 a.² those venerable suppressors almost fought with each other for the honour

¹ Ariosto, canto 35.

² Herrick.

and delight of first ransacking the Post Bag. Unluckily, however, it turned out, upon examination, that the discoveries of profligacy which it enabled them to make, lay chiefly in those upper regions of society which their well-bred regulations forbid them to molest or meddle with. In consequence, they gained but very few victims by their prize; and after lying for a week or two under Mr. H—tch—d's counter, the Bag, with its violated contents, was sold for a trifle to a friend of mine.

It happened that I had been just then seized with an ambition (having never tried the strength of my wing but in a newspaper) to publish something or other in the shape of a book; and it occurred to me that, the present being such a letter-writing era, a few of these twopenny-post epistles, turned into easy verse, would be as light and popular a task as I could possibly select for a commencement. I did not think it prudent, however, to give too many Letters at first, and accordingly have been obliged (in order to eke out a sufficient number of pages) to reprint some of those trifles which had already appeared in the public journals. As, in the battles of ancient times, the shades of the departed were sometimes seen among the combatants, so I thought I might remedy the thinness of my ranks by conjuring up a few dead and forgotten ephemerons to fill them.

Such are the motives and accidents that led to the present publication; and as this is the first time my Muse has ever ventured out of the go-cart of a newspaper, though I feel all a parent's delight at seeing little Miss go alone, I am also not without a parent's anxiety, lest an unlucky fall should be the consequence of the experiment; and I need not point out the many living instances there are of Muses that have suffered severely in their heads, from taking too early and rashly to their feet. Besides, a book is so very different a thing from a newspaper! In the former, your dloggeral, without either company or shelter, must stand shivering in the middle of a bleak white page by itself; whereas in the latter it is comfortably backed by advertisements, and has sometimes even a speech of Mr. St—ph—n's, or something equally warm, for a *chauffe-pié*,—so that, in general, the very reverse of 'laudatur et alget' is its destiny.

Ambition, however, must run some risks, and I shall be very well satisfied if the reception of these few Letters should have the effect of sending me to the Post Bag for more.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTEENTH EDITION.

BY A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

IN the absence of Mr. Brown, who is at present on a tour through—, I feel myself called upon, as his friend, to notice certain misconceptions and misrepresentations to which this little volume of Trifles has given rise.

In the first place, it is not true that Mr. Brown has had any accomplices in the work. A note, indeed, which has hitherto accompanied his Preface, may very naturally have been the origin of such a supposition; but that note, which was merely the coquetry of an author, I have in the present edition taken upon myself to remove, and Mr. Brown must therefore be considered (like the mother of that unique production the Centaur, *μοῦρα καὶ μοῦρον*) as alone responsible for the whole contents of the volume.

In the next place, it has been said that, in consequence of this graceless little book, a certain distinguished Personage prevailed upon another distinguished Personage to withdraw from the author that notice and kindness with which he had so long and so liberally honoured him. There is not one syllable of truth in this story. For the magnanimity of the *former* of these persons I would, indeed, in no case answer too rashly; but of the conduct of the *latter* towards my friend, I have a proud gratification in declaring that it has never ceased to be such as he must remember with indelible gratitude,—a gratitude the more cheerfully and warmly paid, from its not being a debt incurred solely on his own account, but for kindness shared with those nearest and dearest to him.

To the charge of being an Irishman, poor Mr. Brown pleads guilty; and I believe it must also be acknowledged that he comes of a Roman Catholic family: an avowal which, I am aware, is decisive of his utter reprobation in the eyes of those exclusive patentees of Christianity, so worthy to have been the followers of a certain enlightened bishop, Donatus,¹ who held 'that God is in Africa, and not elsewhere.' But from all this it does not necessarily follow that Mr. Brown is a Papist; and, indeed, I have the strongest reasons for suspecting that they who say so are totally mistaken. Not that I presume to have ascertained his opinions upon such subjects: all I know of his orthodoxy is, that he has a Protestant wife, and two or three little Protestant children, and that he has been seen at church every Sunday for a whole year together, listening to the sermons of his truly reverend and amiable friend Dr. —, and behaving there as well and as orderly as most people.

There are a few more mistakes and falsehoods about Mr. Brown, to which I had intended with all becoming gravity to advert; but I begin to think the task is altogether as useless as it is tiresome. Calumnies and misrepresentations of this sort are, like the arguments and statements of Dr. Duigenan, not at all the less vivacious or less serviceable to their fabricators for having been refuted and disproved a thousand times over: they are brought forward again as good as new, whenever malice or stupidity is in want of them, and are as useful as the old broken lantern, in Fielding's *Amelia*, which the watchman always keeps ready by him, to produce, in proof of riot, against his victims. I shall therefore give up the fruitless toil of vindication, and would even draw my pen over what I have already written, had I not promised to furnish the Publisher with a Preface, and know not how else I could contrive to eke it out.

I have added two or three more trifles to this edition, which I found in the *Morning Chronicle*, and knew to be from the pen of my friend. The rest of the volume remains² in its original state.

April 20, 1814.

¹ Bishop of Casæ Nigræ in the fourth century.

² A new reading has been suggested in the original of the Ode of Horace, freely translated by Lord Eldon. In the line 'Sive per Syrteis iter æstuosas,' it is proposed by a very trifling alteration to read '*Surtees*' instead of 'Syrteis,' which

brings the Ode, it is said, more home to the noble translator, and gives a peculiar force and aptness to the epithet 'æstuosas.' I merely throw out this emendation for the learned, being unable myself to decide upon its merits.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS, ETC.

LETTER I

FROM THE PR—NO—SS CH—E OF W—S TO THE LADY B—RB—A
A—SHL—Y.¹

My dear Lady Bab, you'll be shocked, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date)
No nags ever made such a stir in the State!

Lord Eld—n first heard—and as instantly prayed he
To God and his King—that a Popish young lady
(For though you've bright eyes, and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a Papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks!

Off at once to papa, in a flurry, he flies --
For papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn so polite
As in no case whate'er to advise him *too right*—
'Pretty doings are here, sir (he angrily cries,
While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise);
'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
To ride over your most Royal Highness roughshod—
Excuse, sir, my tears, they're from loyalty's source—
Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sacked by a *Horse*.
But for us to be ruined by *Ponies*, still worse!

Quick a council is called—the whole cabinet sits—
The Archbishops declare, frightened out of their wits,
That if vile Popish ponies should cat at my manger,
From that awful moment the Church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those of St. Paul's.

The Doctor,² and he, the devout man of Leather,
V—ns—tt—t, now laying their saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young a-bominations
Are clearly foretold in chap. vi. Revelations—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the Doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

¹ This young lady, who is a Roman Catholic, had lately made a present of some beautiful ponies to the Pr—no—ss.

² A nickname for Mr. Addington.

Lord H—rr—by, hoping that no one imputes
To the Court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been Asses, not Ponies,
The Court would have started no sort of objection,
As Asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

‘If the Pr—nc—ss will keep them (says Lord C—stl—r—gh),
To make them quite harmless, the only true way
Is (as certain Chief-Justices do with their wives)
To flog them within half an inch of their lives—
If they’ve any bad Irish blood lurking about,
This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out.’
Or—if this be thought cruel—his Lordship proposes
‘The new *Veto*-snaffle to bind down their noses—
A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
Which, however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks
(Adds his Lordship humanely), or else breaks their necks!’

This proposal received pretty general applause
From the statesmen around—and the neck-breaking clause
Had a vigour about it, which soon reconciled
Even Eld—n himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to mem. con.,
And my Lord C—stl—r—gh, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *Vetos* some day,
But, at present, adieu!—I must hurry away
To go see my mamma, as I’m suffered to meet her
For just half-an-hour by the Q—n’s best repeater.

C — E.

LETTER II.

FROM COLONEL M’M—H—N TO G—LD FR—NC—S L—KCIE, ESQ.

DEAR Sir, I’ve just had time to look
into your very learned book,¹
Wheroin—as plain as man can speak,
Whose English is half modern Greek—
You prove that we can ne’er intrench
Our happy isles against the French,
Till Royalty in England’s made
A much more independent trade—
In short, until the House of Guelph
Lays Lords and Commons on the shelf,
And boldly sets up for itself!

All, that can be well understood
In this said book, is vastly good;
And, as to what’s incomprehensible,
I dare be sworn ’tis full as sensible.

But to your work’s immortal credit,
The P — e, good sir,—the P — e has
read it.
(The only book himself remarks,
Which he has read since Mrs.
Clarke’s.)

¹ See the ‘Edinburgh Review,’ No. xi.

Last levee-morn he looked it through
 During that awful hour or two
 Of grave tonsorial preparation,
 Which, to a fond admiring nation,
 Sends forth, announced by trump and
 drum,
 The best-wigged P——e is Christen-
 dom !

He thinks, with you, the imagination
 Of *partnership* in legislation
 Could only enter in the noddles
 Of dull and ledger-keeping twaddles,
 Whose heads on *firms* are running so
 They even must have a King and Co.,
 And hence, too, eloquently show forth
 On *checks* and *balances*, and so forth.

But now, he trusts, we are coming
 near a
 Better and more royal era ;
 When England's monarch need but
 say,

'Whip me those scoundrels, C—stl—
 r—gh !'

Or—'Hang me up those Papists, El-
 d—n,

And 'twill be done—ay, faith, and well
 done.

With view to which, I've his com-
 mand

To beg, sir, from your travelled hand
 (Round which the foreign graces swarm)
 A plan of radical reform ;
 Compiled and chosen, as best you can,
 In Turkey or at Ispahan,
 And quite upturning, branch and root,
 Lords, Commons, and Burdett to boot !

But, pray, whate'er you may impart,
 write

Somewhat more brief than Major C—rt-
 wr—ght ;

Else, though the P——e be long in
 rigging,

'Twould take, at least, a fortnight's
 wiggling—

Two wigs to every paragraph—
 Before he well could get through half.

You'll send it, also, speedily—
 As, truth to say, 'twixt you and me,
 His Highness, heated by your work,
 Already thinks himself Grand Turk !
 And you'd have laughed, had you seen
 how

He scared the Ch—nc—ll—r just now,
 When (on his Lordship's entering
 puffed) he
 Slapped his back and called him
 'Mufti !'

The tailors, too, have got commands
 To put directly into hands
 All sorts of dulimans and pouches,
 With sashes, turbans, and pabouches
 (While Y—rm—th's sketching out a
 plan

Of new *moustaches à l'Ottomane*),
 And all things fitting and expedient
 To *Turkify* our gracious R—g—nt !

You therefore have no time to waste—
 So send your system.—

Yours, in haste.

POSTSCRIPT.

Before I send this scrawl away,
 I seize a moment, just to say
 There's some parts of the Turkish
 system

So vulgar, 'twere as well you missed
 'em.

For instance in *Seraglio* matters—
 Your Turk, whom girlish fondness
 flatters,

Would fill his Haram (tasteless fool !)
 With tittering, red-cheeked things from
 school—

But *here* (as in that fairy land,
 Where Love and Age went hand in
 hand ;¹

Where lips till sixty shed no honey,
 And Grandams were worth any money)

¹ The learned Colonel must allude here to a description of the Mysterious Isle, in the History of Abdalla, Son of Hanif, where such inversions of the order of nature are said to have taken place.—'A score of old women and the same number of old men played here and there in the

court, some at chuck-farthing, others at tip-cat or at cockles.'—And again, 'There is nothing, believe me, more engaging than those lovely wrinkles,' etc. etc.—See *Tales of the East*, vol. iii. pp. 607, 608.

Our Sultan has much riper notions—
So, let your list of *she*-promotions
Include those only, plump and sage,
Who've reached the *regulation*-age;
That is—as near as one can fix
From Peerage dates—full fifty-six.

This rule's for *favourites*—nothing
more—
For, as to *wives*, a Grand Signor,
Though not decidedly *without* them,
Need never care one curse about them!

LETTER III.

FROM G. R. TO THE E— OF Y—.¹

WE missed you last night at the 'hoary old sinner's,'
Who gave us, as usual, the cream of good dinners—
His soups scientific—his fishes quite *prime*—
His *pâtés* superb—and his cutlets sublime!
In short, 'twas the snug sort of dinner to stir a
Stomachic orgasm in my Lord E—gh,
Who *set-to*, to be sure, with miraculous force,
And exclaimed, between mouthfuls, 'A *He*-cook, of course!
While you live—(what's there under that cover? pray, look)—
While you live—(I'll just taste it)—no'er keep a *She*-cook.
'Tis a sound *Salic* law—(a small bit of that toast)—
Which ordains that a female shall ne'er rule the roast
For Cookery's a secret—(this turtle's uncommon)—
Like Masonry, never found out by a woman!

The dinner, you know, was in gay celebration
Of my brilliant triumph and H—nt's condemnation
A compliment too to his Lordship the J—e
For his speech to the J—y,—and zounds! who would grudge
Turtle-soup, though it came to five guineas a bowl,
To reward such a loyal and complaisant soul!
We were all in high gig—Roman Punch and Tokay
Travelled round, till our heads travelled just the same way,—
And we cared not for Juries or Libels—no—damme! nor
Even for the threats of *ast* Sunday's Examiner!

More good things were eaten than said—but Tom T—rrh—t
In quoting Joe Miller, you know, has some merit,
And, hearing the sturdy Justiciary Chief
Say—sated with turtle—'I'll now try the beef'—
Tommy whispered him (giving his Lordship a sly hit),
'I fear 'twill be *kung*-beef, my Lord, if you try it!'

And C—nd—n was there, who, that morning, had gone
To fit his new Marquis's coronet on;
And the dish set before him—oh, dish well-devised!
Was, what old Mother Glasse calls, 'a calf's head surprised!'
Thé *brains* were near—; and *once* they'd been fine,
But of late they had lain so long soaking in wine,

¹ This letter, as the reader will perceive, was written the day after a dinner given by the M— of H—d—t.

That, however we still might in courtesy call
Them a fine dish of brains, they were no brains at all.

When the dinner was over, we drank, every one
In a bumper, 'the venial delights of Crim. Con.'
At which H—d—t with warm reminiscences gloated,
And E—b'r—h chuckled to hear himself quoted.

Our next round of toasts was a fancy quite new,
For we drank—and you'll own 'twas benevolent too—
To those well-meaning husbands, cits, parsons, or peers,
Whom we've any time honoured by kissing their dears:
This museum of wittols was comical rather;
Old H—d—t gave M—y, and I gave —.

In short, not a soul till this morning would budge—
We were all fun and frolic!—and even the J—e
Laid aside, for the time, his juridical fashion,
And through the whole night was *not once* in a passion!

I write this in bed, while my whiskers are ailing,
And M—c has a sly dose of jalap preparing
For poor T—mmy T—rr—t at breakfast to quaff;
As I feel I want something to give me a laugh,
And there's nothing so good as old T—mmy, kept close
To his Cornwall accounts, after taking a dose!

LETTER IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. P—TR—CK D—G—N—N TO THE RIGHT HON.
SIR J—HN N—CH—L.

Dublin.¹

<p>LAST week, dear N—ch—l, making merry At dinner with our Secretary, When all were drunk, or pretty near (The time for doing business here), Says he to me, 'Sweet Bully Bottom! These Papist dogs—hiccup—od rot 'em! Deserve to be bespattered—hiccup— With all the dirt even <i>you</i> can pick up— But, as the P—e—(here's to him— fill— Hip, hip, hurra!)—is trying still To humbug them with kind profes- sions, And as you deal in <i>strong</i> expressions—</p>	<p>"Rogue"—"traitor"—hiccup—and all that— You must be muzzled, Doctor Pat!— You must indeed—hiccup—that's flat. Yes—'muzzled' was the word, Sir John— These fools have clapped a muzzle on The boldest mouth that e'er ran o'er With slaver of the times of yore!²— Was it for this that back I went As far as Lateran and Trent, To prove that they, who damned us then, Ought now, in turn, be damned again!— The silent victim still to sit Of G—tt—n's fire and C—nn—g's wit,</p>
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¹ This letter, which contained some very heavy enclosures, seems to have been sent to London by a private hand, and then put into the Twopenny Post-Office, to save trouble. See the Appendix.

² In sending this sheet to the Press, however, I learn that the 'muzzle' has been taken off, and the Right Hon. Doctor let loose again.

To hear even noisy M—th—w gabble
on,
Normention once the W—e of Babylon!
Oh! 'tis too much—who now will be
The Nightman of No-Popery?
What Courtier, Saint, or even Bishop,
Such learned filth will ever fish up?
If there among our ranks be one
To take my place, 'tis thou, Sir
John—

Thou—who, like me, art dubbed Right
Hon.,
Like me, too, art a Lawyer Civil
That wishes Papists at the devil!

To whom, then, but to thee, my friend,
Should Patrick¹ his portfolio send?
Take it—'tis thine his learned port-
folio,
With all its theologic olio
Of Bulls, half Irish and half Roman—
Of Doctrines now believed by no man—
Of Councils, held for men's salvation,
Yet always ending in damnation—
(Which shows that since the world's
creation,
Your Priests, whate'er their gentle
shunning,
Have always had a taste for damning);
And many more such pious scraps,
To prove (what we've long proved
perhaps)

That, mad as Christians used to be
About the Thirteenth Century,
There's lots of Christians to be had
In this, the Nineteenth, just as mad!
Farewell—I send with this, dear
N—ch—I!

A rod or two I've had in pickle,
Wherewith to trim old Gr—th—n's
jacket.—

The rest shall go by Monday's packet.
P. D.

*Among the enclosures in the foregoing
Letter was the following 'Unanswerable
Argument against the Papists.'*

* * * * *

We're told the ancient Roman nation
Made use of spittle in lustration.²—
(Vide Lactantium ap. Callæum³—
I.e. you need not read but see 'em).
Now, Irish Papists (fact surprising!)
Make use of spittle in baptizing,
Which proves them all, O'Finnas,
O'Fagans,
Connors, and Tooles, all downright
Pagans!

This fact's enough—let no one tell us
To free such sad salivous fellows—
No—no—the man baptized with spittle
Hath no truth in him—not a .title!

* * * * *

LETTER V.

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C ——— TO LADY ———.

My dear Lady ———! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little Rout—
(By-the-bye, you've seen *Rakeby*?—this moment got mine—
The Mail Coach edition⁴—prodigiously fine!)

¹ This is a bad name for poetry; but D—gen—n
is worse.—As Prudentius says, upon a very dif-
ferent subject—

torquetur Apollo
Nominè percussus.

² lustralibus ante salvis
Expist.—*Pers. Sat. 2.*

³ I have taken the trouble of examining the

Doctor's references here, and find him, for once,
correct. The following are the words of his
indignant referee Gallus: 'Asserere non vere-
mur sacrum baptismum a Papistis profanari, et
spati um in peccatorum exigitione a Pagans
non a Christianis manasse.'

⁴ See Mr. Murray's advertisement about the
Mail-Coach copies of *Rakeby*.

But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
 I'm ever to bring my five hundred together ;
 As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
 One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet—
 (*Apropos*—you'd have laughed to see Townsend, last night,
 Escort to their chair, with his staff so polite,
 The 'Three Maiden Miseries,' all in a fright !
 Poor Townsend, like Mercury, filling two posts,
 Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief usher of *ghosts* !)

But, my dear Lady.——, can't you hit on some notion,
 At least for one night to set London in motion ?
 As to having the R—g—nt—that show is gone by—
 Besides, I've remarked that (between you and I).
 The Marchesa and he, inconvenient in more ways,
 Have taken much lately to whispering in doorways ;
 Which—considering, you know, dear, the *size* of the two—
 Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through ;
 And a house such as mine is, with doorways so small,
 Has no room for such cumbersome love work at all !—
 (*Apropos*, though, of love-work—you've heard it, I hope,
 That Napoleon's old Mother's to marry the Pope,—
 What a comical pair !)—But, to stick to my Rout,
 'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out.
 Is there no Algerine, no Kamchatkan arrived ?
 No Plenipo Pacha, three-tailed and ten-wived ?
 No Russian, whose dissonant consonant name
 Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame ?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
 When—provided their wigs were but decently black—
 A few Patriot monsters, from Spain, were a sight
 That would people one's house for one, night after night,
 But—whether the Ministers *pawed* them too much—
 (And you know how they spoil whatever they touch),
 Or, whether Lord G—rge (the young man about town)
 Has by dint of bad poetry written them down—
 One has certainly lost one's *Peninsular* rage,
 And the only stray Patriot seen for an age
 Has been at such places (think how the fit cools)
 As old Mrs. V——n's or Lord L—v—rp—l's !

But in short, my dear, names like Wintztschitschinszoudhoff
 Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—
 So get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor—
 If he brings the whole Alphabet, so much the better !
 And—Lord ! if he would but *in character* sup
 Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up !

Au revoir, my sweet girl—I must leave you in haste—
 Little Gunter has brought me the Liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By-the-bye, have you found any friend that can conster
That Latin account, t'other day, of a Monster?¹
If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not too improper, I think I'll bring that in.

LETTER VI.

FROM ABDALLAH² IN LONDON, TO MOHASSAN IN ISPAHAN

WHILST thou, Mohassan (happy thou !)
Dost daily bend thy loyal brow
Before our King — our Asia's treasure !
Nutmeg of Comfort ! Rose of Plea-
sure ! —
And bear'st as many kicks and bruises
As the said Rose and Nutmeg chooses ; —
Thy head still near the bowstring's
borders,
And but left on till further orders !
Through London streets with turban
fair,
And caftan floating to the air,
I sanuter on — the admiration
Of this short-coated population —
This sewed-up race — this buttoned
nation —
Who, while they boast their laws so
free,
Leave not one limb at liberty,
But live, with all their lordly speeches,
The slaves of buttons and tight
breeches.

Yet, though they thus their knee-pans
fetter

(They're Christians, and they know no
better),³

In *some* things they're a thinking nation,

And, on Religious Toleration,

I own I like their notions *quite*,

They are so Persian and so right !

You know our Sunnites,⁴ hateful dogs !

Whom every pious Shiite flogs,

Or longs to flog⁵ — 'tis true, they pray

To God, but in an ill-bred way ;

With neither arms, nor legs, nor faces

Stuck in their right, canonic places !⁶

'Tis true, they worship Ali's name⁷ —

Their heaven and *ours* are just the
same —

(A Persian's heaven is easily made,

'Tis but — black eyes and lemonade).

Yet, though we've tried for centuries
back,

We can't persuade the stubborn pack,

¹ Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin advertisement of a *Lusus Naturæ* in the newspapers lately.

² I have made many inquiries about this Persian gentleman, but cannot satisfactorily ascertain who he is. From his notions of Religious Liberty, however, I conclude that he is an importation of Ministers; and he has arrived just in time to assist the P — e and Mr. L — ok — e in their new Oriental Plan of Reform. See the second of these Letters. — How Abdallah's Epistle to Isaphan found its way into the Twopenny Post Bag is more than I can pretend to account for.

³ 'C'est un honnête homme,' said a Turkish governor of de Ruyter; 'c'est grand dommage qu'il soit Chrétien.'

⁴ *Sunnites* and *Shiites* are the two leading sects into which the Mohammedan world is divided; and they have gone on cursing and persecuting

each other, without any intermission, for about eleven hundred years. The *Sunni* is the established sect in Turkey, and the *Shia* in Persia; and the differences between them turn chiefly upon those important points which our pious friend Abdallah, in the true spirit of Shiite ascendancy, reprobates in this Letter.

⁵ 'Les Sunnites, qui étaient comme les catholiques de Musulmanisme.' — *D'Herbelot*.

⁶ In contradistinction to the Sounis, who in their prayers cross their hands on the lower part of the breast, the Schiahs drop their arms in straight lines; and as the Sounis, at certain periods of the prayer, press their foreheads on the ground or carpet, the Schiahs, etc. etc. — *Forster's Voyage*.

⁷ 'Les Turcs ne détestent pas Ali réciproquement; au contraire ils le reconnaissent,' etc. etc. — *Chardin*.

By bastinadoes, screws, or nippers,
To wear the established pea-green slippers!¹

Then—only think—the libertines!
They wash their toes, they comb their
chins,²

With many more such deadly sins!
And (what's the worst, though last I
rank it)

Believe the Chapter of the Blanket!

Yet, spite of tenets so flagitious,
(Which *must* at bottom be seditious
As no man living would refuse
Green slippers, but from treasonous
views;

Nor wash his toes, but with intent
To overturn the government!)
Such is our mild and tolerant way,
We only curse them twice a-day
(According to a form that's set),
And, far from torturing, only let
All orthodox believers beat 'em,
And twitch their beards, whene'er they
meet 'em.

As to the rest, they're free to do
Whate'er their fancy prompts them to,
Provided they make nothing of it
Towards rank or honour, power or
profit;

Which things, we naturally expect,
Belong to us, the Established sect,

Who disbelieve (the Lord be thanked)
The aforesaid Chapter of the Blanket.

The same mild views of Toleration
Inspire, I find, this buttoned nation,
Whose Papists (full as given to rogue,
And only Sunnites with a brogue)
Fare just as well, with all their fuss.
As rascal Sunnites do with us.

The tender Gazel I enclose
Is for my love, my Syrian Rose—
Take it, when night begins to fall,
And throw it o'er her mother's wall.

GAZEL

Rememberest thou the hour we past?
That hour, the happiest and the last!—
Oh! not so sweet the Siha thorn
To summer bees at break of morn,
Not half so sweet, through dale and
dell,

To canals' cars the tinkling bell,
As is the soothing memory
Of that one precious hour to me!

How can we live, so far apart?
Oh! why not rather heart to heart
United live and die?—
Like those sweet birds that fly toge-
ther,
With feather always touching feather,
Linked by a hook and eye!³

LETTER VII.

FROM MESSRS. L—CK—GT—N AND CO. TO ———, ESQ.⁴

PER POST, Sir, we send your MS.—looked it through—
Very sorry—but can't undertake—'twouldn't do.
Clever work, Sir!—would *get up* prodigiously well—
Its only defect is—it never would sell!
And though *Statesmen* may glory in being *unbought*,
In an *Author* we think, Sir, that's rather a fault.

¹ 'The Shiites wear green slippers, which the Sunnites consider as a great abomination.'—*Mariti*.

² For these points of difference, as well as for the Chapter of the Blanket, I must refer the reader (not having the book by me) to *Picart's Account of the Mahometan Sects*.

³ This will appear strange to an English reader, but it is literally translated from Abdallah's Persian; and the curious bird to which he

alludes is the *Juftak*, of which I find the following account in Richardson:—'A sort of bird that is said to have but one wing, on the opposite side to which the male has a hook and the female a ring, so that, when they fly, they are fastened together.'

⁴ From motives of delicacy, and indeed of *fellow-feeling*, I suppress the name of the author whose rejected manuscript was enclosed in this letter.—See the Appendix.

Hard times, Sir,—most books are too dear to be read
 Though the *gold* of Good-sense and Wit's *small-change* are fled,
 Yet the *paper* we publishers pass, in their stead,
 Rises higher each day, and ('tis frightful to think it)
 Not even such names as F—t—g—r—d's can sink it!
 However, Sir—if you're for trying again,
 And at somewhat that's vendible—we are your men.

Since the Chevalier C—rr took to marrying lately,
 The Trade is in want of a *Traveller* greatly—
 No job, Sir, more easy—your *Country* once planned,
 A month aboard ship and a fortnight on land
 Puts your Quarto of Travels clean out of hand.
 An East-India pamphlet's a thing that would tell—
 And a lick at the Papists is *sure* to sell well.
 Or—supposing you have nothing *original* in you—
 Write Parodies, Sir, and such fame it will win you,
 You'll get to the Blue-stocking Routs of Alb—n—a!¹
 (Mind—not to her *dinners*—a *second-hand* Muse
 Mustn't think of aspiring to *mess* with the *Blues*.)
 Or—in case nothing else in this world you can do—
 The deuce is in't, Sir, if you cannot *review*!

Should you feel any touch of *poetical* glow,
 We've a scheme to suggest—Mr. Sc—tt, you must know
 (Who, we're sorry to say it, now works for the *Row*²),
 Having quitted the Borders to seek new renown,
 Is coming, by long Quarto stages, to Town;
 And beginning with Rokeby (the job's sure to pay),
 Means to do all the Gentlemen's Seats on the way.
 Now, the Scheme is (though none of our hackneys can beat him)
 To start a fresh Poet through Highgate to *meet* him;
 Who, by means of quick proofs—no revises—long coaches—
 May do a few Villas before Sc—tt approaches—
 Indeed, if our Pegasus be not curst shabby,
 He'll reach, without foundering, at least Woburn Abbey.

Such, Sir, is our plan—if you're up to the freak,
 'Tis a match! and we'll put you in *training* next week—
 At present no more—in reply to this Letter, a
 Line will oblige very much

Yours, et cetera,

Temple of the Muses.

¹ This alludes, I believe, to a curious correspondence which is said to have passed lately between Alb—n—a, Countess of B—ck—gh—ms—e, and a certain ingenious Parodist.

² Potarnoster Row.

LETTER VIII.

FROM COLONEL TH—M—S TO ———, ESQ.

COME to our Fête,¹ and bring with thee
Thy newest, best embroidery !
Come to our Fête, and show again
That pea-green coat, thou² pink of men !
Which charmed all eyes that last sur-
veyed it,

When B——'s self inquired 'who made
it ?'

When Cits came wondering from the
East,
And thought thee Poet Pye, at least !

Oh ! come—(if haply 'tis thy week
For looking pale)—with paly cheek ;
Though more we love thy roscate days,
When the rich rouge-pot pours its blaze
Full o'er thy face, and, amply spread,
Tips even thy whisker-tops with red—
Like the last tints of dying Day
That o'er some darkling grove delay !

Bring thy best lace, thou gay Phi-
lander !

(That lace, like H—rry Al—x—nd—r,
Too precious to be washed)—thy rings,
Thy seals—in short, thy prettiest
things !

Put all thy wardrobe's glories on,
And yield, in frogs and fringe, to none
But the great R—g—t's self alone !

Who, by particular desire,
For that night only, means to hire
A dress from Romeo C—tes, Esquire—
Something between (twere sin to hack
it)

The Romeo robe and Holby jacket !

¹ This Letter enclosed a Card for the Grand
Fête on the 6th of February.

² Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
Nascentem placido lumine, videris, etc.
Horat.

The Man, upon whom thou hast deigned to
look funny,
Thou great Tragic Muse ! at the hour of his
birth—

Let them say what they will, that's the man
for my money,
Give others thy cares, but let me have thy
mirth.

The assertion that follows, however, is not veri-
fied in the instance before us :

Hail, first of Actors !³ best of R—g—ts !
Born for each other's fond allegiance !
Both gay Iotharios—both good dres-
sers—

Of Serious Farce both learned Profes-
sors—

Both circled round, for use or show,
With coxcombs, wheresoe'er they go !

Thou know'st the time, thou man of
lore !

It takes to chalk a ball-room floor—
Thou know'st the time, too, well-a-
day !

It takes to dance that chalk away,³
The ball-room opens—far and nigh
Comets and suns beneath us lie ;
O'er snowy moons and stars we walk,
And the floor seems a sky of chalk !
But soon shall fade the bright deceit,
When many a maid, with busy feet
That sparkle in the Lustr's ray,
O'er the white path shall bound and
play

Like Nymphs along the Milky Way !—
At every step a star is fled,
And suns grow dim beneath their
tread !

So passeth life—(thus Sc—tt would
write,

And spinsters read him with delight)—
Hours are not feet, yet hours trip on,
Time is not chalk, yet time's soon gone !⁴

But, hang this long digressive flight !
I meant to say, thou'lt see, that night

Illum . . . non equis impiger
Curu ducet Achaico.

³ To those who neither go to balls nor read
the *Morning Post*, it may be necessary to men-
tion that the floors of ball-rooms, in general, are
chalked, for safety and for ornament, with various
fanciful devices.

⁴ Hearts are not flint, yet flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, yet steel is bent.

After all, however, Mr. Sc—tt may well say to
the Colonel (and, indeed, to much better wags
than the Colonel), *σαν μπιστοβα η μπιστοβα*.

What falsehood rankles in their hearts,
Who say the P—e neglects the arts—
Neglects the arts!—no, St—g! no;
Thy Cupids answer 'tis not so;
And every floor, that night, shall tell
How quick thou daubest, and how well!
Shine as thou may'st in French ver-
milion,

Thou'rt *best*—beneath a French cotil-
lion;

And still com'st off, whate'er thy faults,
With *flying colours* in a Waltz!

Nor need'st thou mourn the transient
date

To thy best works assigned by Fate—
While *some* chefs-d'œuvre live to weary
one,

Thine boast a short life and a merry one;
Their hour of glory past and gone
With 'Molly, put the kettle on!

But, bless my soul! I've scarce a leaf
Of paper left—so, must be brief.

This festive Fête, in fact, will be
The former Fête's *fac simile*;¹
The same long Masquerade of Rooms,
Tricked in such different, quaint cos-
tumes

(These, P—rt—r, are thy glorious
works!)

You'd swear Egyptians, Moors, and
Turks,

Bearing Good-Taste some deadly malice,²
Had clubbed to raise a Pic-Nic Palace;

And each, to make the oglio pleasant,
Had sent a State-Room as a present;—

The same *fauteuils* and girandoles—
The same gold Asses,² pretty souls!

That, in this rich and classic dome,
Appear so perfectly at home!

The same bright river 'mongst the
dishes,

But *not*—ah! not the same dear fishes—
Late hours and claret killed the old
ones!

So, 'stead of silver and of gold ones
(It being rather hard to raise

Fish of that *specie* now-a-days),

Some sprats have been, by Y—rm -th's
wish,

Promoted into *Silver Fish*,

And Gudgeons (so V—ns—tt—t told

The R—g—t) are as good as *Gold*!

So, pr'ythee, come—our Fête will be
But half a Fête, if wanting thee!

J. T.

APPENDIX.

LETTER IV. Page 294,

AMONG the papers enclosed in Dr. D—g—n—n's Letter, there is an Heroic Epistle in Latin verse, from Pope Joan to her Lover, of which, as it is rather a curious document, I shall venture to give some account. This female Pontiff was a native of England (or, according to others, of Germany), who at an early age disguised herself in male attire, and followed her lover, a young ecclesiastic, to Athens, where she studied with such effect, that upon her arrival at Rome she was thought worthy of being raised to the Pontificate. This Epistle is addressed to her Lover (whom she had elevated to the dignity of Cardinal), soon after the fatal *accouchement*, by which her Fallibility was betrayed.

She begins by reminding him very tenderly of the time when they were in Athens—when

By Ilissus' stream

We whispering walked along, and learned to speak

The tenderest feelings in the purest Greek;

¹ C—r—t—n H—c will exhibit a complete *fac-simile*, in respect to interior ornament, to what it did at the last Fête. The same splendid draperies, &c. etc.—*Morning Post*.

² The salt-cellar on the P—e's *own* table were in the form of an ass with panniers.

Ah ! then how little did we think or hope,
 Dearest of men ! that I should e'er be Pope !
 That I—the humble Joan—whose housewife art
 Seemed just enough to keep thy house and heart
 (And those, alas ! at sixes and at sevens),
 Should soon keep all the keys of all the Heavens !

Still less (she continues to say) could they have foreseen that such a catastrophe as had happened in Council would befall them—that she

'Should thus surprise the Conclave's grave decorum,
 And let a little Pope pop out before 'em—
 Pope *Innocent* / alas, the only one
 That name should ever have been fixed upon !

She then very pathetically laments the downfall of her greatness, and enumerates the various treasures to which she is doomed to bid farewell for ever.

'But oh ! more dear, more precious ten times over—
 Farewell, my Lord, my Cardinal, my Lover !
 I made *thee* Cardinal—thou mad'st *me*—ah ?
 Thou mad'st the Papa² of the World—Mamma !

I have not time now to translate any more of this Epistle ; but I presume the argument which the Right Hon. Doctor and his friends mean to deduce from it, is (in their usual convincing strain) that Romanists must be unworthy of Emancipation *now*, because they had a Petticoat Pope in the Ninth Century. Nothing can be more logically clear, and I find that Horace had exactly the same views upon the subject :

Romanus (cheu posteri, negabitis !)
Emancipatus Fœminæ
 Fert vallum !—

LETTER VII. Page 294.

The Manuscript, which I found in the Bookseller's Letter, is a Melodrama, in two Acts, entitled, 'The Book,'³ of which the Theatres, of course, had had the refusal, before it was presented to Messrs. L—ck—ngt—n and Co. This rejected Drama, however, possesses considerable merit, and I shall take the liberty of laying a sketch of it before my Readers.

The first Act opens in a very awful manner : *Time*, three o'clock in the morning—*Scene*, the Bourbon Chamber⁴ in C—r—lt—n House—Enter the P—e R—g—t solus.—After a few broken sentences, he thus exclaims :

¹ Spanheim attributes the unanimity with which Joan was elected, to that innate and irresistible charm by which her sex, though latent, operated upon the instinct of the Cardinals : 'Non vi aliqua, sed concorditer, omnium in se converso ædiorio, quæ sunt blandientis sexus artes, laantes in hæc quæquam !'

² This is an anachronism, for it was not till the eleventh century that the Bishop of Rome took the title of Papa, or Universal Father.

³ There was a mysterious Book in the sixteenth century, which employed all the anxious curiosity of the learned of that day—every one spoke of it; many wrote against it; though it does not appear

that anybody had ever seen it; and, indeed, Grotius is of opinion that no such book ever existed. It was entitled 'Liber de tribus impostoribus' (See 'Morhof. Cap. de Libris damnatis.')—Our more modern mystery of the 'Book' resembles this in many particulars; and if the number of lawyers employed in drawing it up be stated correctly, a slight alteration of the title into 'a tribus impostoribus' would produce a coincidence altogether very remarkable.

⁴ The chamber, I suppose, which was prepared for the reception of the Bourbons at the first Grand Fête, and which was ornamented (all for the deliverance of Europe) with *fleurs de lys*.

Away—away—
 Thou haunt'st my fancy so, thou devilish Book !
 I meet thee—trace thee, wheresoe'er I look.
 I see thy damned ink in Eld—n's brows—
 I see thy foolscap on my H—rtf—d's Spouse—
 V—ns—t—t's head recalls thy leathern case,
 And all thy blank-leaves stare from R—d—r's face !
 While, turning here [*laying his hand on his heart*], I find, ah wretched self !
 Thy List of dire Errata in myself.

[*Walks the stage in considerable agitation.*]

Oh Roman Punch ! oh potent Curaçoa !
 Oh Maraschino ! Maraschino oh !
 Delicious drams ! why have you not the art
 To kill this gnawing Book-worm in my heart ?

He is here interrupted in his Soliloquy by perceiving some scribbled fragments of paper on the ground, which he collects, and 'by the light of two magnificent candelabra' discovers the following unconnected words—'Wife neglected'—'the Book'—'Wrong Measures'—'the Queen'—'Mr. Lambert'—'the R—g—t.'

Ha ! treason in my House !—Curst words, that wither
 My princely soul [*shaking the papers violently*], what Demon brought you hither !
 'My wife !'—'the Book,' too !—stay—a nearer look—

[*Holding the fragments closer to the Candelabra*]

Alas ! too plain, B, double O, K, Book—
 Death and destruction !

He here rings all the bells, and a whole legion of Valets enter—A scene of cursing and swearing (very much in the German style) ensues, in the course of which messengers are despatched in different directions for the L—rd Ch—nc—ll—r, the D—e of C—h—l—d, etc. etc.—The intermediate time is filled up by another Soliloquy, at the conclusion of which the aforesaid Personages rush on alarmed—the D—e with his stays only half-laced, and the Ch—nc—llor with his wig thrown hastily over an old red night-cap, 'to maintain the becoming splendour of his office.'¹ The R—g—t produces the appalling fragments, upon which the Ch—nc—llor breaks out into exclamations of loyalty and tenderness, and relates the following portentous dream :—

'Tis scarcely two hours since
 I had a fearful dream of thee, my P—e !—
 Methought I heard thee, 'midst a courtly crowd,
 Say from thy throne of gold, in mandate loud,
 'Worship my whiskers !'—[*weeps*] not a knee was there
 But bent and worshipped the Illustrious Pair
 That curled in conscious majesty ! [*pulls out his handkerchief*]
 —while cries
 Of 'Whiskers ! whiskers !' shook the echoing skies !—
 Just in that glorious hour, methought there came,
 With looks of injured pride, a Princely Dame,
 And a young maiden clinging to her side,

¹ 'To enable the individual who holds the office of Chancellor to maintain it in becoming splendour.' (A loud laugh.)—*Lord St. Leonards's Speech upon the Vice-Chancellor's Bill.*

As if she feared some tyrant would divide
 The hearts that nature and affection tied !
 The Matron came—within her *right* hand glowed
 A radiant torch ; while from her *left* a load
 Of Papers hung—[*wipes his eyes*—]—collected in her veil—
 The venal evidence, the slanderous tale,
 The wounding hint, the current lies that pass
 From *Post* to *Courier*, formed the motley mass ;
 Which, with disdain, before the Throne she throws,
 And lights the File beneath thy princely nose. [Weeps.]
 Heavens, how it blazed !—I'd ask no livelier fire
 [*with animation*] To roast a Papist by, my gracious Sire !—
 But ah ! the evidence—[*weeps again*]—I mourned to see—
 Cast, as it burned, a deadly light on thee !
 And Tales and Hints their random sparkles flung,
 And hissed and crackled like an old maid's tongue ;
 While *Post* and *Courier*, faithful to their fame,
 Made up in stink for what they lacked in flame !
 When, lo, ye Gods !—the fire, ascending brisker,
 Now sings *one*, now lights the *other* whisker—
 Ah ! where was then the Sylphid that unfurls
 Her fairy standard in defence of curls ?
 Throne, Whiskers, Wig, soon vanished into smoke,
 The watchman cried 'past One,' and—I awoke.

Here his Lordship weeps more profusely than ever, and the R—g—t (who has been very much agitated during the recital of the dream), by a movement as characteristic as that of Charles XII. when he was shot, claps his hands to his whiskers to feel if all be really safe. A Privy Council is held—all the Servants, etc. are examined, and it appears that a Tailor, who had come to measure the R—g—t for a dress (which takes three whole pages of the best super-fine *cliquant* in describing), was the only person who had been in the Bourbon Chamber during the day. It is accordingly determined to seize the Tailor, and the Council breaks up with a unanimous resolution to be vigorous.

The commencement of the Second Act turns chiefly upon the Trial and Imprisonment of Two Brothers ; but as this forms the *under* plot of the Drama, I shall content myself with extracting from it the following speech, which is addressed to the two brothers,¹ as they 'exeunt severally' to Prison :—

Go to your Prisons—though the air of Spring
 No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring ;
 Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
 And all your portion of the glorious day
 May be some solitary beam that falls,
 At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
 Some beam that enters, trembling as if awed,
 To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad !
 Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
 Of Spring or Summer flowers, await you there ;
 Thoughts, such as He, who feasts his courtly crew
 In rich conservatories, *never* knew !

¹ The Hunts.

Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
 The Zeal, whose circling charities begin
 With the few loved ones Heaven has placed it near,
 Nor cease, till all Mankind are in its sphere !—
 The Pride, that suffers without vaunt or plea,
 And the fresh Spirit, that can warble free,
 Through prison-bars, its hymn to Liberty !

The Scene next changes to a Tailor's Workshop, and a fancifully-arranged group of these Artists is discovered upon the Shop-board.—Their task evidently of a *royal* nature, from the profusion of gold-lace, frogs, etc. that lie about.—They all rise and come forward, while one of them sings the following Stanzas, to the tune of 'Derry Down':—

My brave brother-Tailors, come, straighten your knees,
 For a moment, like gentlemen, stand up at ease,
 While I sing of our P—e (and a fig for his railers),
 The Shop-board's delight ! the Mæcenas of Tailors !
 Derry down, down, down derry down.

Some monarchs take roundabout ways into note,
 But His short cut to fame is—the cut of his coat ;
 Philip's Son thought the World was too small for his Soul,
 While our R—g—t's finds room in a laced button-hole !
 Derry down, etc.

Look through all Europe's Kings—at least those who go loose—
 Not a King of them all's such a friend to the Goose.
 So, God keep him increasing in size and renown,
 Still the fattest and best-fitted P—e about town !
 Derry down, etc.

During the 'Derry down' of this last verse, a messenger from the S—c—t—y of S—c's Office rushes on, and the singer (who, luckily for the effect of the scene, is the very Tailor suspected of the mysterious fragments) is interrupted in the midst of his laudatory exertions, and hurried away, to the no small surprise and consternation of his comrades. The plot now hastens rapidly in its development—the management of the Tailor's examination is highly skilful, and the alarm which he is made to betray is natural without being ludicrous. The explanation, too, which he finally gives, is not more simple than satisfactory. It appears that the said fragments formed part of a self-exculpatory note which he had intended to send to Colonel M'M—n upon subjects purely professional ; and the corresponding bits (which still lie luckily in his pocket) being produced, and skilfully laid beside the others, the following billet-doux is the satisfactory result of their juxtaposition :—

Honoured Colonel—my Wife, who's the Queen of all slatterns,
 Neglected to put up the Book of new Patterns.
 She sent the wrong Measures too—shamefully wrong—
 They're the same used for poor Mr. Lambert, when young ;
 But, bless you ! they wouldn't go half round the R—g—t,
 So hope you'll excuse yours till death, most obedient.

This fully explains the whole mystery—the R—g—t resumes his wonted smiles, and the Drama terminates, as usual, to the satisfaction of all parties.

TRIFLES.

1814.

THE INSURRECTION OF THE PAPERS.

A DREAM.

'It would be impossible for his Royal Highness to disengage his person from the accumulating pile of papers that encompassed it.'—*Lord Castlereagh's Speech upon Colonel M'Mahon's Appointment.*

LAST night I toss'd and turn'd in bed,
But could not sleep—at length I said,
'I'll think of Viscount C—stl—r—gh,
And of his speeches—that's the way.'
And so it was, for instantly
I slept as sound as sound could be.
And then I dream'd—O frightful dream !
Fuseli has no such theme ;
—— never wrote or borrow'd
Any horror, half so horrid !

Methought the P——c, in whisker'd state,
Before me at his breakfast sat ;
On one side lay unread Petitions,
On t'other, Hints from five Physicians—
Here tradesmen's bills, official papers,
Notes from my Lady, 'drams for vapours—
There plans of saddles, tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post.

When lo ! the papers, one and all,
As if at some magician's call,
Began to flutter of themselves
From desk and table, floor and shelves,
And, cutting each some different capers,
Advanced, O jacobinic papers !
As though they said, 'Our sole design is
To suffocate his Royal Highness !'

The leader of this vile sedition
Was a huge Catholic Petition,
With grievances so full and heavy,
It threaten'd worst of all the bevy.
Then Common-Hall addresses came
In swaggering sheets, and took their aim
Right at the R—g—t's well-dress'd head,
As if *determined* to be read !

Next Tradesmen's Bills began to fly,
 And Tradesmen's Bills, we know, mount high,
 Nay, e'en Death-Warrants thought they'd best
 Be lively too, and join the rest.

But, oh, the basest of defections .
 His Letter about 'predilections'—
 His own dear Letter, void of grace,
 Now flew up in its parent's face!
 Shock'd with this breach of filial duty,
 He just could murmur '*et tu Brute?*'
 Then sunk, subdued upon the floor
 At Fox's bust, to rise no more!

I wak'd—and pray'd with lifted hand,
 'Oh! never may this dream prove true;
 Though Paper overwhelms the land,
 Let it not crush the Sovereign too!

PARODY OF A CELEBRATED LETTER.

At length, dearest Freddy, the moment is nigh,
 When, with P—re—v—l's leave, I may throw my chains by;
 And, as time now is precious, the first thing I do,
 Is to sit down and write a wise letter to you.

* * * * *

I meant before now to have sent you this Letter,
 But Y—rm—th and I thought perhaps 'twould be better
 To wait till the Irish affairs were decided—
That is, till both Houses had prosed and divided,
 With all due appearance of thought and digestion—
 For, though H—rti—rd House had long settled the question,
 I thought it but decent, between me and you,
 That the two *other* Houses should settle it too.

I need not remind you how cursedly bad
 Our affairs were all looking when Father went mad;
 A strait waistcoat on him and restrictions on me,
 A more *limited* Monarchy could not well be.
 I was call'd upon then, in that moment of puzzle,
 To choose my own Minister—just as they muzzle
 A playful young bear, and then mock his disaster,
 By bidding him choose out his own dancing-master

I thought the best way, as a dutiful son,
 Was to do as Old Royalty's self would have done.
 So I sent word to say, I would keep the whole batch in,
 The same chest of tools, without cleansing or patching,
 For tools of this kind, like Martinus's sconce,¹
 Would lose all their beauty if purified once;

¹ The antique shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which, upon scouring, turned out to be only an old sconce.

And think—only think—if our Father should find,
 Upon graciously coming again to his mind,
 That improvement had spoil'd any favourite adviser—
 That R—se was grown honest, or W—stm—rel—and wiser—
 That R—d—r was, e'en by one twinkle, the brighter—
 Or L—v—rp—l's speeches but half a pound lighter—
 What a shock to his old royal heart it would be !
 No !—far were such dreams of improvement from me :
 And it pleased me to find, at the house, where, you know,
 There's such good mutton outlets and strong curaçoa,¹
 That the Marchioness call'd me a duteous old boy,
 And my Y—rm—th's red whiskers grew redder for joy !

You know, my dear Freddy, how oft, if I *would*,
 By the law of last Sessions I *might* have done good.
 I *might* have withheld these political noodles *
 From knocking their heads against hot Yankee Doodles ;
 I *might* have told Ireland I pitied her lot,
 Might have sooth'd her with hope—but you know I did not.
 And my wish is, in truth, that the best of old fellows
 Should not, on recovering, have cause to be jealous,
 But find that, while he has been laid on the shelf,
 We've been all of us nearly as mad as himself.
 You smile at my hopes—but the Doctors and I
 Are the last that can think the K—ng *ever* will die !

A new era's arrived—though you'd hardly believe it—
 And all things, of course, must be new to receive it.
 New villas, now fêtes (which e'en Waithman attends)—
 New saddles, new helmets, and—why not *new friends* ?

* * * * *
 I repeat it, 'New Friends'—for I cannot describe
 The delight I am in with this P—re—v—l tribe.
 Such capering !—Such vapouring !—Such rigour !—Such vigour !
 North, South, East, and West, they have cut such a figure,
 That soon they will bring the whole world round our ears,
 And leave us no friends—but Old Nick and Algiers,
 When I think of the glory they've beam'd on my chains,
 'Tis enough quite to turn my illustrious brains !
 It is true we are bankrupts in commerce and riches,
 But think how we furnish our Allies with breeches !
 We've lost the warm hearts of the Irish, 'tis granted,
 But then we've got Java, an island much wanted,
 To put the last lingering few who remain,
 Of the Walcheren warriors, out of their pain.
 Then how Wellington fights ! and how squabbles his brother !
 For Papist the one, and *with* Papist the other ;
 One crushing Napoleon by taking a city,
 While t'other lays waste a whole Cath'lic committee !
 Oh, deeds of renown !—shall I boggle or flinch,
 With such prospects before me ? by Jove, not an inch.

¹ The letter-writer's favourite luncheon.

No—let *England's* affairs go to rack, if they will,
 We'll look after th' affairs of the *Continent* still,
 And, with nothing at home but starvation and riot,
 Find Lisbon in bread, and keep Sicily quiet.
 I am proud to declare I have no predilections,
 My heart is a sieve, where some scatter'd affections
 Are just danced about for a moment or two, •
 And the *finer* they are, the more sure to run through :
 Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill
 To mortal—except (now I think on't) Beau Br—mm—l,
 Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine passion,
 To cut *me*, and bring the old K—ng into fashion.
 This is all I can lay to my conscience at present,
 When such is my temper, so neutral, so pleasant,
 So royally free from all troublesome feelings,
 So little encumber'd by faith in my dealings
 (And that I'm consistent the world will allow,
 What I was at Newmarket, the same I am now).
 When such are my merits (you know I hate cracking),
 I hope, like the vendor of Best Patent Blacking,
 'To meet with the generous and kind approbation
 Of a candid, enlighten'd, and liberal nation.'

By-the-bye, ere I close this magnificent letter
 (No man, except Pole, could have writ you a better),
 'Twould please me if those, whom I've humbugg'd so long
 With the notion (good men !) that I knew right from wrong,
 Would a few of them join me—mind, only a few—
 To let *too much* light in on me never would do ;
 But even Grey's brightness sha'n't make me afraid,
 While I've C—md—n and Eld—n to fly to for shade ;
 Nor will Holland's clear intellect do us much harm,
 While there's W—stm—rel—nd near him to weaken the charm.
 As for Moira's high spirit, if aught can subdue it,
 Sure joining with H—rtf—rd and Y—rm—th will do it !
 Between R—d—r and Wh—rt—n let Sheridan sit,
 And the fogs will soon quench even Sheridan's wit ;
 And against all the pure public feeling that glows
 E'en in Whitbread himself we've a host in G—rge R—se !
 So, in short, if they wish to have places they may,
 And I'll thank you to tell all these matters to Grey,
 Who, I doubt not, will write (as there's no time to lose),
 By the twopenny post to tell Grenville the news ;
 And now, dearest Fred (though I've no predilection),
 Believe me yours always with truest affection.

P.S. A copy of this is to P—rc—v—l going—
 Good Lord ! how St. Stephens will ring with his crowing !

ANACREONTIC.

TO A PLUMASSIER.

FINE and feathery artisan !
 Best of Plumists, if you can
 With your art so far presume,
 Make for me a P——e's Plume—
 Feathers soft and feathers rare,
 Such as suits a P——e to wear !

First, thou downiest of men !
 Seek me out a fine Pea-hen ;
 Such a Hen, so tall and grand,
 As by Juno's side might stand,
 If there were no Cocks at hand !
 Seek her feathers, soft as down,
 Fit to shine on P——e's crown ;
 If thou canst not find them, stupid !
 Ask the way of Prior's Cupid.

Ranging these in order due,
 Pluck me next an old Cuckoo,
 Emblem of the happy fates
 Of easy, kind, cornuted mates
 Pluck him well—be sure you do—
 Who wouldn't be an old Cuckoo,
 Thus to have his plumage blest,
 Beaming on a R—y—I crest ?

Bravo, Plumist !—now what bird
 Shall we find for Plume the third ?
 You must get a learned Owl,
 Bleakest of black-letter fowl—
 Bigot bird, that hates the light,
 Foe to all that's fair and bright !
 Seize his quills (so form'd to pen
 Books, that shun the search of men ;
 Books, that, far from every eye,
 In 'swelter'd venom sleeping' lie !)
 Stick them in between the two,
 Proud Pea-hen and old Cuckoo.

Now you have the triple feather,
 Bind the kindred stems together
 With a silken tie, whose hue
 Once was brilliant Buff and Blue ;
 Sullied now—alas, how much !
 Only fit for Y—rn—th's touch.

There—enough—thy task is done ;
 Present worthy G——ge's Son !
 Now, beneath, in letters neat,
 Write 'I serve' and all's complete.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.

Wednesday.

THROUGH M—nch—st—r Square took a canter just now—
 Met the *old yellow chariot*, and made a low bow.
 This I did, of course, thinking 'twas loyal and eivil,
 But got such a look, oh, 'twas black as the devil !
 How unlucky !—*incog.* he was travelling about,
 And I, like a noodle, must go find him out !

Mem.—When next by the old yellow chariot I ride
 To remember there is nothing princely inside.

Thursday.

At levee to-day made another sad blunder—
 What *can* be come over me lately, I wonder ?
 The P——e was as cheerful, as if all his life,
 He had never been troubled with friends or a wife—
 'Fine weather,' says he—to which I, who *must* prate,
 Answer'd, 'Yes, Sir, but *changeable* rather of late.'
 He took it, I fear, for he look'd somewhat gruff,
 And handled his new pair of whiskers so rough,

